



# *Great True Adventures.*

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*SELECTED BY*  
**LOWELL THOMAS**

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## *Introduction to Adventure*

### WHAT IS AN ADVENTURE?

"A remarkable or hazardous experience; an unexpected or exciting occurrence befalling anyone; as, the adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Thus reads the unabridged dictionary.

While an adventurer is "One who seeks adventures, or engages in perilous or hazardous enterprizes; hence, one who seeks his fortune in new and untried fields."

This definition is so broad as to imply that an adventure is what *you* make of it, and over the years that is exactly what I have come to consider true. Not long ago, I had an *adventure* when I journeyed to far-off Tibet with my son, Lowell Thomas, Jr., and spent sometime among those little-known and mysterious people. I have adventured in many lands and on the shores of all the seven seas.

And yet I have had remarkable *adventures* right in the heart of New York City and in London and Paris in the form of "remarkable, unexpected or exciting occurrences"; while the adventures of some of our most history-changing personages have occurred in the cities and towns of our lands.

I suppose it is fortunate that men have always wanted to think of themselves as adventurous spirits. And what a vast company they include! Whenever a call has gone out for adventure-seekers, the response has been overwhelming. Take, for instance, this advertisement placed by my friend, Sir Ernest Shackleton, the polar explorer, in the London newspapers in 1900:

"MEN WANTED for Hazardous Journey. Small wages, bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe return doubtful. Honor and recognition in case of success—Sir Ernest Shackleton.

Shackleton, in speaking of it later, said: "It seemed as though

all the men in Great Britain were determined to accompany me, the response was so overwhelming."

Why? You might well ask. Why would anyone seek such difficulties with such doubtful returns? The answer, no doubt, is partially instinct; for mankind has learned that it is *adventure* that will preserve the human race. Adventure has discovered new lands, climbed new peaks, explored uncharted deserts, crossed new oceans. The adventurer is man at his most alive, his strongest, his wildest.

An adventurer is a man who dares to combat nature, to meet it on his own ground. "Nature" to him may take the form of dangerous wild beasts, dangerous oceans, sometimes even dangerously new ideas. He is a history maker . . . a map changer.

His exploits serve to inspire others and to lift mankind to its highest pinnacle.

Obviously, it would be hopeless to try to include in a single book every great adventure. Obvious, and regrettable. We nod an apology to Columbus and Balboa . . . to Peary, Amundsen and Byrd, the Wright Brothers, those who were first to sail and fly around the world—and to all those hero-adventurers of our wars, who have been excluded here for lack of space.

Our selections have been chosen on three bases: the "greatness" of the adventure involved, the interesting style of the adventure-teller, the variety of the different *kinds* of man's adventures.

If—by the reading of this book—somewhere, just one person is inspired to the heights, just one great new adventurer is born whose exploits will be recorded in tomorrow's anthologies, then we shall consider this an exciting editorial adventure for which we have had ample reward.

**GREAT  
TRUE ADVENTURES**



## *Adventure of the Air and Sand*

**A**NTOINE DE SAINT EXUPÉRY was a French aviator-air pioneer and a commercial airline pilot for eight years. As one of the most famous writers about flying, he writes as though he loved equally to be in a plane and to share his flying adventures with others who are earth-bound.

"Wind, Sand and Stars" is truly an adventure—one that carries its chair-bound readers along the establishment of the first mail route from France to Dakar, and even—as in our section—makes the reader, along with "Saint Ex," a "prisoner of the Sand."

Thus, as a prisoner of the desert, the reader, along with the flyer and his radio-operator, comes from frightening depths—with magnificent effort and a good deal of difficulty—back to the essentials of water and life once more.

This section, as the entire book, shows the extent of the adventurous spirit of the aviator, a man whose airplane carries a broadening view of humanity wherever it flies. His book is dedicated "in homage to the Airplane Pilots of America and their Dead."



FROM:  
'WIND, SAND AND STARS

*by Antoine de Saint Exupéry*

**O**FF to Benghazi! We still have two hours of daylight. Before we crossed into Tripolitania, I took off my glare glasses. The sands were golden under the slanting rays of the sun. How empty of life is this planet of ours! Once again, it struck me that its rivers, its woods, its human habitations were the product of chance, of fortuitous conjunctions of circumstance. What a deal of the earth's surface is given over to rock and sand!

But all this was not my affair. My world was the world of flight. Already I could feel the oncoming night within which I should be enclosed as in the precincts of a temple—enclosed in the temple of night for the accomplishment of secret rites and absorption in inviolable contemplation.

Already this profane world was beginning to fade out: soon it would vanish altogether. This landscape was still laved in golden sunlight, but already something was evaporating out of it. I know nothing, nothing in the world, equal to the wonder of nightfall in the air.

Those who have been enthralled by the witchery of flying will know what I mean—and I do not speak of the men who, among other sports, enjoy taking a turn in a plane. I speak of those who fly professionally and have sacrificed much to their craft. Mermoz said once, "It's worth it, it's worth the final smash-up."

No question about it; but the reason is hard to formulate. A novice taking orders could appreciate this ascension towards the essence of things, since his profession, too, is one of renunciation: he renounces the world, he renounces riches; he renounces the love of woman. And by renunciation he discovers his hidden god.

I, too, in this flight, am renouncing things. I am giving up the broad golden surfaces that would befriend me if my engines were



to fail. I am giving up the landmarks by which I might be taking my bearings. I am giving up the profiles of mountains against the sky that would warn me of pitfalls. I am plunging into the night. I am navigating. I have on my side only the stars.

The diurnal death of the world is a slow death. It is only little by little that the divine beacon of daylight recedes from me. Earth and sky begin to merge into each other. The earth rises and seems to spread like a mist. The first stars tremble as if shimmering in green water. Hours must pass before their glimmer hardens into the frozen glitter of diamonds. I shall have a long wait before I witness the soundless frolic of the shooting stars. In the profound darkness of certain nights, I have seen the sky streaked with so many trailing sparks that it seemed to me a great gale must be blowing through the outer heavens.

Prévot was testing the lamps in their sockets and the emergency torches. Round the bulbs he was wrapping red paper.

"Another layer."

He added another wrapping of paper and touched a switch. The dim light within the plane was still too bright. As in a photographer's dark-room, it veiled the pale picture of the external world. It hid that glowing phosphorescence which sometimes, at night, clings to the surface of things. Now night has fallen, but it is not yet true night. A crescent moon persists.

Prévot dove aft and came back with a sandwich. I nibbled a bunch of grapes. I was not hungry. I was neither hungry nor thirsty. I felt no weariness. It seemed to me that I could go on like this at the controls for ten years. I was happy.

The moon had set. It was pitch dark when we came in sight of Benghazi. The town lay at the bottom of an obscurity so dense that it was without a halo. I saw the place only when I was over it. As I was hunting for the airdrome, the red obstruction lights were switched on. They cut out a black rectangle in the earth.

I banked, and at that moment the rays of a floodlight rose into the sky like a jet from a fire-hose. It pivoted and traced a golden lane over the landing-field. I circled again to get a clear view of what might be in my way. The port was equipped with everything

to make a night-landing easy. I throttled down my engine and dropped like a diver into black water.

It was eleven o'clock local time when I landed and taxied across to the beacon. The most helpful ground crew in the world wove in and out of the blinding ray of a searchlight, alternately visible and invisible. They took my papers and began promptly to fill my tanks. Twenty minutes of my time was all they asked for, and I was touched by their great readiness to help. As I was taking off, one of them said:

"Better circle round and fly over us; otherwise we shan't be sure you got off all right."

I rolled down the golden lane toward an unimpeded opening. My *Stmoon* lifted her overload clear of the ground well before I reached the end of the runway. The searchlight following me made it hard for me to wheel. Soon it let me go: the men on the ground had guessed that it was dazzling me. I turned right about and banked vertically, and at that moment the searchlight caught me between the eyes again; but scarcely had it touched me when it fled and sent elsewhere its long golden flute. I knew that the ground crew were being most thoughtful and I was grateful. And now I was off to the desert.

All along the line, at Paris, at Tunis, and at Benghazi, I had been told that I should have a following wind of up to twenty-five miles an hour. I was counting on a speed of 190 m.p.h. as I set my course on the middle of the stretch between Alexandria and Cairo. On this course I should avoid the danger zones along the coast, and despite any drifting I might do without knowing it, I should pick up either to port or to starboard the lights of one of those two cities. Failing them I should certainly not miss the lights of the Nile valley. With a steady wind I should reach the Nile in three hours and twenty minutes; if the wind fell, three hours and three-quarters. Calculating thus I began to eat up the six hundred and fifty miles of desert ahead of me.

There was no moon. The world was a bubble of pitch that had dilated until it reached the very stars in the heavens. I should not see a single gleam of light, should not profit by the faintest landmark. Carrying no wireless, I should receive no message from the earth until I reached the Nile. It was useless to try to look at

anything other than the compass and the artificial horizon. I might blot the world out of my mind and concentrate my attention upon the slow pulsation of the narrow thread of radium paint that ran along the dark background of the dials.

Whenever Prévot stirred I brought the plane smoothly back to plumb. I went up to six thousand feet where I had been told the winds would be favorable. At long intervals I switched on a lamp to glance at the engine dials, not all of which were phosphorescent; but most of the time I wrapped myself closely round in darkness among my miniature constellations, which gave off the same mineral glow as the stars, the same mysterious and unwearied light, and spoke the same language.

Like the astronomers, I too was reading in the book of celestial mechanics. I too seemed to myself studious and uncorrupted. Everything in the world that might have lured me from my studies had gone out. The external world had ceased to exist.

There was Prévot, who, after a vain resistance, had fallen asleep and left me to the greater enjoyment of my solitude. There was the gentle purr of my beautiful little motor, and before me, on the instrument panel, there were all those tranquil stars. I was most decidedly not sleepy. If this state of quiet well-being persisted until tomorrow night, I intended to push on without a stop to Saigon.

Now the flight was beginning to seem to me short. Benghazi, the only troublesome night-landing on the route, had banked its fires and settled down behind the horizon in that dark shuttering in which cities take their slumber.

Meanwhile I was turning things over in my mind. We were without the moon's help and we had no wireless. No slightest tenuous tie was to bind us to earth until the Nile showed its thread of light directly ahead of us. We were truly alone in the universe—a thought that caused me not the least worry. If my motor were to cough, that sound would startle me more than if my heart should skip a beat.

Into my mind came the image of Sabathier, the white-haired engineer with the clear eye. I was thinking that, from one point of view, it would be hard to draw a distinction in the matter of human values between a profession like his and that of the painter,

the composer, or the poet. I could see in the mind's eye those watchmaker's hands of his that had brought into being this clock-work I was piloting. Men who have given their lives to labors of love go straight to my heart.

"Couldn't I change this?" I had asked him.

"I shouldn't advice it," he had answered.

I was remembering our last conversation. He had thought it inadvisable, and of course that had settled it. A physician; that's it! Exactly the way one puts oneself into the hands of one's doctor—when he has that look in his eye. It was by his motor that we hung suspended in air and were able to go on living with the ticking of time in this penetrable pitch. We were crossing the great dark valley of a fairy-tale, the Valley of Ordeal. Like the prince in the tale, we must meet the test without succor. Failure here would not be forgiven. We were in the lap of the inexorable gods.

A ray of light was filtering through a joint in the lamp shaft. I woke up Prévot and told him to put it out. Prévot stirred in the darkness like a bear, snorted, and came forward. He fumbled for a bit with handkerchiefs and black paper, and the ray of light vanished. That light had bothered me because it was not of my world. It swore at the pale and distant gleam of the phosphorescence and was like a night-club spotlight compared to the gleam of a star. Besides, it had dazzled me and had outshone all else that gleamed.

We had been flying for three hours. A brightness that seemed to me a glare spurted on the starboard side. I stared. A streamer of light which I had hitherto not noticed was fluttering from a lamp at the tip of the wing. It was an intermittent glow, now brilliant, now dim. It told me that I had flown into a cloud, and it was on the cloud that the lamp was reflected.

I was nearing the landmarks upon which I had counted; a clear sky would have helped a lot. The wing shone bright under the halo. The light steadied itself, became fixed, and then began to radiate in the form of a bouquet of pink blossoms. Great eddies of air were swinging me, to and fro. I was navigating somewhere in the belly of a cumulus whose thickness I could not guess. I rose to seventy-five hundred feet and was still in it. Down again to

three thousand, and the bouquet of flowers was still with me, motionless and growing brighter.

Well, there it was, and there was nothing to do about it. I would think of something else and wait to get clear of it. Just the same, I did not like this sinister glitter of a one-eyed grog-shop.

"Let me think," I said to myself. "I am bouncing round a bit, but there's nothing abnormal about that. I've been bumped all the way, despite a clear sky and plenty of ceiling. The wind has not died down, and I must be doing better than the 190 m.p.h. I counted on." This was about as far as I could get. Oh, well, when I got through the cloud-bank I would try to take my bearings.

Out of it we flew. The bouquet suddenly vanished, letting me know I was in the clear again. I stared ahead and saw, if one can speak of "seeing" space, a narrow valley of sky and the wall of the next cumulus. Already the bouquet was coming to life again. I was free of that viscous mess from time to time but only for a few seconds each time. After three and a half hours of flying it began to get on my nerves. If I had made the time I imagined, we were certainly approaching the Nile. With a little luck I might be able to spot the river through the rifts, but they were getting rare. I dared not come down, for if I was actually slower than I thought, I was still over high-lying country.

Thus far, I was entirely without anxiety; my only fear was that I might presently be wasting time. I decided that I would take things easy until I had flown four and a quarter hours. After that, even in a dead calm (which was highly unlikely) I should have crossed the Nile. When I reached the fringes of the cloud-bank, the bouquet winked on and off more and more swiftly and then suddenly went out. Decidedly, I did not like these dot-and-dash messages from the demons of the night.

A green star appeared ahead of me, flashing like a lighthouse. Was it a lighthouse? Or really a star? I took no pleasure from this supernatural gleam, this star the Magi might have seen, this dangerous decoy.

Prévo, meanwhile, had waked up and turned his electric torch on the engine dials. I waved him off, him and his torch. We had just sailed into the clear between two clouds and I was busy

staring below. Prévot went back to sleep. The gap in the clouds was no help: there was nothing below.

Four hours and five minutes in the air. Prévot awoke and sat down beside me.

"I'll bet we're near Cairo," he said.

"We must be."

"What's that? A star? Or is it a lighthouse?"

I had throttled the engine down a little. This, probably, was what had awakened Prévot. He is sensitive to all the variations of sound in flight.

I began a slow descent, intending to slip under the mass of clouds. Meanwhile I had had a look at my map. One thing was sure: the land below me lay at sea level, and there was no risk of conking against a hill. Down I went, flying due north so that the lights of the cities would strike square into my windows. I must have overflowed them and should therefore see them on my left.

Now I was flying below the cumulus. But alongside was another cloud hanging lower down on the left. I swerved so as not to be caught in its net and headed north-northeast. This second cloud-bank certainly went down a long way, for it blocked my view of the horizon. I dared not give up any more altitude. My altimeter registered 1200 feet, but I had no notion of the atmospheric pressure here. Prévot leaned towards me and I shouted to him, "I'm going out to sea! I'd rather come down on it than risk a crash here."

As a matter of fact, there was nothing to prove that we had not drifted over the sea already. Below that cloud-bank, visibility was exactly nil. I hugged my window, trying to read below me, to discover flares, signs of life. I was a man raking dead ashes, trying in vain to retrieve the flame of life in a hearth.

"A lighthouse!"

Both of us spied it at the same moment, that winking decoy! What madness! Where was that phantom light, that invention of the night? For at the very second when Prévot and I leaned forward to pick it out of the air where it had glittered nine hundred feet below our wings, suddenly, at that very instant . . .

"Owl!"

I am quite sure that this was all I said. I am quite sure that all I felt was a terrific crash that rocked our world to its foundations. We had crashed against the earth at a hundred and seventy miles an hour. I am quite sure that in the split second that followed, all I expected was the great flash of ruddy light of the explosion in which Prévot and I were to be blown up together. Neither he nor I had felt the least emotion of any kind. All I could observe in myself was an extraordinary tense feeling of expectancy, the expectancy of that resplendent star in which we were to vanish within the second.

But there was no ruddy star. Instead, there was a sort of earthquake that splintered our cabin, ripped away the windows, blew sheets of metal hurtling through space a hundred yards away, and filled our very entrails with its roar. The ship quivered like a knife-blade thrown from a distance into a block of oak, and its anger mashed us as if we were so much pulp.

One second, two seconds passed, and the plane still quivered while I waited with a grotesque impatience for the forces within it to burst like a bomb. But the subterranean quakings went on without a climax of eruption while I marveled uncomprehendingly at its invisible travail. I was baffled by the quaking, the anger, the interminable postponement. Five seconds passed; six seconds. And suddenly we were seized by a spinning motion, a shock that jerked our cigarettes out of the window, pulverized the starboard wing—and then nothing, nothing but a frozen immobility. I shouted to Prévot:

“Jump!”

And in that instant he cried out:

“Fire!”

We dove together through the wrecked window and found ourselves standing side by side, sixty feet from the plane. I said:

“Are you hurt?”

He answered:

“Not a bit.”

But he was rubbing his knee.

“Better run your hands over yourself,” I said. “Moye about a bit. Sure no bones are broken?”

He answered:

"I'm all right. It's that emergency pump."

Emergency pump! I was sure he was going to keel over any minute and split open from head to navel there before my eyes. But he kept repeating with a glassy stare:

"That pump, that emergency pump."

He's out of his head, I thought. He'll start dancing in a minute.

Finally he stopped staring at the plane, which had not gone up in flames, and stared at me instead. And he said again:

"I'm all right. It's that emergency pump. It got me in the knee."

Why we were not blown up, I do not know. I switched on my electric torch and went back over the furrow in the ground traced by the plane. Two hundred and fifty yards from where we stopped, the ship had begun to shed the twisted iron and sheet-metal that spattered the sand the length of her traces. We were to see, when day came, that we had run almost tangentially into a gentle slope at the top of a barren plateau. At the point of impact there was a hole in the sand that looked as though it had been made by a plough. Maintaining an even keel, the plane had run its course with the fury and the tail-lashings of a reptile gliding on its belly at the rate of a hundred and seventy miles an hour. We owed our lives to the fact that this desert was surfaced with round black pebbles which had rolled over and over like ball-bearings beneath us. They must have rained upward to the heavens as we shot through them.

Prévot disconnected the batteries for fear of fire by short-circuit. I leaned against the motor and turned the situation over in my mind. I had been flying high for four hours and a quarter, possibly with a thirty-mile following wind. I had been jolted a good deal. If the wind had changed since the weather people forecast it, I was unable to say into what quarter it had veered. All I could make out was that we had crashed in an empty square two hundred and fifty miles on each side.

Prévot came up and sat down beside me.

"I can't believe that we're alive," he said.

I said nothing. Even that thought could not cheer me. A germ of an idea was at work in my mind and was already bothering me. Telling Prévot to switch on his torch as a landmark, I walked



straight out, scrutinizing the ground in the light of my own torch as I went.

I went forward slowly, swung round in a wide arc, and changed direction a number of times. I kept my eyes fixed on the ground like a man hunting a lost ring.

Only a little while before I had been straining just as hard to see a gleam of light from the air. Through the darkness I went, bowed over the traveling disk of white light. "Just as I thought," I said to myself, and I went slowly back to the plane. I sat down beside the cabin and ruminated. I had been looking for a reason to hope and had failed to find it. I had been looking for a sign of life, and no sign of life had appeared.

"Prévot, I couldn't find a single blade of grass."

Prévot said nothing, and I was not sure he had understood. Well, we could talk about it again when the curtain rose at dawn. Meanwhile I was dead tired and all I could think was, "Two hundred and fifty miles more or less in the desert."

Suddenly I jumped to my feet. "Water!" I said.

Gas tanks and oil tanks were smashed in. So was our supply of drinking-water. The sand had drunk everything. We found a pint of coffee in a battered thermos flask and half a pint of white wine in another. We filtered both and poured them into one flask. There were some grapes, too, and a single orange. Meanwhile I was computing: "All this will last us five hours of tramping in the sun."

We crawled into the cabin and waited for dawn. I stretched out, and as I settled down to sleep I took stock of our situation. We didn't know where we were; we had less than a quart of liquid between us. If we were not too far off the Benghazi-Cairo lane, we should be found in a week; and that would be too late. Yet it was the best we could hope for. If, on the other hand, we had drifted off our course, we shouldn't be found in six months. One thing was sure: we could not count on being picked up by a plane; the men who came out for us would have two thousand miles to cover.

"You know, it's a shame," Prévot said suddenly.

"What's a shame?"

"That we didn't crash properly and have it over with."

It seemed pretty early to be throwing in one's hand. Prévot

and I pulled ourselves together. There was still a chance, slender as it was, that we might be saved miraculously by a plane. On the other hand, we couldn't stay here and perhaps miss a near-by oasis. We would walk all day and come back to the plane before dark. And before going off we would write our plan in huge letters in the sand.

With this I curled up and settled down to sleep. I was happy to go to sleep. My weariness wrapped me round like a multiple presence. I was not alone in the desert: my drowsiness was peopled with voices and memories and whispered confidences. I was not yet thirsty, I felt strong, and I surrendered myself to sleep as to an aimless journey. Reality lost ground before the advance of dreams.





## *Adventure in Tibet*

**H**ERE is the tale of Heinrich Harrer, who had the adventure of not only escaping from a British internment camp in India in 1943, on his third determined effort, but of making his way across the Himalayas to Lhasa, Tibet's sacred and forbidden city.

For any European or American to reach Lhasa would be considered a great feat, but Harrer did not even have the advantages of a well-equipped expedition. Here is what happened:

Harrer, an experienced Austrian mountain-climber, was, at the start of the war, in Karachi. While waiting for a ship to take him back to Europe, he was taken into custody and held by the English. He managed to escape with Peter Aufschnaiter, another veteran mountain-climber, and started on a twenty-one month flight deep into Tibet.

The two were dressed as men of India. They traveled on foot, carrying their tiny possessions with them, sleeping under the stars or begging a few feet of indoor sleeping space from strangers along the way. When they told natives that they wanted to visit the salt deposits in the north, the country people tried to dissuade them because of fearful bandits ahead . . . and inhospitable country.





FROM:  
**'SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET'**

*by Heinrich Harrer*

**W**E had been some time on the way when a man came toward us wearing clothes which struck us as unusual. He spoke a dialect different from that of the local nomads. He asked us curiously whence? and whither? and we told him our pilgrimage story. He left us unmolested and went on his way. It was clear to us that we had made the acquaintance of our first Khampa.

A few hours later we saw in the distance two men on small ponies, wearing the same sort of clothes. We slowly began to feel uncomfortable and went on without waiting for them. Long after dark we came across a tent. Here we were lucky, as it was inhabited by a pleasant nomad family, who hospitably invited us to come in and gave us a special fireplace for ourselves.

In the evening we got talking about the robbers. They were, it seems, a regular plague. Our host had lived long enough in the district to make an epic about them. He proudly showed us a Mannlicher rifle for which he had paid a fortune to a Khampa—five hundred sheep, no less. But the robber bands in the neighborhood considered this payment as a sort of tribute and had left him in peace ever since.

He told us something about the life of the robbers. They live in groups in three or four tents, which serve as headquarters for their campaigns. These are conducted as follows: heavily armed with rifles and swords they force their way into a nomad's tent and insist on hospitable entertainment on the most lavish scale available. The nomad, in terror, brings out everything he has. The Khampas fill their bellies and their pockets and, taking a few cattle with them for good measure, disappear into the wide-open spaces. They repeat the performance at another tent every day

till the whole region has been skinned. Then they move their headquarters and begin again somewhere else. The nomads, who have no arms, resign themselves to their fate; and the government is powerless to protect them in these remote regions. However, if once in a while a district officer gets the better of these footpads in a skirmish, he is not the loser by it; for he has a right to all the booty. Savage punishment is meted out to the evildoers, who normally have their arms hacked off. But this does not cure the Khampas of their lawlessness. Stories were told of the cruelty with which they sometimes put their victims to death. They go so far as to slaughter pilgrims and wandering monks and nuns. A disturbing conversation for us! What would we not have given to be able to buy our host's Mannlicher! But we had no money and not even the most primitive weapons. The tent pegs we carried did not impress even the sheep dogs.

Next morning we went on our way, not without misgivings, which increased when we saw a man with a gun, who seemed to be stalking us from the hillside. Nevertheless we kept straight on our course, and the man eventually disappeared. In the evening we found more tents—first a single one and then a cluster of others.

We called to the people in the first tent. A family of nomads came out. They refused with expressions of horror to admit us and pointed distractedly to the other tents. There was nothing to do but to go on. We were no little surprised to receive a friendly welcome at the next tent. Everyone came out. They fingered our things and helped us to unload—a thing which no nomads had ever done—and suddenly it dawned on us that they were Khampas. We had walked like mice into the trap. The inhabitants of the tent were two men, a woman, and a half-grown youngster. We had to put a good face on a poor situation. At least we were on our guard and hoped that politeness, foresight, and diplomacy would help us to find a way out of the mess.

We had hardly sat down by the fire when the tent began to fill with visitors from the neighboring tents, come to see the strangers. We had our hands full trying to keep our baggage together. The people were as pressing and inquisitive as gypsies. When they had heard that we were pilgrims they urgently recommended us to take one of the men, a particularly good guide, with us on our

journey to Lhasa. He wanted us to go by a road somewhat to the south of our route and, according to him, much easier to travel. We exchanged glances. The man was short and powerful and carried a long sword in his belt. Not a type to inspire confidence. However, we accepted his offer and agreed on his pay. There was nothing else to do, for if we got on the wrong side of them they might butcher us out of hand.

The visitors from the other tents gradually drifted away and we prepared to go to bed. One of our two hosts insisted on using my rucksack as a pillow, and I had the utmost difficulty in keeping it by me. They probably thought that it contained a pistol. If they did, that suited us; and I hoped to increase their suspicion by my behavior. At last he stopped bothering me. We remained awake and on our guard all through the night. That was not very difficult, though we were very weary, because the woman muttered prayers without ceasing. It occurred to me that she was praying in advance for forgiveness for the crime her husband intended to commit against us the next day. We were glad when day broke. At first everything seemed peaceful. I exchanged a pocket mirror for some yak's brains, which we cooked for breakfast. Then we began to get ready to go. Our hosts followed our movements with glowering faces and looked as though they wanted to attack me when I handed our packs out of the tent to Aufschnaiter. However, we shook them off and loaded our yak. We looked out for our guide but to our relief he was nowhere to be seen. The Khampa family advised us urgently to keep to the southern road, as the nomads from that region were making up a pilgrim caravan to Lhasa. We promised to do so and started off in all haste.

We had gone a few hundred yards when I noticed that my dog was not there. He usually came running after us without being called. As we looked around we saw three men coming after us. They soon caught up with us and told us that they, too, were on the way to the tents of the nomad pilgrims and pointed to a distant pillar of smoke. That looked to us very suspicious, as we had never seen such smoke pillars over the nomad tents. When we asked about the dog they said that he had stayed behind in the tent. One of us could go and fetch him. Now we saw their plan.



Our lives were at stake. They had kept the dog back in order to have a chance of separating Aufschnaiter and me, as they lacked the courage to attack us both at the same time. And probably they had companions waiting where the smoke was rising. If we went there we would be heavily outnumbered and they could dispose of us with ease. No one would ever know anything about our disappearance. We were now very sorry not to have listened to the well-meant warnings of the nomads.

As though we suspected nothing we went on a short way in the same direction, talking rapidly to one another. The two men were now on either side of us while the boy walked behind. Stealing a glance to right and left, we estimated our chances if it came to a fight. The two men wore double sheepskin cloaks, as the robbers do, to protect them against knife thrusts; and long swords were stuck in their belts. Their faces had an expression of lamb-like innocence.

Something had to happen. Aufschnaiter thought we ought first to change our direction so as not to walk blindly into a trap. No sooner said than done. Still speaking, we abruptly turned away.

The Khampas stopped for a moment in surprise but in a moment rejoined us and barred our way, asking us, in none too friendly tones, where we were going. "To fetch the dog," we answered curtly. Our manner of speaking seemed to intimidate them. They saw that we were prepared to go to any length; so they let us go and after staring after us for a while, they hurriedly went on their way, probably to inform their accomplices.

When we got near the tents, the woman came to meet us, leading the dog on a leash. After a friendly greeting we went on, but this time we followed the road by which we had come to the robber camp. There was now no question of going forward; we had to retrace our steps. Unarmed as we were, to continue would have meant certain death. After a forced march we arrived in the evening at the home of the friendly family with whom we had stayed two nights before. They were not surprised to hear of our experiences and told us that the Khampas' encampment was called Gyak Bongra, a name which inspired fear throughout the countryside. After this adventure it was a blessing to be able to spend peaceful night with friendly people.



Next morning we worked out our new travel plan. There was nothing for it but to take the hard road which led through uninhabited country. We bought more meat from the nomads, as we should probably be a week before seeing a soul.

To avoid going back to Labrang Trowa we took a short cut entailing a laborious and steep ascent but leading, as we hoped, to the route we meant to follow. Halfway up the steep slope we turned to look at the view and saw, to our horror, two men following us in the distance. No doubt they were Khampas. They had probably visited the nomads and been told which direction we had taken.

What were we to do? We said nothing, but later confessed to one another that we had silently made up our minds to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We tried at first to speed up our pace, but we could not go faster than our yak, which seemed to us to be moving at a snail's pace. We kept on looking back but could not be sure whether our pursuers were coming up on us or not. We fully realized how heavily handicapped we were by our lack of arms. We had only tent pegs and stones to defend ourselves with against their sharp swords. To have a chance we must depend on our wits. . . . So we marched on for an hour which seemed endless, panting with exertion and constantly turning around. Then we saw that the two men had sat down. We hurried on toward the top of the ridge, looking as we went for a place which would, if need be, serve as good fighting ground. The two men got up, seemed to be taking counsel together, and then we saw them turn around and go back. We breathed again and drove our yak on so that we might soon be out of sight over the far side of the mountain.

When we reached the crest of the ridge, we understood why our two pursuers had preferred to turn back. Before us lay the loneliest landscape I had ever seen. A sea of snowy mountain heights stretched onward endlessly. In the far distance were the Transhimalayas and like a gap in a row of teeth was the pass which we calculated would lead us to the road we aimed at. First put on the map by Sven Hedin, this pass—the Selala—leads to Shigatse. Being uncertain whether the Khampas had really given up the pursuit, we went on marching even after nightfall. Luckily

the moon was high and, with the snow, gave us plenty of light. We could even see the distant ranges.

I shall never forget that night march. I had never been through an experience which placed such a strain on the body and the spirit. Our escape from the Khampas was due to the desolation of the region, the nature of which brought us new obstacles to surmount. It was a good thing that I had long ago thrown away my thermometer. Here it would certainly have marked  $-30$  degrees, as that was the lowest it could record. But that was certainly more, than the reality. Sven Hedin had registered  $-40$  degrees hereabouts at this season of the year.

We loped on for hours over the virgin snow, and as we went our minds traveled afar on their own journeys. I was tormented by visions of a warm, comfortable room, delicious hot food, and steaming hot drinks. Curiously enough it was the evocation of a common place buffet at Graz, known to me in my student days, which nearly drove me crazy. Aufschnaiter's thoughts lay in another direction. He harbored dark plans of revenge against the robbers and swore to come back with a magazine of arms. Woe to all the Khampas!

At last we broke off our march, unloaded our yak and crawled under cover. We had taken out our bag of tsampa and some raw meat, as we were ravenously hungry; but as soon as we put a spoonful of dry meal into our mouths, the meal stuck to our lips and would not come away. We had to tear it loose amid curses and oaths. With appetites blunted by this painful experience we huddled up together under our blankets and fell, despite the piercing cold, into the leaden sleep of exhaustion.

Next day we toiled on painfully, trudging along in the footprints of our gallant yak and hardly looking up. In the afternoon we suddenly thought we were seeing the fata morgana; for, far away on the horizon, yet very clearly outlined, appeared three caravans of yaks moving through the snowy scene. They were moving very slowly forward, and therefore they seemed to come to a stop; but they did not vanish. So it was no mirage. The sight gave us new courage. We summoned up all our strength, drove our yak on and after three hours' march reached the spot where the

caravans were camped. There were some fifteen persons in the caravan—men and women—and when we arrived their tents were already pitched. They were astonished to see us, but greeted us kindly and brought us in to get warm by the fire. We found out that they were returning from a combined pilgrimage and trading voyage to Mount Kailas to their homes by Lake Namtsho. They had been warned by the district officials about the brigands and so had chosen to follow this difficult route in order to avoid the region infested by the Khampas. They were bringing home fifty yaks and a couple of hundred sheep. The rest of their herds had been bartered for goods and they would have been a rich prize for the robbers. That was why the three groups had joined together and they now invited us to come along with them. Reinforcements could be useful if they met the Khampas.

What a pleasure it was to be once more sitting by a fire and ladling down hot soup. We felt that this meeting had been ordained by Providence. We did not forget our brave Armin, for we knew how much we owed him, and we asked the caravan leader to let us load our baggage on one of their free yaks, for which we would pay a day's hire. So our beast was able to enjoy a little rest.

Day after day we wandered on with the caravans and pitched our little mountaineer's tent alongside theirs. We suffered very much from the difficulty of pitching our tents during the hurricanes that often blew in these regions. Unlike the heavy yak-hair tents, which could resist the wind, our light canvas hut would not stand up in rough weather; and we sometimes had to bivouac in the open air. We swore that if we ever again came on an expedition to Tibet we should have with us three yaks, a driver, nomad's tent and a rifle!

We thought ourselves very lucky to be allowed to join the caravans. The only thing which disturbed us was the extreme slowness of our progress. Compared with our previous marches, we seemed to be gently strolling along. The nomads start early and after covering three or four miles pitch their tents again and send their animals out to graze. Before nightfall they bring them in and fold them near the tents, where they are safe from wolves and can ruminate in peace.

Only now did we perceive how we had imposed on our poor Armin! He must have thought us as mad as the Tibetans did when we spent our days climbing the mountains round Kyirong. During our long periods of rest we devoted much time to filling in our diaries, which we had recently neglected. We also began systematically to collect information about the road to Lhasa from the people in the caravan. We questioned them separately and gradually gathered a definite sequence of place names. That was of great value to us, as it would enable us later to ask the nomads the way from one place to another. We had long agreed that we could not go on spending our lives taking short walks. We must leave the caravan in the near future. We took leave of our friends on Christmas Eve and started off again alone. We felt fresh and rested and covered more than fourteen miles on the first day. Late in the evening we came to a wide plain on which were some isolated tents. Their inmates seemed to be very much on their guard; for as we approached, a couple of wild-looking men, heavily armed, came up to us. They shouted at us rudely and told us to go to the devil. We did not budge but put up our hands to show we were not armed and explained to them that we were harmless pilgrims. In spite of our rest days with the caravan, we must have presented a pitiful appearance. After a short discussion the owner of the larger tent asked us in to spend the night. We warmed ourselves by the fire and were given butter tea and a rare delicacy—a piece of white bread each. It was stale and hard as stone, but this little present on Christmas Eve in the wilds of Tibet meant more to us than a well-cooked Christmas dinner had ever done at home.

Our host treated us roughly at first. When we told him by what route we aimed at reaching Lhasa, he said dryly that if we had not been killed up to now, we certainly would be in the next few days. The country was full of Khampas. Without arms we would be an easy prey for them. He said this in a fatalistic tone, as one utters a self-evident truth. We felt very disheartened and asked for his advice. He recommended us to take the road to Shigatse, which we could reach in a week. We would not hear of that. He thought for a while and then advised us to apply to the district officer of this region, whose tent was only a few miles distant.

The officer would be able to give us an escort if we absolutely insisted on going through the robbers' country.

That evening we had so much to discuss that we hardly gave a thought to Christmas in our own homes. At last we agreed to take a chance and visit the bönpo. It only took us a few hours to reach his tent, and we found it a good omen that he greeted us in a friendly way and placed a tent at our disposal. He then called his colleague and we all four sat down in conference. This time we discarded our story about being Indian pilgrims. We gave ourselves out as Europeans and demanded protection against the bandits. Naturally we were traveling with the permission of the government, and I coolly handed him the old travel permit, which the garpon had formerly given us in Gartok. (This document had a story. We three had tossed up to decide who should keep it and Kopp had won. But when he left us, I had had an inspiration and bought it from him. And now its hour had come.) The two officials examined the seal and were clearly impressed by the document. They were now convinced that we had a right to be in Tibet. The only question they asked was where the third member of the party was. We explained that he had been taken sick and had traveled back to India via Tradün. This satisfied the bönpos, who promised us an escort; they would be relieved at different stages by fresh men and would conduct us as far as the northern main road.

That was a real Christmas greeting for us! And now, at last, we felt like keeping the Feast. We had stored up a little rice at Kyirong especially for the occasion. This we prepared and invited the two bönpos to come and share it. They came bringing all sorts of good things with them and we passed a happy, friendly evening together.

On the following day a nomad accompanied us to the next encampment and "delivered" us there. It was something like a relay race with us at the baton. Our guide went back after handing us over. With our next guide we made wonderful progress and we realized how useful it was to have a companion who really knew the way, even though he did not provide absolute security against robbers.

Our permanent companions were the wind and the cold. To us

it seemed as though the whole world was a blizzard with a temperature of minus thirty. We suffered much from being insufficiently clothed and I was lucky to be able to obtain an old sheepskin cloak from a tent dweller. It was tight for me and lacked half a sleeve, but it only cost me two rupees. Our shoes were in a wretched state and could not last much longer; and as for gloves, we hadn't any. Aufschnaiter had had frostbite in the hands and I had trouble with my feet. We endured our sufferings with dull resignation and it needed a lot of energy to accomplish our daily quota of miles. How happy we would have been to rest for a few days in a warm nomad's tent. Even the life of the nomads, hard and poverty-stricken as it was, often seemed to us seductively luxurious. But we dared not delay if we wanted to get through to Lhasa before our provisions ran out. And then? Well, we preferred not to speculate.

We often saw, happily in the far distance, men on horseback, whom we knew to be Khampas from the unusual type of dogs which accompanied them. These creatures are less hairy than ordinary Tibetan dogs, lean, swift as the wind and indescribably ugly. We thanked God we had no occasion to meet them and their masters at close quarters.

On this stage of our travels we discovered a frozen lake which, on later search, we could find on no map. Aufschnaiter sketched it into our map at once. The local inhabitants call it Yöchabtsö, which means "water of sacrifice." It lies at the foot of a chain of glaciers. Before we came to the main road we met some armed footpads carrying modern European rifles against which no courage could have helped us. They, however, let us alone, no doubt because we looked so wretched and down-at-heel. There are times when visible poverty has its advantages.

After five days' march we reached the famous Tasam road. We had always imagined this to be a regular highway which, once reached, would put an end to all the miseries of our march. Imagine our disappointment when we could not find even the trace of a track! The country was in no way different from that through which we had been wandering for weeks. There were, it is true, a few empty tents at which caravans could halt, but no other signs of an organized route.

For the last stage we had been accompanied by a couple of sturdy women, who now handed us over to the Tasam road after a touching farewell. We quartered ourselves in one of the empty tents and lit a fire, after which we took stock of our position. We really had some ground for satisfaction. The most difficult part of our journey lay behind us and we were now on a frequented route, which led straight to Lhasa, fifteen days' march ahead. We ought to have been happy in the knowledge that we were so near our goal. But, as a matter of fact, our terrific exertions had got us down to such an extent that we were no longer capable of enjoyment. What with frostbite and lack of money and food, we felt nothing but anxiety. We worried most of all about our animals. My faithful dog was reduced to skin and bones. We had hardly enough food to keep ourselves alive and could spare very little for him. His feet were in such a dreadful state that he could not keep up with us, and often we had to wait for hours in our camp before he arrived. The plight of the yak was little better. He had not had enough grass to eat for weeks and was fearfully emaciated. It is true that we had left the snow behind us after leaving Lake Yöchabtso; but the grass was scanty and dry, and there was little time for grazing.

All the same we had to go forward next day, and the fact that we were now on a caravan route and had no longer to think of ourselves as Marco Polos in the unknown gave a spur to our morale.

Our first day on the Tasam route differed very little from our worst stage in uninhabited country. We did not meet a soul. A raging storm, driving snow, and swathes of mist made our journey a hell. Fortunately the wind was at our backs and drove us onward. If it had been in our faces, we could not have moved a step forward. All four of us were glad when we saw the roadside tents in the evening. I made the following note in my diary that night: "December 31, 1945. Heavy snowstorm with mist—first mist we have met in Tibet. Temp.: about  $-30^{\circ}$ . The most exhausting day of our journey up to date. The yak's load kept slipping off and we nearly got frozen hands adjusting it. Lost the way once and had to go back two miles. Towards evening reached the



route-station of Nyatsang. Eight tents. One tent occupied by road officer and his family. Well received."

So this was our second New Year's Eve in Tibet. Thinking what we had achieved in all this time made one despondent. We were still "illegal" travelers, two down-at-heel, half-starved vagabonds forced to dodge the officials, still bound for a visionary goal which we seemed unable to reach, the Forbidden City. On such a night one's thoughts turn in sentimental retrospect to home and family. But such dreams could not distract us from the stern reality of the struggle to keep alive which needed all our physical and spiritual strength. For us an evening in a warm tent was more important than if, in the safety of our homes, we had been given a racing car as a New Year's gift.

So we kept St. Sylvester's day in our own fashion. We wanted to stay here somewhat longer in order to thaw ourselves out and to give our beasts a day of rest. Our old travel paper did its job here too, and the road official was friendly and put his servants at our disposal, sending us water and fuel.

We took it easy and slept late. As we were breakfasting somewhat before noon, there was a stir before the tents. The cook of a bönpö, wearing a foxskin hat, had arrived to announce the coming of his master and make preparations for him. He ran around and threw his weight about properly.

The arrival of a high official might be of importance for us, but we had been long enough in Asia to know that "high" official status is a relative conception. For the moment we did not excite ourselves. But things turned out well. The bönpö soon arrived on horseback surrounded by a swarm of servants. He was a merchant in the service of the government and was at present engaged in bringing several hundred loads of sugar and cotton to Lhasa. Hearing about us, he naturally wanted to ask questions. Putting on a virtuous expression I handed him our travel paper, which had the usual good effect. No longer acting the stern official, he invited us to travel with his convoy. That sounded well, so we gave up our rest day and began to pack our baggage as the caravan was to move on in the afternoon. One of the drivers shook his head as he looked at Armin, a veritable skeleton, and finally offered for a small sum to load our baggage on one of the Tasam

yaks and let our beast run loose with us. We gladly agreed. Then off we started in haste. We had to go on with the caravan on foot, while the bönpo and his servants, who had changed horses at the stage, started later. They caught us up before long.

It had been a sacrifice to give up our rest day and set out on a twelve-mile march. Since my poor dog was too exhausted to accompany us, I left him behind in the settlement, which was better for him than dying on the road.

Marching with the caravan we covered long distances every day. We profited by the patronage of the bönpo and were everywhere well received. It was only at Lhölam that the road official looked askance at us. He would not even give us fuel and insisted on our showing our permit to go to Lhasa. Unfortunately we could not oblige him. However, we had a roof over our heads and were to be glad of it because soon after our arrival all sorts of suspicious-looking characters began to gather around the tents. We recognized them at once for Khampas, but we were too tired to bother about them and left the rest of our party to deal with the situation. We at least had nothing worth stealing. Some of them tried to get into our tent, but we shouted at them and they went away.

Next morning, we missed our yak. We had tethered him the night before and thought he might be grazing somewhere, but Aufschnaiter and I could find no sign of him. The ruffians who had been there the night before had also vanished and the connection was obvious. The loss of our yak was a serious blow to us. We burst into the tent of the Tasam official; and in my rage I threw the packsaddle and coverings at his feet, telling him that he was responsible for the loss of our beast. We had become very much attached to Armin, the only yak who had served us well, but we had no time to mourn his loss. We had to catch up with the caravan, which had gone ahead some hours before with our baggage.

We had already been marching for some days toward a huge chain of mountains. We knew they were the Nyenchenthangla range. There was only one way through them and that was the pass which led direct to Lhasa. On our way to the mountains we passed through low hills. The country was completely deserted

and we did not even see wild asses. The weather had improved greatly and the visibility was so good, that, at a distance of six miles, our next stopping place appeared to be just in front of us.

The next halt was at a place called Tokar. From here we began the ascent into the mountains, and the next regular station was five days away. We did not dare to think how we could hold out till then. In any case we did what we could to keep up our strength and bought a lot of meat to keep us going.

The days seemed endless and the nights even longer. We traveled through an improbably beautiful landscape and came to one of the largest of the world's lakes, Nam Tsho or Tengri Nor. But we hardly looked at it, though we had for long looked forward to seeing this mighty inland sea. The once-longed-for sight could not shake us out of our apathy. The climb through the rarefied air had left us breathless, and the prospect of an ascent to nearly 20,000 feet was paralyzing. From time to time we looked with wonder at the still higher peaks visible from our route. At last we reached the summit of our pass, Guring La. Before us this pass had only once been crossed by a European. This was Littledale, an Englishman, who came over it in 1895. Sven Hedin had estimated it at nearly 20,000 feet and described it as the highest of the passes in the Transhimalaya region. I think I am right in saying that it is the world's highest pass traversable all the year round.



## *Adventure of the Mountains*

**A**MONG books about mountain climbing none that I can recall has quite the epic quality of "Annapurna." It is not only the story of high adventure; it also is the record of a unique achievement.

For Maurice Herzog and his companion, Louis Lachenal, were the first men ever to conquer an 8,000 meter peak, every mountaineer's dream.

Herzog, author of "Annapurna," led a French Himalayan expedition. Mountaineers and those familiar with mountains know how difficult it is to reach any mountain peak that stands over 25,000 feet and how unlikely of achievement is such a climb. At this writing one can still count on a single hand the peaks of this height conquered thus far, and each one was done only after lengthy and considerable advance reconnaissance usually in previous years, and often after many failures.

Herzog and his team had to not only work out the best method of *climbing* their peak, but they had also to discover for themselves the best *approaches* to the mountain. This hardy little band managed on their *first* attempt to achieve both feats in the brief span after the melting of the winter snow and yet before the beginning of the Himalayan monsoon season.

Herzog led his team of nine of Europe's most experienced climbers through snow storms and a fiercely burning tropical sun that took a heavy toll. In our section they—Herzog and Lachenal—are making a final assault on the 26,493-foot peak of Annapurna.





FROM:  
"ANNAPURNA"

*by Maurice Herzog*

WHY HAD THEY given up? We could not understand it. Lachenal, who was moving at a fair pace and appeared to be going much more easily than during the last few days, was the first up the avalanche cone and across the couloir. It was the third time I had been over this route and I knew it well by now, but again, as I went to meet them, I found it both difficult and dangerous. On the little platform beneath the ice wall where we had left a fixed rope, we came upon Terray and Rébuffat.

"What's happened?" I asked Terray.

He seemed disheartened. "We'd have been crazy to go on. What with the wind and this hellish snow it took us more than seven hours yesterday to get from Camp III to Camp IV."

"Did you find the tent?"

"Sure, but we had to straighten the poles which had been bent over by the avalanche. We got the other tent up in a tearing wind. Rébuffat felt his feet beginning to freeze."

"I thought I'd had it," put in Gaston. "Fortunately, Lionel rubbed me and flogged me with an end of rope, and at last got the blood circulating again."

"This morning," Terray went on, "the cold was worse than in Canada and the wind even stronger. I figured it out like this: if yesterday, when we were quite fit, we covered only just over a thousand feet in seven hours, we wouldn't have a hope of climbing the last four thousand feet under present conditions. I know we must do all we can, up to the limit, but I'm beginning to have doubts about our success."

Although Lachenal and I protested vigorously, the other two did not seem to be affected by our enthusiasm. Terray, for all his strength, had only just managed to cope with the snow, which

covered the tracks afresh every day, and the slopes, which had to be mastered yard by yard, and with the deterioration of mind and body brought on by altitude. But he did not care to dwell on all these obstacles; he had no wish to undermine our solid morale.

"We're going up," I said without the least hesitation. "When we come down it'll mean the top's been reached. It's all or nothing."

And I felt that Lachenal was as determined as myself. The other two wished us good luck, but I read doubt in their faces. Now it was up to us.

We set to on the slope. Sarki, Ang-Tharkey, Lachenal and myself took it in turns to go ahead to improve the tracks fortunately left by Terray and Rébuffat on their way down. The going wasn't too bad, but all the same Ang-Tharkey was amazed at the difficulty of the ground.

Pansy had already told him that neither on Kanchenjunga nor on Everest had they ever struggled with such difficult terrain. It was the first time these Sherpas had done any climbing on ice and been obliged to get up vertical walls. But all went well. We pushed on steadily and found the going much easier than the previous times, which showed just how vital acclimatization is on Himalayan expeditions. It was now burningly hot, and by the time we reached Camp III we were sweating. What a truly magnificent camp this was, lost in the very heart of the mountains in a tiny snow-blocked crevasse! How snug and comfortable it appeared!

We had to conserve our strength; there would be no going further today. Most of the time we just lay in our sacks, and the Sherpas handed us our meals through the entrance of the other tent. The weather was fine. This time everything was in our favor and we would get to the top.

It took the Sherpas a long time to make tea because of the decreased heating power of the stoves at this height. A few cigarettes, followed by the ration of pills, which both Sahibs and Sherpas obediently swallowed; and before dark everybody at Camp III was already asleep.

In the morning we waited placidly for the sun, since the day's program consisted of going only as far as Camp IV, which would take us barely four hours. But we should also have to move that

camp again and re-pitch it right on the Sickie glacier. We each set about getting our things ready, and I took a few movie shots. Down below, the plateau on which Camp II was pitched appeared to have become a regular village. Big valley tents and high-altitude tents stood side by side and it looked altogether like an advanced Base Camp.

"Lionel and Gaston must be resting now," said Lachenal.

We decided to move off, taking advantage of the relatively good state of the snow, and we reached the site of Camp IV more rapidly than we had expected. On the way I took more movie shots, in particular of the bergschrund by the plateau on which the camp was situated. The weather was still very fine. Ang-Tharkey and Sarki had gone splendidly, one of them on Lachenal's rope, the other on mine. It was still early and we should therefore be able to move Camp IV right up on the Sickie glacier. We were pleased about this, for beyond this camp there would be no further technical difficulties to keep us back. We quickly took down one tent, which we ourselves would be carrying, as well as food and equipment.

"In less than an hour we ought to be up the big ice slope leading to the edge of the Sickie," I said to Lachenal. "It's not all that long." Ang-Tharkey and Sarki would come back to the present camp, where we were leaving the other tent. The following morning they would have to dismantle it and carry it up to the new Camp IV. From there we would start out for the next one, Camp V.

Laden like donkeys, we sank up to our waists in new snow on the first few yards of the great ice slope. But shortly there was far less snow, and very soon only a thin layer of loose snow lying on ice. The angle was comparable with that of the steepest Alpine slopes. Now and again we cut a few steps, but most of the time we just went straight up on our crampons—though cramponing at this height was not exactly restful, and we puffed away like steam engines.

The Sherpas were not at all happy. They were not expert on this sort of ground; but as they were afraid of getting left behind, they made all possible speed. After a couple of hundred yards of this exhausting work we came to the edge of the Sickie. Lachenal,



who was leading, had a look around up there; and I did the same down below. Our choice fell upon an inviting site at the base of a serac just where we had emerged from the ice slope. It was an ideal place, protected from the wind both by the serac itself and by a little ice ridge which formed a natural screen. Lachenal was delighted:

"Once we've fixed things up we'll be as snug as in my own little chalet at Chamoinix."

We set to work at once and the tent was soon in position. As it was already late afternoon I packed Ang-Tharkey and Sarki off to the lower camp, none too happy at the prospect of going down such a difficult slope. But I knew that Ang-Tharkey would not hesitate to cut extra steps and, if necessary, to make a staircase the whole way.

"Good night, sir!"

We shook hands warmly and our two Sherpas disappeared down the slope. Meanwhile we arranged our shelter. Mist closed around us and an icy wind got up, stinging our faces with blown snow. Neither of us had much appetite, but we forced ourselves to eat, and when the tea was ready I set out in a row the collection of pills that Oudot had strictly ordered us to swallow. For all Lachenal's assertions, we were only relatively comfortable. We put our boots into our sleeping-bags to prevent them from freezing and settled ourselves in for an excellent night.

When dawn came I poked my head anxiously through the opening of the tent. The sun was rising and it was fine and cold. It looked as though the monsoon would not arrive that day; and I felt much relieved, for the latest news had worried me. We were embarked upon a race against time. As soon as Ang-Tharkey and Sarki arrived we shared out the loads and made up our sacks. We were shivering and could not leave our serac quick enough. Leaving one tent where it was, we set out; the other was for Camp V.

A traverse to the left across the Sickle glacier enabled us to avoid an area of broken-up seracs. In this way we reached the base of a wide valley of large, steep snow fields with few obstacles in the way. Nobody said anything; every one of us was tense with effort, and the loads weighed us down. We thought of

what lay ahead. For me, the main question was the monsoon. It was now June 2, and we could not reasonably hope for more than four days of fine weather. That would just give us time, but there was not a moment to lose. Now that we had only this great snow field before us, we held the advantage; there were no technical obstacles—or at least hardly any. Not for a single moment did either Lachenal or myself entertain the slightest doubt about our victory.

We stopped frequently and ate a bit of candy or nougat, for which we always had a great craving. When we looked back down the mountain the sight was enough to make us dizzy. The plateau of Camp II was a mere pocket handkerchief; and the great Annapurna glacier, which took an hour to cross, was reduced to a small tongue of ice. In the distance, over the top of the Great Barrier, we could distinctly see Tibet. On the extreme left Dhaulagiri was partially hidden by the great rock wall of Annapurna. Our wigwagging upward tracks were visible the whole way.

The jagged ice ridge at the summit produced a curious effect. A snow-laden wind blew through it as if through the teeth of a comb. Mist straggled right across the sky over our heads. One of the buttresses of Annapurna towered above us in rose-red rock. It was the shape of a bird's beak and looked like the *Bec d'Oiseau* on the Grepon in the Mont Blanc massif. A thin rib of rock in the shape of a spearhead ran up to it.

"We're pretty sure," I told Lachenal, "to be able to find a place somewhere on that rib big enough for our 'coffin'."

Lachenal agreed, "We'll use as many pitons as necessary, and anyhow we shall be on dry ground."

With dogged perseverance he and I took turns in making the trail. The two Sherpas got terribly winded and we kept stopping to regain our breath. Two or three times we made long traverses to avoid the seracs and one particularly long crevasse. Often we sank in the snow and each step seemed an eternity. Although we progressed upwards the rib always appeared to remain just as far off.

"Enough to take the heart out of you," complained Lachenal. Gradually the difficulties lessened, the snow became firmer,

and we did not sink so far. We had the feeling that we were climbing on an enormous roof. The slope was constant; and though it was at an angle of about forty degrees, we were able to crampon up it. Every ten yards we halted in cold so intense that our feet grew numb. But we could not afford any unnecessary delay. "On to Camp VI" became for us a kind of refrain. The going became terribly exhausting, for the surface crust of the snow broke through beneath our crampons, and again we sank in at each step.

With a final spurt of energy we gained the rib of rock.

"Hell!"

What a disappointment! Those fine, clear-colored rocks were plastered with ice. There were no ledges, no holds. We should have to pitch camp right on the slope.

The Sherpas joined us. We were at 24,600 feet and the height laid them out completely. They couldn't speak a word and made signs that their heads were hurting, but we all had to set to work. With our axes we made a level space. In order to accomplish this on such a steep slope we had to move great quantities of snow. Every thirty seconds I had to rest. I felt as though I were suffocating, my breathing was out of control, and my heart was pounding away. Yet the Sherpas, who were not in such good shape as we were, managed to carry on for five minutes without a break. An hour later the shelf was ready. It was close to the rib and we were able to anchor the tent to the two pitons which Lachenal drove into cracks in the rock.

I had a brief conversation with Ang-Tharkey in pidgin-English.

"Tomorrow morning Lachenal Sahib and Bara Sahib go to the summit of Annapurna."

"Yes, sir."

"You are the Sirdar and the most experienced of all the Sherpas. I should be very glad if you will come with us."

"Thank you, sir."

"We must have the victory *together*. Will you come?"

At that moment I felt it my duty to take into consideration the Sherpas' very understandable feelings. After a pause Ang-Tharkey replied. He was grateful for the choice of action I had given him, but he held back.

"Thank you, very much, Bara Sahib, but my feet are beginning to freeze . . ."

"I see."

" . . . and I prefer to go down to Camp IV."

"Of course, Ang-Tharkey, it's as you like. In that case go down at once as it is late."

"Thank you, sir."

In a second their sacks were packed and, just as they were setting off, they turned around; and I could guess their anxiety at leaving us alone.

"Salaam, sir. Good luck!"

"Salaam—and be careful!"

A few minutes later two black dots were on their way down the slope we had just come up. How strangely their minds worked. Here were these men, proverbial for their trustworthiness and devotion, who quite certainly enjoyed going high on the mountains; and yet, when on the point of reaping the victory from their labors, they prudently held back. But I don't doubt that our attitude struck them as even more strange.

Not a word did Lachenal and I speak. Our silence had something heavy and obsessive about it. This time we would not turn back.

It would be a grim night. The site was dangerous and the ground unstable. Under the action of the wind the snow slid down the length of the slope and piled up above our shelter. We hoped it would not weigh too much on the tent. The pitons, driven into the limestone, and the axes, driven right into the snow, gave us only moral support; and we had no illusions. We said nothing but we both feared that the edge of the platform would collapse and carry the tent away.

Our minds worked slowly during this last night before the final assault. I had great difficulty in concentrating and I couldn't get up an interest in anything. Conversation languished. With great effort, and only because we urged each other on, we managed to make some tea on the stove and swallow our pills with military discipline. It was impossible to swallow any food down at all.

A fierce wind sprang up and the nylon fabric of the tent flapped

noisily. Several times we feared that the wind would blow the tent away, and at each gust we clung to the poles as a drowning man clings to a plank. It began to snow; the storm howled and moaned around us. The air was fraught with terror, and in the end we became terrified too.

Every movement demanded a tremendous effort of will. There was no question of undressing. Pushing our boots to the bottom of our wonderful sleeping-bags, we tucked ourselves in. Good old Pierre Allain! How we blessed him that night! And away flew our thoughts to the friend who had designed our marvelous equipment.

Lachenal settled himself on the outer side of the tent while I curled up against the slope. It wasn't pleasant for either of us. Lachenal, on the edge of the precarious platform, felt as though he were slipping off into space, while I was threatened with suffocation under the snow which slid down and piled up persistently on the roof of the tent.

"It's made of nylon and it's elastic," I tried to reassure Lachenal, "otherwise the fabric would give way. Hell! I've forgotten to put my camera inside my sleeping bag."

I stretched out a hand for the precious object and slid it down beside me to the bottom of my sack, which was already cluttered up with my boots.

What a night! Lachenal slid further and further towards the edge, and I felt more and more suffocated. We looked at the time repeatedly. The situation was beginning to be alarming. I could no longer breathe. The weight of the snow was literally crushing me. Like a boxer on guard I held both arms to my chest and so made a small space which allowed me to expand my lungs. The noise of the wind was ear-splitting, and every onslaught was accompanied by a high-pitched whistling. The tent poles bent over dangerously, while with the strength of desperation we tried to hold them in place. Why the tent was not blown down, I don't know. Our very worst Alpine bivouacs were nothing compared with this unequal and exhausting struggle.

We were worn out and utterly weary, but the storm saw to it that we were kept wide awake.

Rébuffat and Terray, skeptical about the success of our attempt,

went down toward Camp II. When they arrived there they found Couzy and Schatz, who gave them the latest news. Then they dropped with fatigue and so, no doubt, did Pansy and Aila; for they disappeared into the Sherpas' tent and were seen no more that day. Couzy and Schatz, in excellent trim, were pleased to be on a rope together again. Early the following morning they left Camp II, and as arranged, they followed us up, one camp behind.

At Camp II Terray gradually recovered. He felt that the final attack was imminent and set about his preparations with his usual meticulous care. Rébuffat was busy writing. Early in the afternoon sleet began to fall.

"Hello, everybody!"

The white ghost who had just come in was Ichac!

"The others are coming up."

Oudot and Noyelle then appeared, shaking the snow off inside the tent with the cheerful carelessness of people coming from outside. It was five-thirty.

"What, it's you!" exclaimed Ichac. "We were expecting to see Schatz and Couzy."

"No, it's only us."

And Terray went on to explain how they had had to retrace their steps the day before without having been able to establish Camp V because of Rébuffat's feet showing signs of frostbite.

"We'll be off again tomorrow morning," said Terray.

Outside the sleet had turned to snow. Oudot was impatient to find out to what extent oxygen would be of use. Displaying his usual authority, he insisted upon our liaison officer, Noyelle, going around with a mask on. His face became a snout connected by a tube to cylinders of duralumin full of compressed oxygen. He might have been exploring the moon! Poor Noyelle. With his ridiculous hat pulled down over his nose and ears, he was the only one unable to appreciate the comic figure he cut.

After the tests everyone collected in the tent and Ichac took some flashlight photographs.

"Right now I'm going to establish a record for the highest flashlight shot."

As a matter of fact this camp was not far off 20,000 feet high,

and it was unlikely that many flashlights had been taken on Himalayan expeditions.

After dinner the sky cleared and the stars shone and the Great Barrier was clothed in a mantle of white, lit up by the moon. The latest news on the radio was alarming. The monsoon had reached the north of Bengal; and, moreover, considerable disturbances were forecast from the west.

The following morning, June 2, the sky was brilliant; it was going to be a glorious day. As usual Lionel Terray had timed his departure for an early hour. He left camp with Rébuffat and two Sherpas at six o'clock, before the sun was up. (At Camp IV we were still sleeping soundly.) Ichac took some telephotos of them as they went up the avalanche cone.

Now the whole mountain was inhabited, and as the hours went by activity increased. An onlooker would have seen an astonishing sight. At Camp II men were swarming round the settlement of tents. A little higher up Terray and Rébuffat with their two Sherpas, Pansy and Aila, were cutting fresh steps up the first slopes. Above at Camp III, Schätz and Couzy, accompanied by Angawa and Foutharkey, were preparing to cross the great couloir. And finally, Lachenal and myself, with Ang-Tharkey and Sarki, were once again ploughing through snow on the slope of the Sickie glacier.

During the afternoon clouds appeared along the bed of the Miristi Khola, and even on the plateau by Camp II. Through a rent in them Ichac was able to see, at the foot of the spear-shaped rib, a new black speck which he guessed must be Camp V. Would the final assault be made the following morning? That would be decided by the weather.

The mist grew thicker and calls for help were heard. Noyelle and Ichac went out to see who it was and found Angawa and Foutharkey wandering in the mist. Having only one tent at Camp IV—the other was at Camp V—Couzy and Schätz had had to send their two Sherpas down.

The rest of the equipment for Camp IV was to be brought up the following day by the Rébuffat-Terray party, who would strike Camp III and take it up with them. And the group at Camp II would move up the day after and reestablish Camp III.

At Camp IV morale was good. Rébuffat and Terray had just arrived and everyone was in good form. Terray meditated upon the unpredictable nature of conditions in the Himalaya. Four days ago he and Rébuffat had climbed to Camp III with the greatest difficulty, taking seven hours to crawl up. This time they had successfully carried out an ambitious program of which it would be hard to find the equivalent in the history of Himalayan climbing. Leaving Camp II at dawn they had succeeded in reaching Camp III at about eleven o'clock in the morning; they had struck this camp and then carried everything on up to Camp IV, in this way gaining one precious day. Although there were only four of them they carried two high-altitude units as well as twenty-two pounds of food. Rébuffat, like Lachenal, had made a magnificent comeback.

There were two people who were mighty pleased to see them, and these were Couzy and Schatz. Otherwise, the next day, these two would have had to carry up a complete camp themselves; and they had not found this prospect particularly attractive. Thanks to aspirin and sleeping tablets, and thanks also to a sense of tremendous well-being caused partly by good physical condition and partly by the imminence of a happy outcome, everybody passed an excellent night.

On the third of June, 1950, the first light of dawn found us still clinging to the tent poles at Camp V. Gradually the wind abated, and with daylight, died away altogether. I made desperate attempts to push back the soft, icy stuff which stifled me, but every movement became an act of heroism. My mental powers were numbed, thinking was an effort, and we did not exchange a single word.

What a repellent place it was! To everyone who reached it, Camp V became one of the worst memories of his life. We had only one thought: to get away. We should have waited for the first rays of the sun, but at half-past five, we felt we couldn't stick it any longer.

"Let's go, Biscante," I muttered. "Can't stay here a minute longer."

"Yes, let's go," repeated Lachenal.



Which of us would have the energy to make tea? Although our minds worked slowly we were quite able to envisage all the movements that would be necessary—and neither of us could face up to it. It couldn't be helped; we would just have to go without. It was quite hard enough work to get ourselves and our boots out of our sleeping-bags—and the boots were frozen stiff so that we got them on only with the greatest difficulty. Every movement made us terribly breathless. We felt as though we were being stifled. Our gaiters were stiff as a board, and I succeeded in lacing mine up; Lachenal couldn't manage his.

"No need for the rope, eh, Biscante?"

"No need," replied Lachenal laconically.

That was two pounds saved. I pushed a tube of condensed milk, some nougat and a pair of socks into my sack. One never knew; the socks might come in useful—they might even do as Balacclavas. For the time being I stuffed them with first-aid equipment. The camera was loaded with a black and white film; I had a color film in reserve. I pulled the movie camera out from the bottom of my sleeping-bag, wound it up and tried letting it run without film. There was a little click; then it stopped and jammed.

"Bad luck after bringing it so far," said Lachenal.

In spite of photographer Ichac's precautions taken to lubricate it with special grease, the intense cold, even inside the sleeping-bag, had frozen it. I left it at the camp rather sadly; I had looked forward to taking it to the top. I had used it up to 24,600 feet.

We went outside and put on our crampons, which we kept on all day. We wore as many clothes as possible; our sacks were very light. At six o'clock we started off. It was brilliantly fine, but also very cold. Our super-lightweight crampons bit deep into the steep slopes of ice and hard snow, up which lay the first stage of our climb.

Later the slope became slightly less steep and more uniform. Sometimes the hard crust bore our weight, but at others we broke through and sank into soft powder snow, which made progress exhausting. We took turns in making the track and often stopped without any word having passed between us. Each of us lived in a closed and private world of his own. I was suspicious of my mental processes; my mind was working very slowly, and I was

perfectly aware of the low state of my intelligence. It was easiest just to stick to one thought at a time—safest, too. The cold was penetrating. For all our special eiderdown clothing we felt as though we'd nothing on. Whenever we halted, we stamped our feet hard. Lachenal went as far as to take off one boot which was a bit tight; he was in terror of frostbite.

"I don't want to be like Lambert," he said. Raymond Lambert, a Geneva guide, had to have all his toes amputated after an eventful climb during which he got his feet frostbitten.\* While Lachenal rubbed himself hard, I looked at the summits all around us. Already we overtopped them all except the distant Dhaulagiri. The complicated structure of these mountains, with which our many laborious explorations had made us familiar, was now spread out plainly at our feet.

The going was incredibly exhausting, and every step was a struggle of mind over matter. We came out into the sunlight and by way of marking the occasion made yet another halt. Lachenal continued to complain of his feet. "I can't feel anything. I think I'm beginning to get frostbite." And once again, he undid his boot.

I began to be seriously worried. I realized very well the risk we were running; I knew from experience how insidiously and quickly frostbite can set in if one is not extremely careful. Nor was Lachenal under any illusions. "We're in danger of having frozen feet. Do you think it's worth it?"

This was most disturbing. It was my responsibility as leader to think of the others. There was no doubt about frostbite being a very real danger. Did Annapurna justify such risks? That was the question I asked myself; it continued to worry me.

Lachenal had laced his boots up again, and once more we continued to force our way through the exhausting snow. The whole of the Sickle glacier was now in view, bathed in light. We still had a long way to go to cross it, and then there was that rock band. Would we find a gap in it?

My feet, like Lachenal's, were very cold; and I continued to wriggle my toes, even when we were moving. I could not feel

\* In May 1952, Lambert, with the Sherpa, Ang-Tsering, reached 28,215 feet on Mount Everest, possibly the highest point yet attained. (Translator's note.)

them, but that was nothing new in the mountains, and if I kept on moving them, it would keep the circulation going.

Lachenal appeared to me as a sort of specter; he was alone in his world, I in mine. But—and this was odd enough—any effort was slightly *less* exhausting than lower down. Perhaps it was hope lending us wings. Even through dark glasses the snow was blinding, the sun beating straight down on the ice. We looked down upon precipitous ridges, which dropped away into space, and upon tiny glaciers far, far below. Familiar peaks soared arrow-like into the sky. Suddenly Lachenal grabbed me:

“If I go back, what will you do?”

A whole sequence of pictures flashed through my head: the days of marching in sweltering heat, the hard pitches we had overcome, the tremendous efforts we had all made to lay siege to the mountain, the daily heroism of all my friends in establishing the camps. Now we were nearing our goal. In an hour or two, perhaps, victory would be ours. Must we give up? Impossible! My whole being revolted against the idea. I had made up my mind, irrevocably. Today we were consecrating an ideal, and no sacrifice was too great. I heard my voice clearly:

“I should go on by myself.”

I would go alone. If he wished to go down it was not for me to stop him. He must make his own choice freely.

“Then I’ll follow you.”

The die was cast. I was no longer anxious. Nothing could stop us now from getting to the top. The psychological atmosphere changed with these few words, and we went forward now as brothers.

I felt as though I were plunging into something new and quite abnormal. I had the strangest and most vivid impressions, such as I had never before known in the mountains. There was something unnatural in the way I saw Lachenal and everything around us. I smiled to myself at the paltriness of our efforts, for I could stand apart and watch myself making these efforts. But all sense of exertion was gone, as though there were no longer any gravity. This diaphanous landscape, this quintessence of purity—these were not the mountains I knew; they were the mountains of my dreams.

The snow, sprinkled over every rock and gleaming in the sun, was of a radiant beauty that touched me to the heart. I had never seen such complete transparency and I was living in a world of crystal. Sounds were indistinct, the atmosphere like cotton wool.

An astonishing happiness welled up in me, but I could not define it. Everything was so new, so utterly unprecedented. It was not in the least like anything I had known in the Alps, where one feels buoyed up by the presence of others—by people of whom one is vaguely aware, or even by the dwellings one can see in the far distance.

This was quite different. An enormous gulf was between me and the world. This was a different universe—withered, deserted, lifeless; a fantastic universe where the presence of man was not foreseen, perhaps not desired. We were braving an interdict, overstepping a boundary, and yet we had no fear as we continued upward. I thought of the famous ladder of St. Teresa of Avila. Something clutched at my heart.

Did Lachenal share these feelings? The summit ridge drew nearer, and we reached the foot of the ultimate rock band. The slope was very steep and the snow interspersed with rocks.

“Couloir!”

A finger pointed. The whispered word from one to another indicated the key to the rocks—the last line of defense.

“What luck!”

The couloir up the rocks though steep was feasible.

The sky was a deep sapphire blue. With a great effort we edged over to the right, avoiding the rocks; we preferred to keep to the snow on account of our crampons, and it was not long before we set foot in the couloir. It was fairly steep, and we had a minute's hesitation. Should we have enough strength left to overcome this final obstacle?

Fortunately the snow was hard, and by kicking steps we were able to manage, thanks to our crampons. A false move would have been fatal. There was no need to make handholds; our axes, driven in as far as possible, served us for an anchor.

Lachenal went splendidly. What a wonderful contrast to the early days! It was a hard struggle here, but he kept going. Lifting our eyes occasionally from the slope, we saw the couloir

opening out on to . . . well, we didn't quite know, probably a ridge. But where was the top, left or right? Stopping at every step and leaning on our axes, we tried to recover our breath and to calm down our racing hearts, which were thumping as though they would burst. We knew we were there now—that nothing could stop us. No need to exchange looks—each of us would have read the same determination in the other's eyes. A slight detour to the left, a few more steps. The summit ridge came gradually nearer; a few rocks to avoid. We dragged ourselves up. Could we possibly be there?

Yes!

A fierce and savage wind tore at us.

We were on top of Annapurna! 8,075 meters, 26,493 feet.

Our hearts overflowed with an unspeakable happiness.

"If only the others could know . . ."

If only everyone could know!

The summit was a corniced crest of ice; and the precipices on the far side, which plunged vertically down beneath us, were terrifying, unfathomable. There could be few other mountains in the world like this. Clouds floated halfway down, concealing the gentle, fertile valley of Pokhara, 23,000 feet below. Above us there was nothing!

Our mission was accomplished. But at the same time we had accomplished something infinitely greater. How wonderful life would now become! What an inconceivable experience it is to attain one's ideal and, at the very same moment, to fulfill oneself. I was stirred to the depths of my being. Never had I felt happiness like this, so intense and yet so pure. That brown rock, the highest of them all, that ridge of ice—were these the goals of a lifetime? Or were they, rather, the limits of man's pride?

"Well, what about going down?"

Lachenal shook me. What were his own feelings? Did he simply think he had finished another climb, as in the Alps? Did he think one could just go down again like that, with nothing more to it?

"One minute! I must take some photographs."

"Hurry up!"

I fumbled feverishly in my sack, pulled out the camera, took out the little French flag which was right at the bottom, and the

pennants. Useless gestures, no doubt, but something more than symbols—eloquent tokens of affection and goodwill. I tied the strips of material—stained by sweat and by the food in the sacks—to the shaft of my ice-axe, the only flagstaff at hand. Then I focused my camera on Lachenal.

“Now, will you take me?”

“Hand it over! Hurry up!” said Lachenal.

He took several pictures and then handed me back the camera. I loaded a color-film and we repeated the process to be certain of bringing back records to be cherished in the future.

“Are you mad?” asked Lachenal. “We haven’t a minute to lose; we must go down at once.”

And in fact, a glance round showed me that the weather was no longer gloriously fine as it had been in the morning. Lachenal was becoming impatient.

“We must go down!”

He was right. His was the reaction of the mountaineer who knows his own domain. But I just could not accustom myself to the idea that we had won our victory. It seemed inconceivable that we should have trodden those summit snows.

It was impossible to build a cairn. There were no stones; everything was frozen. Lachenal stamped his feet; he felt them freezing. I felt mine freezing too, but paid little attention. The highest mountain to be climbed by man lay under our feet! The names of our predecessors on these heights raced through my mind: Mummery, Mallory and Irvine, Bauer, Welzenbach, Tilman, Shipton. How many of them were dead? How many had found on these mountains what, to them, was the finest end of all?

My joy was touched with humility. It was not just one party that had climbed Annapurna today, but a whole expedition. I thought of all the others in the camps perched on the slopes at our feet, and I knew it was because of their efforts, and their sacrifices that we had succeeded. There are times when the most complicated actions are suddenly summed up, distilled and strike you with illuminating clarity; so it was with this irresistible upward surge which had landed us two here.

Pictures passed through my mind: The Chamonix valley, where I had spent the most marvelous moments of my childhood; Mont

Blanc, which so tremendously impressed me! I was a child when I first saw "the Mont Blanc people" coming home, and to me there was a queer look about them; a strange light shone in their eyes.

"Come on, straight down," called Lachenal.

He had already done up his sack and started going down. I took out my pocket aneroid: 8,500 meters. I smiled. I swallowed a little condensed milk and left the tube behind—the only trace of my passage. I did up my sack, put on my gloves and my glasses, seized my ice-axe. One look around and I, too, hurried down the slope. Before disappearing into the couloir I gave one last look at the summit which would henceforth be all our joy and all our consolation.

Lachenal was already far below; he had reached the foot of the couloir. I hurried down in his tracks. I went as fast as I could, but it was dangerous going. At every step, one had to take care that the snow did not break away beneath one's weight. Lachenal, going faster than I thought he was capable of, was now on the long traverse. It was my turn to cross the area of mixed rock and snow. At last I reached the foot of the rock-band. I had hurried and I was out of breath. I undid my sack. What had I been going to do? I couldn't say.

"My gloves!"

Before I had time to bend over, I saw them slide and roll. They went further and further straight down the slope. I remained where I was, quite stunned. I watched them rolling down slowly, with no appearance of stopping. The movement of those gloves was engraved in my sight as something irredeemable, against which I was powerless. The consequences might be most serious. What was I to do?

"Quickly! Down to Camp V."

Rébuffat and Terray would be there. My concern dissolved like magic. I now had a fixed objective again: to reach the camp. Never for a minute did it occur to me to use as gloves the socks which I always carry in reserve for just such a mishap as this.

On I went, trying to catch up with Lachenal. It had been two o'clock when we reached the summit. We had started out at six in the morning, but I had to admit that I had lost all sense of

time. I felt as though I were running, whereas in actual fact I was walking normally, perhaps rather slowly, and I had to keep stopping to get my breath. The sky was now covered with clouds; everything had become gray and dirty-looking. An icy wind sprang up, boding no good. We must push on! But where was Lachenal? I spotted him a couple of hundred yards away, looking as though he was never going to stop. And I had thought he was in indifferent form!

The clouds grew thicker and came right down over us; the wind blew stronger, but I did not suffer from the cold. Perhaps the descent had restored my circulation. Should I be able to find the tents in the mist? I watched the rib ending in the beak-like point which overlooked the camp. It was gradually swallowed up by the clouds, but I was able to make out the spearhead rib lower down. If the mist should thicken I would make straight for that rib and follow it down, and in this way I should be bound to come upon the tent.

Lachenal disappeared from time to time, and then the mist was so thick that I lost sight of him altogether. I kept going at the same speed, as fast as my breathing would allow.

The slope was now steeper; a few patches of bare ice followed the smooth stretches of snow. A good sign! I was nearing the camp. How difficult to find one's way in thick mist! I kept the course which I had set by the steepest angle of the slope. The ground was broken. With my crampons I went straight down walls of bare ice. There were some patches ahead, a few more steps. It was the camp all right, but there were *two tents!*

So Rébuffat and Terray had come up. What a mercy! I should be able to tell them that we had been successful, that we were returning from the top. How thrilled they would be!

I got there, dropping down from above. The platform had been extended, and the two tents were facing each other. I tripped over one of the guy-ropes of the first tent. There was movement inside; they had heard me. Rébuffat and Terray put their heads out.

"We've made it! We're back from Annapurna!"







## *Adventure in Africa*

IT IS A coincidence that John A. Hunter, born in Scotland near the end of the Nineteenth Century, should become one of the most respected and best-known *hunters* in British East Africa. He says, "There was a tradition in the family that our name, 'Hunter,' was derived from the profession of a remote ancestor, and certainly the love of hunting ran in our veins."

He writes as one who loves hunting and loves Kenya. As one of the last of the old-time hunters, he saw an Africa that is already becoming virtually non-existent. It was an Africa filled with great elephant herds, with roving bands of warring spearmen and with land yet untouched by the feet of white men.

Here we find John Hunter engaged in a remarkable mission. He had been asked by the Kenya Game Department, as a professional hunter, to rid the territory of a recently-increased lion population that was raiding the natives' cattle and threatening their whole way of life. Those natives who had attempted to kill the beasts had been mauled and killed themselves by the dozens; so a famous white hunter was called in.

Writes Captain A.T.A. Ritchie, O.B.E., M.C., Game Warden of Kenya, "I can pay no greater tribute to his prowess than is provided by the fact that he is still alive . . .

His special task in our section: to kill perhaps a hundred lions within a three-month period!





FROM:  
"HUNTER"

*by J. A. Hunter*

**A**T DAYBREAK the next morning we started off, the Masai trotting ahead with their spears and balancing their huge buffalo-hide shields on their shoulders. These shields are bulky affairs weighing fifty odd pounds and yet the moran carry them like feathers. They are painted with elaborate designs in black, red and white, the patterns serving somewhat the same purpose as the heraldic devices of our forefathers. By glancing at another man's shield, a Masai can tell what section of the country he comes from, to what moran club he belongs, his rank and position in a war party, his age grade, his name and what honors he has won in battle or in lion spearing.

By noon we had reached the foothills of the Embarasha Mountains. The mountains threw out great spurs into the valley, each spur covered with fine, short grass dotted with tiny wild flowers. The slopes of the spurs were not precipitous but they made a steep climb. The moran bounded up them like springbok, but with our heavy-footed oxen we had to zigzag back and forth up the grades. When we reached the top of a spur we would follow along it for a mile or two until it dropped away into the next valley. That meant another climb—this time down. Then we followed the valley to the next rise.

Late in the afternoon, while we were toiling through some open brush, the moran began to give their curious yodeling calls, which were answered from just ahead. We came through the bush onto the banks of a muddy stream where a group of old men and women were watering a herd of the long-horned native cattle. These animals resemble the Brahman cattle, having humps on their backs. They were covered with a network of complicated brands, which, to a Masai, told the animal's entire pedigree.

The old people clustered eagerly around us while the young Masai, with many whoops and much spear waving, told how I had killed two fine lions within a few minutes of each other. I could see the old people literally beam at the news; and the children with them danced around, going into a miniature version of the "shakes" in their excitement. It seemed I had come to the right spot; for only a few days before, lions had killed six head of their precious cattle as well as two herdsmen who had tried to defend the animals.

The enthusiastic crowd conducted me to their village. I expected to see a large cluster of thatched huts like the villages of the Kikuyu but I was almost on top of the place before I realized it was a village at all. It looked like nothing but an unusually thick mass of brush. The "village" was surrounded by a boma of thorn bushes, piled high as a man's head; and the huts within were no higher than my chest. They were made of cow dung, plastered like clay over a wattle frame. The dung had been baked as hard as brick by the hot sun and was quite odorless. To enter the huts, I had to bend nearly double. Unlike most native homes, each hut was divided into small rooms by wattle partitions. There were no windows except thin slits in the wall and the interiors were dark but cool and comfortable.

As the Masai were subject to occasional retaliatory raids from other natives, they constructed their homes in this manner to escape notice. The buildings seemed crude, but they were easy to heat during the night and pleasantly cool in the day.

After we had rested and the women had brought us milk in orange-colored, goosenecked gourds, I went out to see the bodies of the cattle that had been killed. The Masai had removed most of the meat. This was unfortunate, for a lion's own kill makes a perfect bait as he will almost invariably return to the carcass to feed. I explained this to the Masai, and one of the old men told me that there was a dead heifer still in the bush some fifty yards away that they had not disturbed. I inspected the dead animal and found that, although the stomach had been partly eaten by the lions, there was still plenty of flesh left. The bodies of the two herdsmen killed by the lions had also been left out in the bush, but these had already been devoured by lions and hyenas. The

Masai make no attempt to bury their dead, leaving the job to the scavengers that roam the plains.

I should add that these lions were not man-eaters in the true sense of the word. They had killed the herdsmen because the men had attempted to drive them away. It is a curious fact that a man can usually drive a lion off its kill if the quarry is wild game, but when a lion kills domestic stock, he will fight to the death rather than abandon his prey to its rightful owners.

I trailed the lions and found they had entered a thick patch of sansevieria. They were evidently waiting in the undergrowth for night to fall so they could return to their kills. The Masai told me that when they drove their cattle into the kraal in the evening, they shouted to urge the herd along. The lions recognized these shouts and came out soon after, knowing the coast would be clear.

I asked the men if they could drive their cattle to the kraal earlier this evening while I waited in ambush beside the dead heifer. The old men were greatly amused at this idea and remarked it should work; the same system had always worked when they were fighting the Nandi. The Nandi were another warlike people who occasionally attacked the Masai. If the Masai knew that a Nandi war party was in the neighborhood, they would drive their cattle to the kraal with additionally loud shouts; and the Nandi, thinking that the Masai had now retired to their village for the night, would stage a raid, only to fall into an ambush of warriors.

I took up my stand in some thick bush near the dead cow and waited for evening. Just as the sun was setting, I heard the high-pitched, unmusical cries of the herdsmen as they drove the cattle in from pasture. While I was still listening to the fading sounds, I suddenly saw three maned lions sitting dog-fashion on their haunches with their ears cocked as they also listened to the faint yells. When the cries died away, the lions rose and trotted toward me in single file. I felt every nerve in my body grow tense as I waited for them to come within gunshot. They stopped at the spot where they had killed a bull and sniffed around; but the animal had been removed. As each lion finished smelling, he raised his head with a curious expression on his face that re-

seemed a snarl but was really a contortion of the features to enable him to smell to better advantage.

They were still just out of range. While I was waiting, a vulture came sweeping down and lit on the ground a few feet away from me. He had evidently seen my form in the bush and thought I was something to eat. I kept absolutely still for I knew if I frightened the vulture, the lions would take alarm.

The lions also saw the vulture and thinking he had found food came trotting toward me. Their heads were up and they sniffed the air like pointers trying to identify what the bird had seen. I held my fire until they were within thirty yards. Then the vulture which had been studying me with his little black eyes suddenly took alarm and, with a whisk of his great wings, leaped into the air. Instantly the lions stopped, looking after the alarmed vulture, and then turned to examine me more carefully.

I was still in a prone position and I had to raise myself slightly to fire. It seemed to take years while I gradually lifted my body enough to bring the rifle into position. Still keeping my eyes on the lions, I turned over the safety catch with my thumb and aimed at the leader. At the shot he dropped as though pole-axed. The others leaped back but did not run. Wild animals that have never heard firearms before apparently think the noise is thunder, for often they are not particularly alarmed by it. I fired at the next lion and hit him in the shoulder. He spun around in a circle, roaring with rage, and the third lion instantly sprang on him and they began to fight. This uninjured beast seemed to be in a maniacal rage, tail lashing, hair bristling, and mouth gaping open as he tried to crush the skull of his comrade.

I fired again and hit this animal in the shoulder. He reared like a bucking horse, and while he was still on his hind legs I fired again into his neck. He dropped without a quiver. The second lion was now also dead; whether from the effects of my bullet or the mauling he had taken from his friend, I cannot say.

In the distance I could hear the whoops and yells of the Masai who had heard my shots. They came pouring through the bush and would have been overjoyed to find one of their enemies dead. But when they found all three animals lying stretched out in front of me, the whole community went mad with delight. We

returned to the village in triumph. A sheep was killed in my honor; its spitted ribs were roasted over a fire and tasted better to me than the best sirloin. The women brought out native beer called "pombe" in an earthen pot. Each man grasped the bowl in his two hands, took a swig and then passed it on. As the liquor took effect the men gathered in a close-knit group and started a strange kind of dance that consisted simply in leaping up and down in the air. I watched, drinking my beer and chewing on my sheep rib while the dogs lay around me under the star-covered sky. Near us the cattle were lowing, and from afar off I could hear the calls of more lions as they moved through the brush on their night's hunting. Truly, this was my country and my kind of people.

When the time came to retire, I was ushered into the largest of the huts and shown a big bed in one of the compartments. It was made of soft rushes and covered with bullock skins, the hair worn off with continuous use. The chief's two buxom young wives entered with me and obviously intended to share the bed. I wondered where the chief would spend the night as there was clearly only room in the bed for three people. However, it turned out he was staying with some friends so as not to interfere with any plans I might have for the evening.

I noticed the younger girl place four gourds of milk in a rack behind my skin pillow. I did not quite catch the full meaning of this act, but I afterward found it was to serve as a restorative in case I became exhausted with my night's work. The girls, clad in Eve's attire, except for a thin string of beads around their waistlines, remained at the end of the hut. They lay quietly and said nothing; for, according to ancient custom, the male has to make the advances. But I was tired after my long trek and soon fell into a heavy sleep.

In the next few days I was besieged by Masai runners who had come for miles to beg me to kill their lions. Each runner vied with the others in making wild claims for his particular district. One man assured me that near his village the lions were more numerous than leaves on the trees. Another said that in his valley a man could hardly walk fifty yards without seeing several of the beasts. It seemed that no matter where I went I was sure to find



plenty of lions. I started out with my oxen and dogs for the next village, where lions had killed several cows in the last week and badly mauled an old man. A group of spear-carrying moran went with me, as they still did not like to see a man risking his life hunting lions with no protection but a gun.

When we reached the village where the latest stock killings had taken place, the natives showed me what was left of the kills. Lions, vultures and hyenas had been at work on the carcasses so there was little meat upon them. I was interested to see the lions kill domestic stock exactly as they do wild game; that is, by leaping on the animal's back and turning his head with a quick twist of the forepaw, thus dislocating the neck. Blood immediately collects in the rupture and the lion bites through the break and laps the blood.

There was not enough flesh on the bones to tempt the lions back, so I set out with moran and the dogs to spoor them. There were so many lion tracks in the vicinity that it was difficult to follow these particular cats; yet, if we did not settle on one group of tracks, we would be spending all our time going around in circles. The tracks we were following were the freshest, although it is not always easy to tell the age of a track. Old pug marks made in the lee of a bunch of grass and sheltered from the wind will often seem fresher than new tracks made in the open and full of drifted sand. Generally, old marks are covered by the tracks of small animals that have run over them, but the only sure way to tell that you are on a fresh spoor is to find some of the lion's droppings. A good tracker can tell at once from the condition of the droppings how long it is since the animal passed.

The moran were excellent at spooring. Often they would lift the branches of some low bush with their spears to show me marks that I would have missed. I noticed they did not go from pug mark to pug mark but seemed to follow the trail ten or fifteen feet ahead of them. They knew the habits of lions so perfectly they could roughly tell where the animals were likely to go. When at fault, they would stop and cast around, much like a pack of hounds that have lost the scent, examining every sandy spot nearby that might bare the impression of a pug mark until they had picked up the trail again.

After several hours of spooring, we tracked down the lions into a small belt of bush, the kind of dense cover that is the hunter's nightmare. There was no way of getting in to the lions, and yet I knew that unless they were destroyed they would be back in a few days killing more cattle and maybe the herdsmen as well. Here was the place where the dogs must prove their worth. I sent the pack into the cover.

The Masai and I waited outside. The moran leaned on their shields, the tips of their long spears resting on the ground in front of them. I stood with my rifle ready, waiting for the charge I knew must come. Suddenly all hell broke loose. I could hear the excited screaming of the dogs and the savage growling of the lions. The dogs were slowly retreating from the angry beasts, trying to lure them into the open. The Masai took a firm grip on the handles of the shields and raised their spears. I stood ready for the first lion to break cover.

The dogs began to appear, backing out of the bushes and barking furiously. Most of the pack formed a half circle outside the undergrowth, while the braver Airedales and the two collies remained in the bushes, trying to chivvy the lions into the open.

Without an instant's warning, one of the lions charged out of the bush and went for the dogs. They opened out to let him through, but he managed to knock over one of the pack with a swing of his paw. The motion was so swift I could hardly follow it. I simply saw the dog go down. At once the rest of the pack charged in, snapping at the lion's rear to distract him from their friend. The lion whirled on them, cuffing left and right, as fast as an expert boxer could use his fists. I fired. The lion gave one great bound into the air. The second he hit the ground, he was covered by the dogs. Before I could call them off, a second lion bolted out some distance from us. Instantly the Masai were after him with upraised spears, giving their wild, yodeling whoops. The lion went bounding across the plain in great leaps that must have easily been twenty feet long, with the dogs and Masai on his tail. For a while the lion kept ahead, but eventually the dogs caught up to him. I was panting in the rear and by the time I came up, the dogs had formed a circle around the lion to hold him. The

Masai had also formed a circle and were beginning to close in with their spears.

I shouted to the fools to stop. They hesitated and I raised my rifle, trying to get in a shot without killing one of the hysterical dogs. The lion saw me. Suddenly he charged. He leaped right over the dogs to get at me. I waited until he was clear of the pack and then fired. My first shot sent him down in a whirl of sand and dust. In an instant he was on his feet again but now he was motionless and a perfect target. My second shot hit him in the chest and he died instantly.

In the next few weeks I killed over fifty lions with the dogs. After seeing a number of their friends killed, the pack became more cautious and kept well away from the lions' paws. I never saw a lion attempt to bite one of the dogs. They always used their claws, striking at their tormentors with those lightning-quick blows. Apparently they didn't consider dogs worthy of a bite. When the dogs fastened on a lion to pull him off one of their friends, they grabbed him by the mane rather than the hide. I suppose the mane offered a better grip.

In the bush, the advantage was all with the lions. I began to lose so many dogs that I did not dare to use the pack except to pick up a special animal that was a confirmed cattle killer. Most of the time I left the pack in camp and continued to hunt as best I could.

One evening, while I was out alone, I became lost in the tangle of spurs and ravines that laced the foothills. I tried to backtrack myself but before I reached camp, night came on and I could no longer follow my trail. A storm had been brewing during the late afternoon and now it broke over the distant ridges. For a while I could guide myself by the flashes of lightning, for I knew the approximate position of the storm in relation to the mountains. But by midnight the storm had blown away and I could only go on blindly through the darkness. Then I heard the distant tinkle of cowbells in a kraal, a lovely sound to me at that moment. I headed toward the noise, shouting as I went. In a few minutes my shouts were answered. A light appeared and I saw ahead a small Masai cow-dung hut with the usual thorn-bush kraal nearby. The

Masai couple took me in and promptly started a fire in the tiny hut. The man was in his early forties, too old to be considered a moran, and so from the Masai point of view, already started on the downhill grade that would finally lead to his being left out for the lions. He had heard about my exploits as a lion killer and eagerly asked me questions about my gun, myself and how many animals I had killed. I found his name was Kirakangano and that his father had been killed by a rhino years before. Kirakangano had developed a hatred for dangerous wild animals and had devoted his life to hunting them. He told me stories of lion and buffalo spearings in which he had taken part that sounded incredible, yet I knew that the Masai never lie. Most Masai take great pride in their cattle or in the number of their wives, but Kirakangano had no interest in anything but tracking big game through the tangled intricacies of the bush and then meeting the charge of some infuriated beast with his shield and spear. Here was a man who liked hunting as I did.

I had learned something of the language by this time and I asked Kirakangano if he would like to come with me as a guide and helper. Without a word he rose, took up his spear and shield, and asked when we were leaving. This was a little sudden and I asked him what would happen to his wife and cattle. He shrugged. "My wife will take care of the cows and I have a good friend who will look after my wife." I inquired whether he had no objection to having another man live with his wife. He seemed mildly surprised. "Why should I? She'll still be the same woman when I come back, won't she?" Thus the whole matter was satisfactorily settled. The wife offered no objections, which did not surprise me; for I suspected that Kirakangano must have made a very indifferent husband.

Kirakangano became my right hand—the second barrel to my rifle, so to speak. A magnificent tracker and absolutely fearless, I relied on him as I did on myself. Such men are all too rare. Several times I have had the terrible experience of firing both barrels of my rifle at a charging beast to no avail and then turning to snatch my second rifle from the hands of my gunbearer only to find the man has run. But Kirakangano never let me down.

Not only was he absolutely trustworthy, but he was a marvelous bushcraftsman and could think in the same manner that an animal thinks, thus often foreseeing the quarry's next move and preparing for it.

With Kirakangano as leader, I formed small groups of spearmen to make organized drives down gullies that lay between the mountain ridges. These gullies were full of thick brush and here the lions would lie up during the day. I stayed at one end of the gully, and the moran drove the lions down to me, shouting and waving their spears and shields as they forced their way through the brush. By lying on the top of the ridge so the lions passed below me, I kept out of their sight and also above the level of scent. From one such ambush, I shot seven lions in quick succession. As one lion after another dropped to my shots, the others would whirl around snarling to see where the firing was coming from. But it never seemed to occur to them to look upward.

Although Kirakangano was invaluable to me, the man cost me one of the finest lions I have ever seen. It happened like this.

The natives in a village had complained that a lion was killing their stock, so Kirakangano and I set out to investigate. It was evening before we arrived at the village. After listening to the herdsmen's accounts, I decided to shoot a zebra and leave the animal out for bait to lure the lion in. Kirakangano and I went out to look for a zebra herd. We found one just at dusk and fired at a fine stallion. I hit the animal too far back and in the fading light we were unable to follow him up. Next morning, we took up the trail, confident that we would soon locate the carcass by the circling vultures.

While we were skirting some bush, the Masai stopped and pointed with his spear. I saw a fine-maned lion in possession of the zebra, slowly dragging him off toward the shade of an acacia tree, where he could eat at his leisure. The lion would straddle the zebra, lift him by the neck, and walk clumsily with him a few paces. Then he would stop to rest, panting like a huge dog.

As the zebra must have weighed seven or eight hundred pounds, I was greatly impressed by the strength the old fellow displayed. We cut through the brush toward the acacia tree,

Kirakangano going ahead to show me the easiest way. There we waited for the lion to come closer. He was a magnificent beast, his mane covering the whole forepart of his body and even hiding his ears. Such fine manes are rare on wild lions, as most of them tear out the hair going through brush. I could see Kirakangano fidgeting beside me as the lion came closer.

Suddenly the Masai gave a whoop and charged the lion with his spear. The big cat stared at him in astonishment for a moment and then dropped the zebra and ran. Kirakangano ran parallel to him, feinting for a thrust, but the lion was too fast for him and disappeared in some bush. When I reprimanded the Masai for attacking, he innocently replied, "Ah, but he was such a big one."

I did not entirely stop using the dogs during these hunts. If a wounded lion managed to escape into the bush, I sent the dogs in to locate him. Otherwise, I knew he would be pulled down by hyenas—a dreadful fate. Lions hate and despise these scavengers. A lion will not let hyenas approach his kill while he is feeding, though lions seem quite fond of the little, doglike jackals and often drop them tidbits much as man might throw a scrap of his meal to a pet dog. The hyenas seem to resent the lions' haughty superiority; and when the noble animals are wounded or too old to defend themselves, the hyenas close in to revenge themselves. No lion dies a natural death. In the end, he is always destroyed by hyenas. It seems to me that hyenas would rather feast on lion than any other meat.

The Masai complained particularly about a group of lions that lived in a swamp where it was impossible to reach them. One member of this pride was a lioness with three cubs. She had seriously mauled a native who tried to defend his herd from the pride. As this group were confirmed cattle killers, I felt it necessary to destroy them, especially the lioness, as by all reports she was becoming increasingly more aggressive. As I could not get into the swamp, I decided to bait them out.

I had had my troubles in baiting lions on the reserve. The Masai had a custom of putting the elderly members of their tribe out in the bush for hyenas to eat when the old folk

reached the point of death and became too enfeebled to move about.

To bait out the swamp dwellers I shot a hartebeest some distance away to make sure that the noise of shooting would not disturb the lions. Then I had my oxen drag the carcass around the entire swamp. No matter where the lions left their refuge, they would cross the blood trail and probably follow it. I left the carcass of the hartebeest under the acacia tree and had my boys build a hide in the branches. These tree hides are called "machans" by hunters and are widely used for shooting the larger cats over a bait. Personally, I do not care for them, preferring to shoot from a boma built on the ground, because when shooting down from a height, you are very apt to shoot over your quarry. However, there were a great number of elephants in this district that might very well blunder into a boma during the night, so I decided on the machan. I considered myself perfectly safe and did not foresee that I would be closer to death within the next two nights than at any other time on the entire trip.

The first night's vigil was a failure. The lions came, but as I raised myself to shoot, I disturbed a bird that had roosted in the upper branches of the acacia. The bird broke out of the foliage with a great noise and frightened the lions. There was nothing to do but take up my position in the machan the following evening.

As darkness set in, a heavy rain began to fall. I sat in misery, soaked to the skin, while mosquitoes wafted by a breeze from

\* I remember one occasion when with Major David Sheldrick, a professional big game hunter and now a warden of the great Tsavo National Park, I sat up all night by a fine zebra, hoping to get a lion or two. No luck attended us, although, during the night, we heard lions grunting and the giggling sounds hyenas make when on something they like particularly. Our bait was not touched. I had thought it represented what lions and hyenas were most attracted by. I had something to learn. Masai natives laid our failure to an elderly Masai lady who had died the previous evening. It was she upon whom the *lituru* and *majeannies* (lions and hyenas) had been feeding. Maybe that dear departed, in the flush of her youth, had been a graceful, dainty damsel for whom the Masai vie. To me the hard way of life among primitive people seems stickily grim. Beasts of the wild preferred an old Masai woman to a fat juicy zebra.

the swamp buzzed around me constantly. I could not even slap at the pests for fear of alarming the lions. But the shower also served a useful purpose, for the smell of rain always inspires lions with confidence. I could hear them giving tongue to their hunting grunts and semi-roars in the bush around me. About three o'clock in the morning, I knew they were very near. I could hear their long-drawn sighs, a sound that cannot be confused with any other African noise. I was feeling cramped, having lain all night in an uncomfortable position, and I moved slightly to get my rifle into place. Instantly I heard the lions go bounding off. Although a lion is absolutely noiseless when stalking, he makes a surprising amount of noise when he runs, his big pads thumping distinctly as he leaps along the ground. I knew they had not gone far and were probably standing nearby in the brush, watching and listening. I settled myself to wait.

Luck plays a large part in hunting. The night before, I had missed my chance because of a bird. Now a tree hyrax began to call from the hollow of a tree near my machan. The hyrax gave the lions confidence, as they knew he would not be calling if he suspected danger. Slowly they approached the bait, using the greatest caution and stopping frequently to look around. I lay on my stomach in the machan with the rifle snugged to my shoulder so I could fire without any disturbing movement.

• There were two lions, both males. Holding my electric torch alongside my gun barrel, I aimed for the right-hand one and fired, knowing it would be easier to swing the rifle at the left beast from my prone position. The lion dropped. His comrade stood there watching him.

I fired at the other lion. Down he flopped and I gave him another bullet to make sure. Still no sign of the lioness. I crawled down from my machan and pulled the two dead lions under the tree, covering them with my raincoat to keep the hides from being ruined by hyenas.

I fell asleep on my perch with some branches over me for weight if not for warmth. I was awakened by the sound of something feeding at the bait. There was the lioness with her three cubs beside her. Making as little sound as I could, I raised my rifle and shot her through the head. She dropped across the



bait and the cubs bolted off into the darkness. I had now accomplished my task. I climbed down from the machan and grabbing the lioness by the tail, I started to drag her over beside the other two lions.

I had put down my electric torch so I could use both hands to drag the carcass over to the trees. Suddenly, I saw a form in the darkness ahead of me. For a moment I thought it was one of the cubs. Then I saw this object was far too big to be a cub. I stopped to stare at it. I was face to face with a big male lion, probably the mate of the lioness I had just killed.

I had left my rifle in the machan. For an instant the lion and I stood looking at each other. That lion seemed as big as a bull. He never uttered a sound. He just stood and watched me. I could see his great shaggy mane and black muzzle not fifteen feet away. If I started to run he might charge. But flesh and blood could not stand the strain. I made a bolt for the tree. There were no branches but I went up the trunk like a squirrel. When I reached the machan, I was covered with sweat—not from the exertion of the climb but from fear. In my fright, I nearly knocked the rifle out of the machan as I climbed over the side. I still could see nothing for I had left my electric torch below.

After a few minutes, I could hear the lion move over to the bait and begin to eat noisily. After listening for some time, I could judge his position. I aimed as carefully as I could and fired. There was no sound after the report of the shot had died away, but I could faintly see him lying beside the bait. He had died instantly. Much as I wanted to inspect his mane, I stayed in the machan the rest of the night; and not all the black-maned lions in Africa could have tempted me down.

I kept dozing off and waking with the most vivid of horrible dreams, imagining myself being torn apart by the peaceful beasts lying beneath me. When morning came, I went down to examine my lions. The last lion had a fine oaten-colored mane and I considered it one of the best trophies of the whole trip.

Kirakangano and I set out at dawn the next morning to look for the lioness' cubs. We found all three of them hiding under some tufts of dried grass. They looked like woolly teddy bears but snarled and spit at us with a vengeance. We carried them

back to camp and I fed them by sticking their noses into a bowl of milk. The cubs did not know how to lap as they were used to getting their meals direct from their mother, but they licked their milky noses and got a taste of the warm fluid. For a long time after that they got their substance by sticking their noses or paws into the bowl and then licking the milk off their fur. But they eventually learned how to drink and became very tame. I kept them tied to the foot of my camp cot and a great nuisance I found them, fighting and squalling most of the night. Yet they were plucky little chaps and always ready for a fight or a frolic. Once, they got loose during the day and had a fine fight with my only pillow. When I returned to camp, my tent looked as though a blizzard of white feathers had struck the place. Later, I gave them to a friend of mine who liberated them in a district where they could live without doing harm to native stock.

I have often heard it said that wild animals have an instinctive dread of fire. This old saying has been repeated so often that most people accept it as a fact. I was no exception and took it for granted that lions would never approach a campfire. An incident that occurred one night while I was on the Masai Reserve taught me differently.

I had shot a zebra for bait that afternoon and had the oxen drag the animal to my camp. I usually let a carcass "ripen" for twenty-four hours or more before putting it out. I told the boys to leave the zebra near our campfire, for I was confident that no animals would come close to the blaze.

Kirakangano went off to spend the night at a nearby Masai kraal, taking the dogs and oxen with him. We never left these animals in camp if we could avoid it. The oxen scented the odor of prowling lions and would stampede if they were not in a kraal; and we had lost two dogs to leopards, which will go to any lengths to obtain dog meat, their favorite food. After Kirakangano had left, my porters curled up around the fire in their blankets and fell asleep. I sat in my camp chair watching the fire and smoking my pipe, my thoughts far away among the sand pits of Lochar and scenes of my youth.

Suddenly I realized that I was looking into the faces of nine lions that had come out of the shadows and were standing facing

me. I did not dare to move. My rifle was in my tent where I had left a Dietz lantern burning. I could only sit motionless and watch them. The lions studied me carefully. Then they walked around my sleeping boys to the other side of the campfire and attacked the dead zebra. They fell on the carcass with growls and snarls, ripping off great strips of hide as though the thick zebra skins were so much paper.

I faded out of the camp chair and inched for the tent flap, my flesh tingling with every move. The lions stopped eating to glare at me. I felt dwarfed by the great beasts. In a couple of bounds they could have been on top of me. Meanwhile my boys lay soundly sleeping only a few feet from them. I wanted to make a dash for the tent but was afraid that any sudden movement might bring on a charge. I waited until the lions had returned to their feeding, then moved foot by foot until I was opposite the tent flap. Quickly I stepped inside and grabbed my rifle. The touch of the cold steel had never felt so welcome.

Now I was in another dilemma. If I fired, my porters would leap to their feet and be between me and the lions. The trek chain which had been used for dragging the zebra to camp was still around his neck and as the lions fought over the carcass, they banged the chain up and down, making a terrible din. I was afraid this noise would awaken the porters, and when they saw the lions they would panic. To have terror-stricken natives bolting about amid nine lions was not a pleasant prospect. I decided to take the chance and shoot. I aimed at the chest of the largest lion and fired, hitting him squarely. He died without a murmur. At the report, the other lions drew back a few feet and then sprang again on the carcass. The natives continued to sleep. For a moment I wondered if they were all dead.

I began firing steadily into the pride. The back blast of my rifle put out the Dietz lantern behind me, and I aimed by the light of the fire. Four lions went down, the last one hit rather low in the chest. He leaped up and began to bound about stiff-legged as though on springs. I hastily jammed another cartridge into the chamber of my rifle and finished him. The rest of the pride dropped back into the fringe of darkness. I reloaded singly,

as there was no time to do otherwise. Stepping forward to get a better aim, I fired at a big lioness. She gave her tail an upward flick as the bullet hit her and then turned and vanished into the darkness. The rest followed her.

It seems incredible but my porters were still fast asleep. Neither the noise made by the lions nor my shots had disturbed them in the least. I had many times noted this almost trancelike sleep of natives but never before had I seen such a remarkable example of it.

I built up the fire and then went around kicking the soles of the porters' feet. One of them awoke, stretched, and sat up. He yawned, and then saw the four dead lions lying within a few feet of him. The man gave a frantic yell and leaped straight up into the air. Screaming like a lunatic, he bolted into the tent, followed sheeplike by the rest of the porters, who had no idea what the trouble was about. They sat in the tent shivering until I explained what had happened. In a few minutes they were all asleep again, lying on the floor of my tent. Insomnia was not their failing.

Kirakangano returned with the dogs next morning and we started out at once on the trail of the wounded lioness. We left the porters singing their cheerfully indecent songs and skinning out the lions. They carefully collected the already smelling fat from the covering of the stomach, heart and kidneys, as the natives believe this fat can be used to prearrange the sex of a child. If the man eats a tablespoon of lion's fat before sexual intercourse, the child will be a boy. Half a tablespoon produces a girl. Natives care little about the hide of a lion, but prize this fat highly.

We hit the blood spoor a hundred yards from camp. The lioness was badly wounded. She had lain down several times, the rest of the pride stopping to wait for her. For a while the trail led through open bush, perfect hunting country; for you could see twenty yards ahead of you. We pressed on eagerly, hoping to come upon the lioness in this easy cover. But the spoor made a circuit toward a thick, nasty tangle of brush. Here was real trouble.

It was deathly quiet in the thicket. Not so much as the chirp of a bird could be heard. I knew we must be close to the wounded

lioness and at any moment she might burst out of the cover on top of us.

The dogs were growing increasingly more restless. My Airedales were whining with excitement, and at last I told them to go ahead. They sprang forward. Almost at once a din of savage snarls and growls broke out directly in front of us. The other dogs dashed past me, going in single file through the dense cover. I could hear the familiar sound of a fight raging through the bush, the deep-throated growls and harsh grunts of the lion mixed with the yelling cries of the dogs.

Kirakangano and I forced our way through the bushes to reach them. We had hardly taken a dozen steps when we came on a rounded lair in the high grass streaked with dried blood. Here the lioness had been resting. Beside the lair two of my brave Airedales were lying dead, their mouths and eyes still open. They had burst in on her and taken the brunt of her attack. Kirakangano and I owed our lives to the dogs, for the lioness was so cunningly concealed we would never have seen her in time.

The other dogs were still fighting with her; and we could hear them racing through the brush, stopping to bark frantically when she turned at bay. We hurried toward the sound. The dogs were driving the lioness from the thicket into open bush. We followed. The Masai was carrying his spear at the ready, the long shaft beautifully balanced between thumb and forefinger. His every muscle was tense and quivering.

One of the collies came limping back to me, horribly torn. I saw nothing could be done for the poor brute and shot him quickly, for he was in great pain. At the sound of my shot, the wounded lioness suddenly leaped up from a tuft of dead grass a few feet away. At the same instant, a second lioness broke from the cover on my right and charged us.

There was no time to think. Both the cats were nearly on us, each coming from a different direction. I fired at the second lioness as she seemed more determined. The bullet hit her half an inch over the left eye. At the same moment, I saw Kirakangano plunge his spear into the body of the wounded animal beside us. She turned fiercely, grabbing the spear shaft with her teeth, and tried to pull it out of her body. Kirakangano started to draw his

double-bladed knife from his belt, but before he could get the knife free I finished her with a shot in the neck.

Kirakangano and I silently shook hands. Without him, one or the other of the two lionesses would surely have gotten us. Of all the natives I have known in Africa, this man was undoubtedly the bravest and the coolest head in a tight spot.





## *Adventure on a Small Boat*

'LAST VOYAGE' is the story of Ann Davison's remarkable marriage which led her into a most remarkable and adventurous voyage.

For Ann and Frank Davison had no ordinary marriage. They spent every cent they could scrape together and every moment for two years in refitting their small sail boat, the *Reliance*. To these two this frail craft represented hope, adventure and—flight.

As it turned out, it was the last voyage for Frank and almost the last for Ann in the strangest journey of the *Reliance's* forty-five years of seafaring.

After I wrote the above and put aside "Last Voyage," I came across a story in the New York *Herald Tribune* of Tuesday, November 30, 1954, which gives us further insight into the adventures of Ann Davison. The story read:

"Norfolk, Va. . . (UP)—A British widow was found safe today after riding out a night-long storm alone in her disabled twenty-three-foot sloop off the Virginia Coast.

"Mrs. Anne (sic) Davison, thirty-nine, of Gloucestershire, England, was sailing from New York down the east coast to Florida in her sloop, the *Felicity Ann*, in which she crossed the Atlantic alone earlier this year.

"She was reported two days overdue last night, and the Coast Guard prepared an air search for her. However, a fishing vessel, the *Sea Hawk*, out of Hampton, Va., took the disabled sloop in tow this morning and headed for port.

"Mrs. Davison was reported to be uninjured. It was not known how severely the *Felicity Ann* was damaged."

I was not surprised to learn that Ann Davison is still a seafaring adventurer.







FROM:  
'LAST VOYAGE'

*by Ann Davison*

"Do you ever see anything like it?" marveled Frank. He was at the helm, and I was standing behind him, perched on the hatch coaming, holding onto a window sill with one hand and the doorknob with the other; a stance you automatically took up in the wheelhouse, when not at the wheel, to keep your balance. I was waiting with inordinate anxiety to see what lay round the point, as if it hid something of supreme importance.

With engine throttled down, borne there by wind and tide, we were nearing the point: high brownish cliffs, fearsome outlying rocks; the lighthouse; and outspread, sprawling coastguard building. But it was the sea that brought forth Frank's comment. It boiled and frothed, a hideous devil's caldron of a sea. The wind was dead aft, and again I was aware of that unearthly silence, an evil silence that transcended sound. White serpentine waves shaken swiftly past the ship. I felt myself pressing against the starboard side of the wheelhouse as though by doing so I could push the ship out to sea, away from the coast and its monstrous waters.

A light winked down from the cliff-top. Slowly it delivered its message, as one speaks to a foreigner. I stared stupidly at the winking light, heavy lidded with fatigue. I could not read what the coastguards had to say, but I could guess.

"Aren't we getting too close?" I ventured.

Frank said, as though he had been thinking the matter out for some time and had come to a sudden decision, "Hold tight. I'm going out to sea."

With the quiet confidence always manifest when he was at the helm, he turned and edged out across the precipitously vicious waves, handling *Reliance* superbly. Transformed into a nautical

centaur, he and the ship were one. Full of admiration, I thought of my own ham-fistedness, how *Reliance* would react in such conditions with me, and was filled with envy.

Another bay opened out: a thickly wooded coast, and a vista of coast line, bays and headlands stretched, illimitably it seemed, toward the east.

"God," said Frank with a sideways glance, "what a hell of a sea . . . some race or ether."

Race? That was the key I wanted. I sped down to the chart-room, the door in my brain unlocked at last. One corner of England neither of us knew, had never seen, visited, or flown over. I hastily turned over the charts, found the one I wanted, English Channel West, and went straight to the spot now I knew what I was looking for. Yes, there it all was, Newlyn, the lights, the bay. Obvious, of course. Just too tired to think straight. I returned to the wheelhouse with my tidings.

"That was Land's End where we nearly piled up the night before last."

"Not in the least surprised," said Frank. "End of the world, if you ask me."

"I am not fooling. I've found us at last. That point there is the Lizard." I looked at the compasses and the lie of the coast, at home now. "If we go on as we are we'll sail slap into the Eddystone."

"Oh. And how far off is this Eddystone?"

I took the wheel, *Reliance* restively impatient with the change of helmsman; and Frank studied the chart, one eye on the sea.

"But, Frank, why are we going *up* the Channel?"

He chivvied me out of the way and took the wheel again. "Because," he said, somewhat dryly, "we have no alternative."

I could not think what he was driving at. Now our position was clear, there seemed no reason why we should not turn about and head for the Atlantic, renew the voyage in earnest, surround ourselves with searoom, Thousands of miles of blessed landless ocean. Frank snorted, pointed out that it was blowing a gale: sou'wester that blocked any passage west for us as surely as if there was a solid barrier at our back. It took a minute or two for this to sink

in, which was not due to bravado or stupidity on my part; it was just that I had got so used to bad conditions, I could not recognize when they worsened. Even so, I petulantly argued the advisability of turning and fighting our way out, for gales weighed nothing with me beside the calamity of being trapped in the Channel. Frank said patiently that that would simply be an exhausting waste of time and, most important of all at this stage, fuel.

"We have got to conserve it now," he said. "I reckon there won't be more than two and a half days left."

This was a point I had overlooked entirely. Problems piled up and seemed insuperable, so insuperable that my brain shut down and refused to consider them. I was engulfed in an awful tide of weariness. Frank, with some sense left, realizing how beat we were and that the necessity for rest was urgent if we were to carry on, said we would make for France. "Stress of weather, we'll bluff it out somehow. Go down, look out a port, and work out a course I can steer in this." It seemed a stupendous responsibility in my half-witted state; I was reluctant to take it. But he would not leave the wheel. "You won't be able to hold her," he said. "You'll have to look after the engine today. And bring back the tidal atlas for the Channel when you come. It's a large flat blue book . . . somewhere in the chartroom."

"All right," I said, "the farther off from England the nearer is to France," and kept on saying it all the way to the chartroom. The chartroom was knee deep in books and papers, surging back and forth with the swivel chair, adrift and rolling on its side. ("Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?")

"Look at you," I shouted at the mess, "all over the place again," and peevishly hunted among the heaving papers for the charts and things I wanted. The refrain in my head changed: "No one, he said, could call me a fussy man . . . fussy man . . . fussy man."

"What is this," I said aloud, infuriated, "a chartroom or a kindergarten?"

I found the buried chart, the dividers, parallel rule, pencil, paper, put them on the desk, righted the chair, sat at the desk. And stared at the chart.

"The farther off from England . . .

What a coast! Rocks and rocks, and lights and islands. It would be dark by the time we got to the other side.

The ship lurched violently and the chair went over backwards. I grabbed at the desk to save myself. The chart, rulers, everything, slid past me onto the floor.

"Fussy man . . . fussy man."

"Shut up!" I shouted.

Was it possible? Could anyone be so tired?—I scabbled through the chaos, found the things, and started again.

"We're here." I made a pencil mark on the chart, and fell forward on the desk asleep. I raised my heavy head and blinked. "Why am I here? Oh, my God, yes." The chart was on the floor again. I was holding onto the edge of the desk. This would never do. I must make an effort.

I forced my eyes to stay open—it was a physical effort—and they would not focus. I forced my wandering brain to attend; it registered that there was a lump of France sticking out into the Channel, making a fearful bag with the Channel Islands therein: a bag to be avoided in the dark . . . in this state of fatigue. The whole coast looked lousy anyway, and with that my wretched brain tried to shut down again. I drove it back to the problem. If we followed a course to miss that lump we could stooge around till daylight (what's another night of this among so many?), then find somewhere, when we could see what we were doing. I struggled with the parallel rule. Everything slid. The rule slid. The chart slid. The chair slid. I slid. In a flash of temper I threw the rule away. And found it again in a panic. Then I dug out my old Douglas protractor, relic of flying, and felt comforted.

With brow raised, taut, to keep my eyes open, I puzzled over variation, which meant nothing. Somewhere at the back of my mind there were warnings about the tides round Le Havre. And that meant nothing either. Nothing had any meaning at all, except that I was hovering on the edge of a deep, dark pit of unconsciousness. A pit into which I must not fall, though I was longing, longing to. Then my brain brought out a new dodge to get the rest it was determined to have. I was in the act of picking up the dividers when I blacked out and came to, still picking up

the dividers. There was no warning, the black-out was as sudden and complete as the snapping of a shutter.

It was terrifying, absolutely uncontrollable, and happened again and again. The whole of that day was a fantasia of flickering film.

Eventually I took a sheet of note paper up to Frank on which I had written a course, a distance and E.T.A. Though how long it had taken to do and what sort of nonsense it was in fact, I have no means of telling. And in any case it had all been a waste of time. The problem of going anywhere in particular was submerged in the greater one of survival.

It was a mighty wighty wind that blew that day. Great gray perpendicular walls of water reared up and rushed the ship. Each one presented a special problem. And they came relentlessly, steep and swift, breaking with spray, blowing off their crests in hard horizontal streams. So there was not much visibility and no horizon to speak of, only the top of the next wave, and the next, and the next.

Between black-outs, which I could not mention to Frank, I was comparatively alert. I read, aloud, the Channel tide book, all its warnings and portents, from cover to cover, and was immeasurably depressed.

By about midday conditions were appalling. We were caught up in a frightful sea raised by opposing wind and tide. And while we were plunging and rolling in this mix-up, we saw a large brown buoy, which we thought rather disturbing, because it did not seem to serve any definite purpose according to the rules; but we could not think that it had come there of its own accord. Concluding, from the white fury that raged round us, that we had been swept on to the fringes of the Portland Race, and remembering all the tide book had had to say about it, we were more depressed than ever. But there was nothing we could do about it.

The steering chain jammed again. Seeing what the trouble was from the aft window, I seized the crowbar, kept on hand for just this emergency, went out into the bluster and roar, and fixed it. Frank was livid when I got back. It was the only time I saw him really upset; otherwise he seemed such a tower of strength. I

knew perfectly well how he was feeling, which was why I went out myself. I just could not face that worry.

We each ate a packet of dates. They were horribly cloying, but cooking was out. The stove was still half full of water and refused to keep alight, and this was no time to fiddle about with a recalcitrant stove.

Much of my time was spent in the engine room. The header tank needed frequent attention, of course, and filling the lubricator box was a lengthy process. Lubricating oil was stored in a 40-gallon oil drum, lashed to the bilge pipe that went up to the hand pump on deck. This had to be unlashed, upended, and oil poured into a wide-lipped gallon can, a job that wanted about six hands in a seaway. The drum was about half full. For some reason the black-outs were more persistent below, and I frequently came to, one arm round the bilge pipe, in the very act of pouring oil from drum to can. Temporary unconsciousness added considerably to the difficulty of the maneuver, but strangely enough I did not lose much oil. The procedure was further complicated by the dismal discovery of water in the oil drum, and then it had to be filtered as well. How the water had got in I had no idea. But what really got me worried was the amount of water in the ship—and still coming in.

*Reliance* was indeed taking a pasting; she had sprung a leak somewhere under the counter, and water was spurting in around the mizzen step. It streamed down the alleyway, rose in the engine bilges until the flywheel threw up a jet as it spun. Floorboards were afloat in the cabins. Throughout the stormy voyage *Reliance* had been wholly admirable, all that the old men said she was, and more. The hammering she had withstood would have pulverized a lesser vessel long before. And although she had been a damned uncomfortable ship, she had been an exceptionally buoyant one, like a lifeboat. But there is a limit to everything. Now she was losing some of her buoyancy, there was a sluggishness in her movements.

The bilge pump coupled to the main engine chose this moment to choke. I took it down and tried to clear it but failed. I was running the auxiliary engine at the time to charge the batteries and thought I would turn it over to the auxiliary bilge pump, but

it was such a complicated setup I could not sort it out and went along to Frank to find out how it worked.

It was late afternoon by then and worse than ever. He said, when I entered the wheelhouse, "There is something I want to tell you. One of these chaps may get us." I was too concerned with problems of my own to take that in, and I asked him to explain the layout of the auxiliary pump. He was silent for a while and then said he was too tired to explain. I made to go on deck to the hand pump, my mind running along a single track, whereat Frank roused himself in a fury and roared that under no circumstances was I to go on deck. I offered to take the wheel so that he could go down and sort out the bilge pump, but he would not have that either. "You couldn't possibly hold her," he said.

"But the ship's half full of water," I said. "She must be pumped out."

"Can't be heiped," he said thickly, "have to put up with it, hope for the best."

My God, I thought, he's shot. The only useful thing I could think of to help him was a hot drink. I searched feverishly in the turmoil in the spare cabin where we had stored oddments that would not stow in lockers. I found an old Primus and gimballs, and set them up in the galley. It should have been done before, but somehow there had never been opportunity. With some difficulty I filled the Primus with kerosene and essayed to clean the jet, blacked out holding the jet to the light, came to holding the jet to the light, pricker poised. But the pricker was broken. I went into the engine room, now pretty well awash, where I knew there was a tube of spares on the workbench.

All the time there were resounding crashes on deck. The motion of the ship was indescribable. Yet in spite of the fact that I was exhausted almost beyond reason, I moved about with a sureness as though *Reliance* was a chromium-plated motor cruiser plowing up the London River. I seemed to have acquired a sense of balance that operated without conscious direction. Nonetheless, I went for six in the engine room looking for the spare prickers. *Reliance* gave a monstrous lurch. It felt as though she had fallen off the top of a cliff, crack on her beam-ends forty feet below. Everything movable in the engine room detached itself and flew through



the air. I went over backwards onto the flywheel—fortunately the safety gate was shut.

Frank is weakening, I thought, hastening to get the Primus going. The prickers were found, the jet cleaned, the stove lit. Inevitably, despite careful filtering, some water from the kerosene storage tank had found its way into the Primus. It was dark by the time I took a mug of coffee, stiffly laced with rum, to the wheelhouse.

Frank downed it in one. "That's *good!*" His voice was a croak. I offered to give him a break at the wheel, but he refused, almost savagely. I had to go back to the engine room then; it was time to refuel, and I told him I would try to cook up a can of soup. He said, "Good. Don't be long coming back. I'm so damned tired. Can hardly keep my eyes open. Helps to concentrate to have . . . someone to talk to."

But it was two hours before I could get back. Two hours of juggling with the watered oil in the drum, with the watered kerosene, with the temperamental stove. And half the time it seemed as though I was unconscious, black-outs followed so swiftly one upon another. Grown supersensitive to the movements of the ship, I noticed a change in her antics: they were wilder, more erratic.

I had been working with the lights on below. By contrast the wheelhouse was pitch dark.

"Soup," I said, holding the mug out and touching the back of his hand with it.

"Soup?" said Frank.

"Hullo," I said, "there's a light. Over there, port bow.

A pale bluish light shone faintly through the salt-sprayed windows.

"Light?" said Frank.

Then we were both flung across the wheelhouse and the soup was spilt. Back to the galley I went and refilled the mug.

"Here, drink this before you lose it."

He drank it, holding the mug in both hands, leaving the ship to herself. Then placing the mug carefully on the shelf from which it promptly slid onto the floor, he stepped back and took my hand.

"Tell me," he said gently, "there's something wrong. What is it?"

"Something wrong?" I could hear my voice climbing. "I should say so. It's blowing one hell of a gale."

He shook his head. "Please tell me . . . what is it?" He moved forward to the wheel, leaned on it, then abruptly said, "See those yachts?"

Wave crests were breaking white as they sped past the wheelhouse window. He caught my arm. "Tell me. *What is it?* What's wrong? I can't remember . . . only darkness . . . and the rain in my face."

Shocked beyond belief or comprehension, torn by an overwhelming pity, sick with fear, I did not know what to do. I listened to my mind, accusing, "You left him too long, you left him too long," reminding, "The header tank needs filling, the header tank needs filling."

"The header tank," I said aloud, "needs filling. I must go and fill the header tank. Do you understand? The header tank . . . I won't be long."

Under the shadow of horror I pumped up the header tank. There was enough oil in the glass gauge to last awhile, so I left that and hurried back to the wheelhouse. Frank was crouching in a corner, and I gave him a cigarette, wanting an excuse to see his face by the light of a match. I had to know.

*Reliance* battled on alone, sluggishly. The pale light danced ahead.

The match flared. I held it to the end of his cigarette and raised my eyes to his face. And dropped the match. Frank had driven himself beyond the breaking point. There was piteous blank unreason in his eyes.

I stood at the wheel, oblivious of the sea thunder, automatically easing the ship into the tumult, watching the lights go on below, one by one, throwing yellow pools on the dark deck as they shone up through the round decklights. It had been extraordinarily difficult to persuade Frank below. How long a breakdown of this nature might last I had no idea, but I knew there would be no cure without rest and sleep. I dared not beg or entreat; the suggestion that he should turn in had to be made as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Only his world was not

natural, and he did not seem to understand. He stood looking down through the hatch so long that the horror of it was like a creeping paralysis and made me say sharply, "What's the matter? Don't you know the way to the stateroom?"

Whereat he snapped, "Of course," and went, climbing very slowly down, and leaving the lights burning as he went forward. The galley light went on and I wondered anxiously what he was doing there. Then the lights went off one by one and he was back in the wheelhouse saying, "All in the dark?" as he switched on the light.

The lost look had gone from his eyes but his expression was very strange. Keeping a tight hold on myself so that I should appear calm, I said that the light was dazzling and asked him to turn it off. I said, as we swung and lurched to the tossing ship, that the gale was moderating and he might as well take the opportunity of turning in. Ignoring all that, he said, "Had a bit of a party haven't you?" Then he shouted menacingly, "Ship's a shambles!"

Mildly I pointed out that she was bound to be: it was blowing a gale. He snarled, "Don't think you can get away with that. You can't fool me."

The wheelhouse reeked of soup. It was all over the place, on the shelf, on the wheel, on the bulkheads, on the deckhead even. I wondered at one mugful spilling so far. Suddenly he sprang at me, gripped my arms, raved, shouting at the top of his voice, wild eyed.

*Reliance* staggered wearily, unresilient, dazed by the ceaseless onslaught of the sea.

What am I to do? I thought. I can't handle this alone. Not Frank and the ship.

The blue light still gleamed, wraith-like, ranging from astern to ahead on the port hand as the ship plunged aimlessly. The light was blue only because of the water-laden atmosphere. I was sure it was an outlying shore light. A lighthouse light. And to this vague agency I intended to appeal. Breaking from his grasp, I sprang down the companion, seized the rocket tin from behind the ladder and was back in the wheelhouse, not daring to leave him alone.

He watched narrowly as I opened the tin. They were flares, and I wondered why I had always been under the impression they were rockets. Then before I could stop him he had seized the lot and was making for the door. Terrified lest he should get on deck, I grabbed him by the coat and we fought, horribly. He got the door open, threw the flares out, over the side, where they were whisked away by the screaming wind. With a supreme effort I thrust him aside and slammed the door. He threw himself upon the wheel, opened the throttle wide, and in a paroxysm of frenzy pulled the wheel first one way and then the other.

Something had to be done. With the vain hope that a counter-shock might restore his senses, I screamed at the top of my voice, simulating hysterics. And I thought at first it had succeeded, for he quieted and slowly throttled down, said, "Ann, Ann, this isn't like you."

At this point the engine stopped.

"My God, you've stopped it." The words were out, in a whisper, my hysterical act forgotten. He had turned the throttle wheel too far.

He said in a perfectly normal voice, "I'll tell you something." I turned to him hopefully. "We are not at sea at all. We're in harbor. Tied up along a quay."

Anguished, I could only stare helplessly. Then the whole ghastly nightmare started up again: shoutings, ravings, preposterous accusations against which I had no defense; for there is no reasoning with hallucination. Frenzied emotions that I could not pacify, having become an enemy. Pitiable struggles, for he was bent on "going ashore." Between the struggles with me, he held his head in his hands and said, "What a horrible dream."

It went on for hours. A lifetime. I dared not leave him, and so I could not get stuff to make flares. Nor could I signal with the navigation lights, for the switch was in the engine room. I thought of signaling with the stern light, the wheelhouse and the deck-lights; but he was leaning against the switch panel and any move I made, anything I said, was suspect and enough to drive him into terrible furies.

All the time the ship rose and fell, rose and fell, growing heavier

and heavier. But I dared not go down to see where the water had risen to, nor yet go on deck to pump her out.

Suddenly he caught me off my guard as I was racking my brain for some solution to this dreadful problem, and was out of the wheelhouse door, shouting he was going ashore and I could not stop him. I was after him, terror stricken, and had him by a bulldog grip on the arm. But he would not come back, and it was no place to fight out there. I thought if he saw what it was like, felt the force of it, perhaps the truth might penetrate to his tired, blind brain. We made our way, step by step, up the heaving, pitching deck, with spray stinging our faces, wind tearing our hair, clutching our clothes, water swirling about our feet—nothing of which he seemed to realize. Right to the sternhead we went. It had moderated, of course, or we should never have got there. We stood, I holding fast to his arm, he shouting to imaginary boatmen to take him ashore.

I wondered what they might reply, but they would not, could not, hear. I suggested he should go below and wait for daylight when it would surely be easier to get a lift ashore. And hoped that in his other world it was also night.

Unexpectedly he acquiesced. He allowed himself to be led to the main companion. I halted there and stood back to let him go down first, fearing that otherwise he might make some unpredictable and unpreventable move and go over the side. But I, O God, had become a foe of incalculable designs. He hesitated, laughed, and with indescribably heartbreaking bravado led the way down into the saloon.

Getting help was uppermost in my mind. I did not follow but went into the galley, snatched up the towels and tea towels there, the bottle of meths and returned to deck. In my pocket was the box of waterproof matches. They were not proof against anything but lighting. I threw them overboard and dived into the galley for a box of ordinary matches. I returned to find the towels washed away. Of course, they would be. What was I thinking of? Down again for more material. This time through the wheelhouse, along the alleyway, into the stateroom, hastily gathering the first materials to hand: woolen sweaters, pajamas, anything. Then back on deck, pouring meths over the articles

wholesale: A boarding sea swept them out of my hand, carried them away and me into the scuppers. I picked myself up and clung to the mizzen shrouds to get my breath back and wondered whether I would ever do anything right.

Think, I ordered myself, think. Use your wits.

I knew one should use kerosene for flares, but there was no time to fiddle about filtering it. Frank might appear on deck any moment, and the kerosene was too mixed with water to be much use without filtering. Petrol! That was it. But the petrol can was below . . . oddly enough, in the bathroom. It would be wise, first, to find out what Frank was doing. Cautiously I opened the main hatch doors. He was leaning against the steps, absolutely out. In his state of exhaustion, he was likely to remain so for some time. Quietly closing the doors, I went below via the wheelhouse for the petrol can and more material.

With a petrol-soaked flare bundle tied to the lee mizzen shrouds, I was crouching to light a match, when the next thing I knew, I was being flung into the bulwarks by a welter of water, and the bundle was gone. Defeated, I crawled into the wheelhouse and there I realized that I could signal with the lights.

Snapping the switches off and on, flashing an S.O.S., I appealed to an empty world. The light shone palely back at me, seen and unseeing. Slowly realization came: there would be no help. There is no help, save what comes from within; and searching there, I found none. All I knew was that somewhere on our lee was land, and there was danger of drifting onto it.

At least I could prepare for that eventuality. I unlashed the Carley float from the side of the wheelhouse, moved it over to the side and leaned it there, propped against the bulwarks with the painter fast to the mizzen shrouds. I put the paddles into the wheelhouse together with the life-jacket and postponed facing the problem of how to get us both into the float if and when the need arose.

By this time it was dawn. The wind had abated considerably, but *Reliance* was drifting stern on to the seas. They rose high, broke and crashed on her counter with the repetitive force of a steam hammer. I did not see that she could stand much of that and brought her round so that she was broadside; she would go

no closer. There she rolled and wallowed horribly but did not take such a pounding. I lashed the wheel and went on deck to the hand pump.

Frank appeared through the main hatch. Uncertainly I went to meet him, not knowing what there would be to contend with. He looked inexpressibly haggard. We smiled at each other and I said, "Hullo, are you you—or two other people?"

He seemed somewhat surprised and said, "Why, me, of course."

He stood holding on to the shrouds, gazing round as if he had just come aboard and was looking things over for the first time.

Blue hills of land were visible now, a few miles to leeward. How far, it would be difficult for me to say; but in our thoroughly helpless state, the coast looked a lot too near. There was a lighthouse to seaward of us. It was the Eddystone, and we were off Plymouth; but I did not register that at the time, being wholly concerned with Frank.

Watching him closely, I could see the dazed expression fading from his face as he came to himself; but he stemmed the rising flood of my relief by asking how I had managed to anchor on my own.

At once every nerve was strung out to breaking point.

"Anchor?" I cried. "Look about you, man—"

It was just enough to bring him right back to normal.

"What has been going on I don't know," he said. "You can tell me later . . . but I can see what will happen if something is not done about it."

There was no uncertainty about him now. The situation was his and he was in control of it and himself as though last night had never been.

What happened after that I do not know, for I blacked out completely. It was the reaction, I suppose, the shock of relief at Frank's amazing recovery. It was no longer necessary for me to keep my wits about me; therefore I could not, and the exhaustion that had been simply shelved during the night overwhelmed me. Frank said afterward that I went below under my own power, but I have no recollection of doing so. I remember standing on deck, looking at Frank, saying he's back, he's back, and then the next

thing I knew I was waking, alert and panic stricken, lying on the bunk.

I had no idea of how long I had been there, and terrified at what might have happened meantime, I leapt off the bunk and was swinging up the engine-room companion when I heard a strange voice hailing the ship and Frank's footsteps on deck. Peeping through a port in the coaming, I saw a small fishing boat making toward us. The sea (heavens, how long had I been out?) had moderated considerably; it was calm compared with what we had become used to. Frank was standing by the bulwarks, hands on hips, a stance of incredible ease and confidence.

A fisherman shouted, "Want any help?"

Frank shouted back with a cheer in his voice that warmed me through to hear, "No, thanks. Just drying out after a bit of a pasting last night."







## *Adventure in Arabi*

THE spectacular achievements of Thomas Edward Lawrence, a young graduate of Oxford University, were unknown when World War One ended. Yet it was he who quietly brought the disrupted nomadic tribes of Holy and Forbidden Arabia into a well-organized campaign against their Turkish oppressors. This was an extremely difficult task and one that sultans, statesmen and caliphs had been trying hopelessly to accomplish over the centuries.

Here are the achievements of this mystery man: He placed himself as head of the Bedouin army of the shereef of Mecca, who was later proclaimed king of the Hedjaz. He brought together the wandering tribes of the Arabian desert, returned the sacred places of Islam to the descendants of the Prophet and expelled the Turks from Arabia once and for all time. Allenby liberated Palestine, the Holy Land of the Jews and Christians. Lawrence freed Arabia, the Holy Land of millions of Mohammedans.

I first heard of Lawrence while I was traveling from Italy to Egypt. I was told that an unknown Englishman was said to be in charge of an army of wild Bedouins—and was roaming somewhere in the vast, trackless deserts of Omar and Abu-Bekr; I heard fantastic stories of his exploits. This youth who stood only five-foot-three was then virtual ruler of the Holy Land of the Mohammedans, leader of many thousands of Bedouins and terror of the Turks.

Thomas was born in 1888 at Tremadoc, Carnarvonshire, North Wales. County Galway, on Ireland's west coast, was the original home of the Lawrences. This may partly account for his great powers of physical endurance, for the inhabitants of Galway are some of the hardiest of a strong race. In his veins there also flowed Scotch, Welsh, English and Spanish blood. Among his ancestors was Sir Robert Lawrence, who went to the Holy Land with Richard the Lion-Hearted and distinguished himself at the siege of Acre, just as young T. E. Lawrence went with Allenby to the Holy Land and distinguished himself in its deliverance.





FROM:

## "REVOLT IN THE DESERT"

*by T. E. Lawrence*

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**D**ULY, before dawn, we drove upon the track of Stirling's cars, eager to be with them before their fight. Unfortunately the going was not helpful. At first we had a bad descent and then difficult flats of jagged dolerite, across which we crawled painfully. Later we ran over ploughed slopes. The soil was heavy for the cars, for with summer drought this red earth cracked a yard deep and two or three inches wide. The five-ton armoured cars were reduced to first speed and nearly stuck.

We overtook the Arab army about eight in the morning on the rest of the slope to the railway as it was deploying to attack the little bridge-guarding redoubt between us and the mound of Tell Arar, whose head overlooked the countryside to Deraa.

Rualla horsemen, led by Trad, dashed down the long slope and over the liquorice-grown bed of the watercourse to the line. Young bounced after them in his Ford. From the ridge we thought the railway taken without a shot, but while we gazed, suddenly, from the neglected Turkish post, came a vicious spitting fire; and our braves, who had been standing in splendid attitudes on the coveted line, wondering privately what on earth to do next, disappeared.

Nuri Said moved down Pisan's guns and fired a few shots. Then the Rualla and troops rushed the redoubt easily, with only one killed. So the southern ten miles of the Damascus line was freely ours by nine in the morning. It was the only railway to Palestine and Hejaz and I could hardly realize our fortune, hardly believe that our word to Allenby was fulfilled so simply and so soon.

The Arabs streamed down from the ridge in rivers of men

and swarmed upon the round head of Tell Arar to look over their plain, whose rimmed flatness the early sun speciously relieved by yet throwing more shadow than light. Our soldiers could see Deraa, Mezerib and Ghazale, the three key-stations, with their naked eyes.

I was seeing farther than this: northward to Damascus, the Turkish base, their only link with Constantinople and Germany, now cut off; southward to Amman and Maan and Medina, all cut off; westward to Liman von Sandars isolated in Nazareth; to Nablus; to the Jordan Valley. To-day was September the seventeenth, the promised day, forty-eight hours before Allenby would throw forward his full power. In forty-eight hours the Turks might decide to change their dispositions to meet our new danger, but they could not change them before Allenby struck.

Bartholomew had said, "Tell me if he will be in his Auja line the day before we start, and I will tell you whether we will win."

Well, he was; so we would win. The question was by how much.

I wanted the whole line destroyed in a moment, but things seemed to have stopped. The army had done its share. Nuri Said was posting machine-guns about the Arar mound to keep back any sortie from Deraa. But why was there no demolition going on? I rushed down, to find Peake's Egyptians making breakfast. It was like Drake's game of bowls, and I fell dumb with admiration.

However, in an hour they were mustered for their rhythmic demolition by numbers; and already the French gunners, who also carried guncotton, had descended with intention upon the near bridge. They were not very good, but at the second try did it some hurt.

From the head of Tell Arar, before the mirage had begun to dance, we examined Deraa carefully through my strong glass, wanting to see what the Turks had in store for us this day. The first discovery was disturbing. Their aerodrome was alive with gangs pulling machine after machine into the open. I could count eight or nine lined up. Otherwise, things were as we expected. Some few infantry were doubling out into the defence-position, and their guns were being fired towards us; but we were four miles off. Locomotives were getting up steam but the trains were unarmoured. Behind us, towards Damascus, the country lay still

as a map. From Mezerib on our right there was no movement. We held the initiative.

Our hope was to fire six hundred charges, tulip fashion, putting out of commission six kilometres of rail. Tulips had been invented by Peake and myself for this occasion. Thirty ounces of gun-cotton were planted beneath the centre of the central sleeper of each ten-metre section of the track. The sleepers were steel, and their box-shape left an air-chamber, which the gas expansion filled, to blow the middle of the sleeper upward. If the charge were properly laid, the metal would not snap, but would hump itself, bud-like, two feet in the air. The lift of it would pull the rails three inches up; the drag of it would pull them six inches together; and, as the chairs gripped the bottom flanges, would warp them inward seriously. The triple distortion would put them beyond repair. Three or five sleepers would be likewise ruined and a trench driven across the earthwork, all this with one charge, fired by a fuse so short that the first, blowing off while the third was being lighted, cast its debris safely overhead.

Six hundred such charges would take the Turks a fair week to mend. This would be a generous reading of Allenby's "three men and a boy with pistols." I turned to go back to the troops, and at that moment two things happened. Peake fired his first charge, like a poplar-tree of black smoke, with a low following report; and the first Turkish machine got up and came for us. Nuri Said and I fitted admirably under an outcrop of rock fissured into deep natural trenches on the hill's southern face. There we waited coolly for the bomb; but it was only a reconnaissance machine, a Pfalz, which studied us, and returned to Deraa with its news.

Bad news it must have been, for three two-seaters and four scouts and an old yellow-bellied Albatross got up in quick succession and circled over us, dropping bombs or diving at us with machine-gun fire. Nuri put his Hotchkiss gunners in the rock cracks and rattled back at them. Pisani cocked up his four mountain guns and let fly some optimistic shrapnel. This disturbed the enemy, who circled off, and came back much higher. Their aim became uncertain.

We scattered out the troops and camels, while the irregulars scattered themselves. To open into the thinnest target was our

only hope of safety, as the plain had not overhead cover for a rabbit; and our hearts misgave us when we saw what thousands of men we had, dotted out below. It was strange to stand on the hill-top, looking at these two rolling square miles, liberally spread with men and animals and bursting out irregularly with lazy silent bulbs of smoke where bombs dropped (seemingly quite apart from their thunder) or with sprays of dust where machine-gun groups lashed down.

Things looked and sounded hot, but the Egyptians went on working as methodically as they had eaten. Four parties dug in tulips, while Peake and one of his officers lit each series as it was laid. The two slabs of guncotton in a tulip-charge were not enough to make a showy explosion, and the aeroplanes seemed not to see what was going on; at least, they did not wash them particularly with bombs. And as the demolition proceeded, the party drew gradually out of the danger area into the quiet landscape to the north. We traced their progress by the degradation of the telegraph. In virgin parts its poles stood trimly, drilled by the taut wire; but behind Peake they leaned and tottered anyhow or fell.

Nuri Said, Joyce and myself met in council and pondered how to get at the Yarmuk section of the Palestine line to top off our cutting of the Damascus and Hejaz Railways. In view of the reported opposition there, we must take nearly all our men, which seemed hardly wise under such constant air observation. For one thing, the bombs might hurt us badly on the march across the open plain; and, for another, Peake's demolition party would be at the mercy of Deraa if the Turks plucked up the courage to sally. For the moment they were fearful, but time might make them brave.

While we hesitated, things were marvellously solved. Junor, the pilot of the B.E. 12 machine, now alone at Azrak, had heard from the disabled Murphy of the enemy machines about Deraa, and in his own mind decided to take the Bristol Fighter's place and carry out the air programme. So when things were at their thickest with us he suddenly sailed into the circus.

We watched with mixed feelings, for his hopelessly old-fashioned machine made him cold meat for any one of the enemy scouts or

two-seaters; but at first he astonished them as he rattled in with his two guns. They scattered for a careful look at this unexpected opponent. He flew westward across the line; and they went after in pursuit, with that amiable weakness of aircraft for a hostile machine, however important the ground target.

We were left in perfect peace. Nuri caught at the lull to collect three hundred and fifty regulars with two of Pisani's guns and hurried them over the saddle behind Tell Arar on the first stage of their march to Mezerib. If the aeroplanes gave us a half-hour's law they would probably notice neither the lessened numbers by the mound nor the scattered groups making along every slope and hollow across the stubble westward. This cultivated land had a quilt-work appearance from the air; also the ground was tall with maize stalks, and thistles grew saddle-high about it in great fields.

We sent the peasantry after the soldiers, and half an hour later I was calling up my bodyguard that we might get to Mezerib before the others, when again we heard the drone of engines; and, to our astonishment, Junor reappeared, still alive, though attended on three sides by enemy machines and spitting bullets. He was twisting and slipping splendidly, firing back. Their very numbers hindered them, but of course the affair could have only one ending.

In the faint hope that he might get down intact, we rushed towards the railway, where there was a strip of ground not too boulder-strewn. Every one helped to clear it at speed, while Junor was being driven lower. He threw us a message to say his petrol was finished. We worked feverishly for five minutes and then put out a landing signal. He dived at it, but as he did so the wind flamed and blew across at a sharp angle. The cleared strip was too little in any case. He took ground beautifully, but the wind puffed across once more. His undercarriage went and the plane turned over in the rough.

We rushed up to rescue, but Junor was out with no more hurt than a cut on the chin. He took off his Lewis gun and the Vickers and the drums of tracer ammunition for them. We threw everything into Young's Ford and fled as one of the Turkish two-seaters dived viciously and dropped a bomb by the wreck.



Five minutes later Junor was asking for another job. Joyce gave him a Ford for himself, and he ran boldly down the line till near Deraa and blew a gap in the rails there before the Turks saw him. They found such zeal excessive and opened on him with their guns; but he rattled away again in his Ford, unhurt for the third time.

My bodyguard waited in two long lines on the hillside. Joyce was staying at Tell Arar as covering force with a hundred of Nuri Said's men, the Rualla, the Ghurkas and the cars; while we slipped across to break the Palestine Railway. My party would look like Bedouins; so I determined to move openly to Mezerib by the quickest course, for we were very late. Unfortunately we drew enemy attention. An aeroplane crawled over us, dropping bombs: one, two, three, misses; the fourth into our midst. Two of my men went down. Their camels, in bleeding masses, struggled on the ground. The men had not a scratch and leaped up behind two of their friends.

We opened out and rode greatly, knowing the ground by heart, checking only to tell the young peasants we met that the work was now at Mezerib. The field paths were full of these fellows, pouring out afoot from every village to help us. They were very willing, but our eyes had rested so long on the brown leanness of desert men that these gay village lads with their flushed faces, clustering hair and plump pale arms and legs seemed like girls. They had kilted up their gowns above the knee for fast work; and the more active raced beside us through the fields, chaffing back my veterans.

As we reached Mezerib, Durzi ibn Dughmi met us with news that Nuri Said's soldiers were only two miles back. We watered our camels and drank deeply ourselves; for it had been a long, hot day and was not ended. Then, from behind the old fort, we looked over the lake and saw movement in the French railway station.

Some of the white-legged fellows told us that the Turks held it in force. However, the approaches were too tempting. Abdulla led our charge; for my days of adventure were ended, with the slug-gard excuse that my skin must be kept for a justifying emergency. Otherwise, I wanted to enter Damascus. This job was too easy.

Abdulla found grain, also flour and some little booty of weapons, horses, ornaments. These excited my hangers-on. New adherents came running across the grass like flies to honey. Tallal arrived at his constant gallop. We passed the stream and walked together up the far bank knee-deep in weeds till we saw the Turkish station three hundred yards in front. We might capture this before attacking the great bridge below Tell el'Shehab. Tallal advanced carelessly. Turks showed themselves to right and left.

"It's all right," said he, "I know the stationmaster." But when we were two hundred yards away, twenty rifles fired a shocking volley at us. We dropped unhurt into the weeds (nearly all of them thistles) and crawled gingerly back, Tallal swearing.

My men heard him, or the shots, and came streaming up from the river; but we returned them, fearing a machine-gun in the station buildings. Nuri Said was due. He arrived with Nasir, and we considered the business. Nuri pointed out that delay at Mezerib might lose us the bridge, a greater objective. I agreed but thought this bird in hand might suffice, since Peake's main line demolition would stand for a week, and the week's end bring a new situation.

So Pisani unfolled his willing guns and smashed in a few rounds of point-blank high explosive. Under their cover, with our twenty machine-guns making a roof overhead, Nuri walked forward, gloved and sworded, to receive the surrender of the forty soldiers left alive.

Upon this most rich station hundreds of Haurani peasants hurled themselves in frenzy, plundering. Men, women and children fought like dogs over every object. Doors and windows, door-frames and window-frames, even steps of the stairs, were carried off. One hopeful blew in the safe and found postage stamps inside. Others smashed open the long range of wagons in the siding, to find all manner of goods. Tons were carried off. Yet more were strewn in wreckage on the ground.

Young and I cut the telegraph, here an important network of trunk and local lines, indeed the Palestine army's main link with their homeland. It was pleasant to imagine Liman von Sanders' fresh curse, in Nazareth, as each severed wire tanged back from the clippers. We did them slowly, with ceremony, to draw out

the indignation. The Turks' hopeless lack of initiative made their army a "directed" one, so that by destroying the telegraphs we went far towards turning them into a leaderless mob. After the telegraph we blew in the points and planted tulips; not very many, but enough to annoy. While we worked a light engine came down the line from Deraa on patrol. The bank and dust clouds of our tulips perturbed it. It withdrew discreetly. Later an aeroplane visited us.

Among the captured rolling-stock, on platform trucks, were two lorries crammed with delicacies for some German canteen. The Arabs, distrusting tins and bottles, had spoiled nearly everything; but we got some soups and meat, and later Nuri Said gave us bottled asparagus. He had found an Arab prizing open the case and had cried "pigs' bones" at him in horror when the contents came to light. The peasant spat and dropped it, and Nuri quickly stuffed all he could into his saddle-bags.

The lorries had huge petrol tanks. Beyond them were some trucks of firewood. We set the whole afire at sunset, when the plundering was finished, and the troops and tribesmen had fallen back to the soft grass by the outlet from the lake.

The splendid blaze spreading along the line of wagons illuminated our evening meal. The wood burned with a solid glare; and the fiery tongues and bursts of the petrol went towering up, higher than the water-tanks. We let the men make bread and sup and rest before a night attempt on the Shehab bridge, which lay three miles to the westward. We had meant to attack at dark, but the wish for food stopped us; and then we had swarms of visitors, for our beacon-light advertised us over half Hauran.

Visitors were our eyes and had to be welcomed. My business was to see every one with a few and let him talk himself out to me, afterwards arranging and combining the truth of these points into a complete picture in my mind. Complete, because it gave me certainty of judgment; but it was not conscious nor logical, for my informants were so many that they informed me to distraction, and my single mind bent under all its claim.

Men came pouring down from the north on horse, on camel, and on foot, hundreds and hundreds of them in a terrible grandeur of enthusiasm, thinking this was the final occupation of the

country and that Nasir would seal his victory by taking Deraa in the night. Even the magistrates of Deraa came to open us their town. By acceding we should hold the water supply of the railway station, which must inevitably yield; yet later, if the ruin of the Turkish army came but slowly, we might be forced out again and lose the plainsmen between Deraa and Damascus, in whose hands our final victory lay. A nice calculation, if hardly a fresh one, but on the whole the arguments were still against taking Deraa. Again we had to put off our friends with excuses within their comprehension.

Slow work; and when at last we were ready, a new visitor appeared, the boy-chief of Tell el Shehab. His village was the key to the bridge. He described the position, the large guard, how it was placed. Obviously the problem was harder than we had believed, if his tale was true. We doubted it, for his just-dead father had been hostile, and the son sounded too suddenly devoted to our cause. However, he finished by suggesting that he return after an hour with the officer commanding the garrison, a friend of his. We sent him off to bring his Turk, telling our waiting men to lie down for another brief rest.

Soon the boy was back with a captain, an Armenian, anxious to harm his government in any way he could. Also, he was very nervous. We had hard work to assure him of our enlightenment. His subalterns, he said, were loyal Turks, and some of the non-commissioned officers. He proposed we move close to the village and lie there secretly, while three or four of our lustiest men hid in his room. He would call his subordinates one by one to see him; and, as each entered, our ambush might pinion him.

This sounded in the proper descent from books of adventure, and we agreed enthusiastically. It was nine at night. At eleven precisely we would line up round the village and wait for the sheikh to show our strong men to the commandant's house. The two conspirators departed, content, while we woke up our army, asleep with the sleep of exhaustion beside their loaded camels. It was pitch-dark.

My bodyguard prepared bridge-cutting charges of gelatine. I filled my pockets with detonators. Nasir sent men to each section of the Camel Corps to tell them of the coming adventure that they

might work themselves up to the height of it and ensure their mounting quietly, without the disaster of a roaring camel. They played up. In a long, double line our force crept down a winding path beside an irrigation ditch on the crest of the dividing ridge. If there was treachery before us, this bare road would be a death-trap, without issue to right or left, narrow, tortuous, and slippery with the ditch-water. So Nasir and I went first with our men, their trained ears attentive to every sound, their eyes keeping constant guard. In front of us was the waterfall, whose burdening roar had given its character to that unforgettable night with Ali ibn el Hussein when we had attempted this bridge from the other wall of the ravine. Only to-night we were nearer, so that the noise flooded up oppressively and filled our ears.

We crept very slowly and carefully now, soundless on our bare feet, while behind us the heavier soldiery snaked along, holding their breath. They also were soundless, for camels moved always stilly at night, and we had packed the equipment not to tap, the saddles not to creak. Their quietness made the dark darker and deepened the menace of those whispering valleys on either side. Waves of dank air from the river met us, chilly in our faces; and then Rahail came down swiftly from the left and caught my arm, pointing to a slow column of white smoke rising from the valley.

We ran to the edge of the descent and peered over; but the depth was grey with mist risen off the water, and we saw only dimness and this pale vapour spiring from the level fog bank. Somewhere down there was the railway; and we stopped the march, afraid lest this be the suspected trap. Three of us went foot by foot down the slippery hill-side till we could hear voices. Then suddenly the smoke broke and shifted, with the panting of an opened throttle, and afterwards the squealing of brakes as an engine came again to a standstill. There must be a long train waiting beneath. Reassured, we marched again to the very spur below the village.

We extended in line across its neck and waited five minutes; ten minutes. They passed slowly. The murk night before moon-rise was hushing in its solidity and would have compelled patience on our restless fellows without the added warnings of the dogs and the intermittent ringing challenge of sentries about the

bridge. At length we let the men slip quietly from their camels to the ground and sat wondering at the delay and the Turk's watchfulness and the meaning of that silent train standing below us in the valley. Our woolen cloaks got stiff and heavy with the mist, and we shivered.

After a long while, a lighter speak came through the dark. It was the boy sheikh, holding his brown cloak open to show us his white shirt like a flag. He whispered that his plan had failed. A train (this one in the ravine) had just arrived with a German colonel and the German and Turk reserves from Afuleh, sent up by Liman von Sandags to rescue panic-stricken Deraa.

They had put the little Armenian under arrest for being absent from his post. There were machine guns galore, and sentries patrolling the approaches with ceaseless energy. In fact, there was a strong picket on the path not a hundred yards from where we sat. The oddity of our joint state made me laugh, though quietly.

Nuri Said offered to take the place by main force. We had bombs enough and pistol flares; numbers and preparedness would be on our side. It was a fair chance but I was at the game of reckoning the value of the objective in terms of life and, as usual, finding it too dear. Of course, most things done in war were too dear; and we should have followed good example by going in and going through with it. But I was secretly and disclaimedly proud of the planning of our campaigns, so I told Nuri that I voted against it. We had to-day twice cut the Damascus-Palestine railway; and the bringing here of the Afuleh garrison was a third benefit to Allenby. Our bond had been most heavily honoured.

After a moment's thought, Nuri agreed. We said goodnight to the lad who had honestly tried to do so much for us. We passed down the lines, whispering to each man to lead back in silence. Then we sat in a group with our rifles (mine Enver's gold inscribed Lee-Enfield trophy from the Dardanelles, given by him to Feisal years ago), waiting till our men should be beyond the danger zone.

Oddly enough, this was the hardest moment of the night. Now that the work was over we could scarcely resist the temptation to rouse the spoil-sport Germans out. It would have been so easy to have cracked off a Very light into their bivouac; and the solemn

men would have turned out in ludicrous hurry and shot hard into the bare, misty hill-side silent at their feet. The identical notion came independently to Nasir, Nuri Said and myself. We blurted it out together, and each promptly felt ashamed that the others had been as childish. By mutual cautions we managed to keep our respectability.

Before dawn Pisani's other guns and the rest of Nuri Said's troops arrived from Tell Arar. We had written to Joyce that on the morrow we would return southward, by Nisib, to complete the circle of Deraa. I suggested that he move straight back to Umtaiye and there wait for us; for it, with its abundant water, splendid pasture and equidistance from Deraa and Jebel Druse and the Rualla Desert, seemed an ideal place in which we might rally and wait news of Allenby's fortune. By holding Umtaiye, we as good as cut off the Turkish fourth army of beyond Jordan (our special bird) from Damascus and were in place quickly to renew our main-line demolitions whenever the enemy had nearly set them right.

Reluctantly we pulled ourselves together for another day of effort, called up the army and moved in a huge straggle through Mezerib station. Our fires had burned out and the place stood dishevelled. Young and myself leisurely laid tulips, while the troops melted into broken ground towards Remthe to be out of sight of both Deraa and Shehab. Turkish aeroplanes were humming overhead, looking for us; so we sent our peasants back through Mezerib for their villages. Consequently, the airmen reported that we were very numerous, possibly eight or nine thousand strong, and that our centrifugal movements seemed to be directed towards every direction at once.

To increase their wonderment, the French gunners' long-fused charge blew up the water-tower at Mezerib loudly, hours after we had passed. The Germans were marching out of Shehab for Deraa, at the moment, and the inexplicable shock sent these humourless ones back there on guard till late afternoon.

Meanwhile we were far away, plodding steadily towards Nisib, whose hill-top we reached about four in the afternoon. We gave the mounted infantry a short rest, while we moved our gunners

and machine-guns to the crest of the first ridge, from which the ground fell away hollowly to the railway station.

We posted the guns there in shelter and asked them to open deliberately upon the station buildings at two thousand yards. Pisani's sections worked in emulation so that, before long, ragged holes appeared in the roofs and sheds. At the same time we pushed our machine gunners forward on the left to fire long bursts against the trenches, which returned a hot obstinate fire. However, our troops had natural shelter and the advantage of the afternoon sun behind their backs. So we suffered no hurt. Nor did the enemy. Of course, all this was just a game, and the capture of the station not in our plan. Our real objective was the great bridge north of the village. The ridge below our feet curved out in a long horn to this work, serving as one bank of the valley which it was built to span. The village stood on the other bank. The Turks held the bridge by means of a small redoubt and maintained touch with it by riflemen posted in the village under cover of its walls.

We turned two of Pisani's guns and six machine guns on the small but deeply-dug bridge post, hoping to force its defenders out. Five machine guns directed their fire on the village. In fifteen minutes its elders were out with us, very much perturbed. Nuri put, as the condition of cease-fire, their instant ejection of the Turks from the houses. They promised. So station and bridge were divided.

We redoubled against these. The firing from the four wings became violent, thanks to our twenty-five machine guns, the Turks also being plentifully supplied. At last we put all four of Pisani's guns against the redoubt and, after a few salvos, thought we saw its guard slipping from their battered trenches through the bridge into cover of the railway embankment.

This embankment was twenty feet high. If the bridge-guard chose to defend their bridge through its arches, they would be in a costly position. However, we reckoned that the attraction of their fellows in the station would draw them away. I told off the half of my bodyguard, carrying explosives, to move along the machine gun crest till within a stone's throw of the redoubt.

It was a noble evening, yellow, mild and indescribably peaceful; a foil to our incessant cannonade. The declining light shone



down the angle of the ridges, its soft rays modelling them and their least contour in a delicate complexity of planes. Then the sun sank another second, and the surface became shadow, out of which for a moment there rose, starkly, the innumerable flints strewn it, each western (reflecting) facet tipped like a black diamond with flame.

The redoubt was indeed abandoned, so we dismounted and signalled Nuri to cease fire. In the silence we crept discreetly through the bridge-arches and found them also evacuated.

Hurriedly we piled guncotton against the piers, which were about five feet thick and twenty-five feet high, a good bridge, my seventy-ninth, and strategically most critical, since we were going to live opposite it at Umtaiye until Allenby came forward and relieved us. Hence, I had determined to leave not a stone of it in place.

Nuri, meanwhile, was hurrying the infantry, gunners and machine gunners down in the thickening night towards the line with orders to get a mile beyond into the desert, form up into column and wait.

Yet the passing of so many camels over the track must take tediously long. We sat and chafed under the bridge, matches in hand, to light at once (despite the troops) if there was an alarm. Fortunately everything went well, and after an hour Nuri gave me my signal. Half a minute later (my preference for six-inch fuses!), just as I tumbled into the Turkish redoubt, the eight hundred pounds of stuff exploded in one burst; and the black air became sibilant with flying stones. The explosion was numbing from my twenty yards and must have been heard half-way to Damascus.

Nuri, in great distress, sought me out. He had given the "all clear" signal before learning that one company of mounted infantry was missing. Fortunately my guards were aching for service. Talal el Hareidhin took them with him up the hills, while Nuri and I stood by the yawning pit, which had been the bridge, and flashed an electric torch to give them a fixed point for their return.

Mahmud came back in half an hour triumphantly leading the lost unit. We fired shots to recall the other searchers and then

rode two or three miles into the open towards Umtaiye. The going became very broken over moraine of slipping dolerite, so we gladly called a halt and lay down in our ranks for an earned sleep.

However, it seemed that Nasir and I were to lose the habit of sleeping. Our noise at Nisib had proclaimed us as widely as the flames of Mezerib. Hardly were we still when visitors came streaming in from three sides to discuss the latest events. It was being rumoured that we are raiding and not occupying, that later we would run away, as had the British from Salt, leaving our local friends to pay the bills.

The night, for hour after hour, was broken by these newcomers challenging round our bivouacs, crying their way to us like lost souls, and, peasant-fashion, slobbering over our hands with protestations that we were their highest lords and they our deepest servants. Perhaps the reception of them fell short of our usual standard; but, in revenge, they were applying the torture of keeping us awake, uneasily awake. We had been at strain for three days and nights, thinking, ordering and executing; and now, on our road to rest, it was bitter to play away this fourth night also at the old lack-lustre, dubious game of making friends.

And their shaken *morale* impressed us worse and worse, till Nasir drew me aside and whispered that clearly there existed a focus of discontent in some centre near. I loosed out my peasant bodyguards to mix with the villagers and find the truth; and from their reports it seemed that the cause of distrust lay in the first settlement, at Taiyibe, which had been shaken by the return of Joyce's armoured cars yesterday, by some chance incidents and by a just fear that they were the spot most exposed in our retreat.

I called Aziz, and we rode straight to Taiyibe, over rough stretches of lava, trackless, and piled across with walls of broken stone. In the head-man's hut sat the conclave which infected our visitors. They were debating whom to send to implore mercy from the Turks, when we walked in unannounced. Our single coming abashed them, in its assumption of supreme security. We talked irrelevantly an hour of crops and farmyard prices and drank some coffee; then we rose to go. Behind us the babble broke out again, but now their inconstant spirits had veered to what seemed our

stronger wind; and they sent no word to the enemy, though next day they were bombed and shelled for such stubborn complicity with us.

We got back before dawn and stretched out to sleep, when there came a loud boom from the railway and a shell shattered beyond our sleeping host. The Turks had sent down an armoured train mounting a field gun. By myself, I would have chanced its aim, for my sleep had been just long enough to make me rage for more; but the army had slept six hours and was moving.

We hurried across horrible going. An aeroplane came over and circled round to help the gunners. Shells began to keep accurate pace with our line of march. We doubled our speed and broke into a ragged procession of very open order. The directing aeroplane faltered suddenly, swerved aside towards the line and seemed to land. The gun put in one more lucky shot, which killed two camels; but for the rest it lost accuracy, and after about fifty shots, we drew out of range. It began to punish Taiyibe.

Joyce, at Umtaiye, had been roused by the shooting and came out to welcome us. Behind his tall figure the ruins were crested by a motley band, samples from every village and tribe in the Hauran come to do homage and offer at least lip-service. To Nasir's tired disgust, I left these to him, while I went off with Joyce and Winterton, telling them of the landed aeroplane and suggesting that an armoured car beat it up at home. Just then two more enemy machines appeared and landed in about the same place.

However, breakfast, our first for some while, was getting ready. So we sat down and Joyce related how the men of Taiyibe had fired at him as he passed by, presumably to show their opinion of strangers who stirred up a hornet's nest of Turks and then hopped it!

Breakfast ended. We called for a volunteer car to investigate the enemy aerodrome. Everybody came forward with a silent goodwill and readiness which caught me by the throat. Finally Joyce chose two cars—one for Junior and one for me—and we drove for five miles to the valley in whose mouth the planes had seemed to land.

We silenced the cars and crept down its course. When about two thousand yards from the railway, it bent round into a flat

meadow, by whose further side stood three machines. This was magnificent, and we leaped forward, only to meet a deep ditch with straight banks of cracking earth, quite impassable.

We raced frantically along it, by a diagonal route, till we were within twelve hundred yards. As we stopped, two of the aeroplanes started. We opened fire, searching the range by dust spurts; but already they had run their distance and were off, swaying and clattering up across the sky over our heads.

The third engine was sulky. Its pilot and observer savagely pulled the propeller round, while we ranged nearer. Finally, they leaped into the railway ditch as we put bullet after bullet into the fuselage till it danced under the rain. We fired fifteen hundred bullets at our target (they burned it in the afternoon) and then turned home.

Unfortunately, the two escaped machines had had time to go to Deraa, and return, feeling spiteful. One was not clever and dropped his four bombs from a height, missing us widely. The other swooped low, placing one bomb each time with the utmost care. We crept on defencelessly, slowly, among the stones, feeling like sardines in a doomed tin as the bombs fell closer. One sent a shower of small stuff through the driving slit of the car but only cut our knuckles. One tore off a front tyre and nearly lurched the car over.

Of all danger, give me the solitary sort. However, we reached Umtaiye well and reported success to Joyce. We had proved to the Turks that that aerodrome was not fit to use and Deraa lay equally open to car attack. Later, I lay in the shadow of a car and slept, all the Arabs in the desert and the Turkish aeroplanes which came and bombed us, having no effect upon my peace. In the clash of events men become feverishly tireless; but to-day we had finished our first round fortunately, and it was necessary that I rest to clear my mind about our next moves. As usual, when I lay down, I dropped asleep and slept till afternoon.





## *Adventure in Europe*

**N**APOLÉON BONAPARTE—sometimes called the Little Corporal—lived from 1769 to 1821. He rose from days in military school . . . to the rank of second lieutenant in the La Fere regiment of artillery . . . to “general of the brigade” . . . to “commander of the Army of the Interior” . . . to Emperor of France, crowned at Paris on December 2, 1804. He managed, by military skill and shrewd diplomacy, to get most of Central Europe under his control. He extended France’s boundaries, reorganized her government, established the Legion of Honor and negotiated the Concordat of 1801 with Pius VII, restoring the Catholic Church to something of its previous position.

To cite his deeds in brief words is impossible. Emil Ludwig has done so in his famous “Napoleon” in many thousands, in a historical account of this famous conqueror.

Our section from this book, “The Torrent,” is perhaps one of the most concise and understanding explanations written of the driving spirit behind the actions of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here is the short, swarthy general at the very end of the Eighteenth Century, at a time when he has just forced the king of Sardinia to capitulate and come to truce terms. His soldiers and the world are just beginning to recognize the strength of this man.





FROM:  
'NAPOLEON'

*by Emil Ludwig<sup>1</sup>*

**W**HY was he victorious? How can we explain that during the next few weeks he was able to deliver blow after blow? What is the solution of this riddle?

First of all, he owes his success to youth and health. A body that can endure interminable riding without fatigue; the power to sleep at any moment and to awake whenever he pleases; a stomach which can digest anything and makes no complaint at being put on short commons; eyes that see and arrange everything.

But it is to the revolution that he is indebted for the fact that at the age of twenty-seven, when his splendid powers are in their first vigour, he has risen to a leading place and can wield unrestricted dictatorship. Only, thanks to the new ideas of equality, in a world which prizes a man for what he does and not for his birth, can any one become a leader in the prime of youth and after so rough an apprenticeship.

Look at the men who are in the field against him. Archduke Charles, with his delicately shaped and decadent Habsburg nose, how can he, with his education, vie with the Corsican in indifference to hardships, rival Bonaparte in knowledge of men? How can Beaulieu, the Austrian commander, cope with the French general? The former is seventy-two; the latter, twenty-seven. General Colli suffers from gout and has to be carried throughout the campaign. Alvinczy is in the middle sixties. The king of Sardinia is an old man. What can the excellent General Wurmser, who is deaf and a slow, elderly gentleman, cautious in his movements, do against a commander who thinks nothing of changing his headquarters every day, who surrounds himself with young men, and who takes "Time is everything" for his motto?

The oldest man in Napoleon's circle is the faithful Berthier,



now forty-two, whom the new commander has taken over from his predecessor because Berthier has a good knowledge of the country. For two decades he is to be Bonaparte's slavishly devoted chief of general staff. Next to be mentioned comes Masséna, a man of ardent temperament, who had been a cabin boy and a vagrant and had served fourteen years under the Bourbons without rising to the rank of sergeant major; now, within a few weeks, he was to become a general. Augereau, too, a deserter from three armies, boaster, adventurer, and great thief. Such were the men drawn from the dregs of society out of whom their commander, the youngest of them all, was soon to make heroes and generalissimos, and subsequently princes and dukes.

In every dispatch, he recommends for promotion those, and only those, who have displayed courage. Thus, after three battles, a grenadier rises to the rank of colonel and will climb yet higher. On the other hand, many of the generals whom he has taken over with his command are dismissed with blunt censure: "Good enough for office work; knows nothing of war." His subordinates do not necessarily incur his displeasure because they are beaten: "The fortune of war, dear Masséna, changes from day to day. To-morrow, or later, we shall win back what you have just lost."

But a division which has done badly is paraded to hear a rating. He says that he will have a mocking inscription worked upon its colours. Then the soldiers cry to him from the ranks, "To-morrow we will lead the van." Next day, he has a thousand more enthusiasts among the troops. When they are victorious, in the orders of the day he calls them comrades and friends. Thus, does he lead the sons of the people.

For it is a people's army that he is leading; that is the second great factor of his success. This, too, he owes to the revolution. Indeed, the people's army is an expression of the revolution. The soldiers on the Austrian side must be used thriftily, for they cost a great deal; and it is not easy to replace them. They are drawn from a larger number of nationalities than the German emperor himself rules. Six different languages are spoken in the army, and there is no community of thought to hold it together. But the French are fighting as a united nation of thirty millions, and their

army will be capable of perpetual regeneration for twenty years to come.

What is the French army fighting for? The new freedom of the republic, and to spread throughout the world the few and simple ideas which animate it! The French are fighting for the world revolution, and nothing short of that. But the army is not in pursuit of purely ideal aims. It has to defend liberty against the envying forces of legitimate monarchy, against the legitimists who are more concerned with self-defence than with the cause of the fallen Bourbons. The French cannot achieve their end by simply defending their own frontiers. They are surrounded by kings and emperors who wish to keep their peoples from any attempt to imitate the French revolution and are therefore trying to destroy the very focus of the new ideas. Thus, France is forced to assume the offensive as a means of self-defence. Those who in such a fashion become conquerors in spite of themselves are surely entitled to declare that their conquests are achieved in the name of liberty.

This brings us to the third factor of Napoleon's success. While the commander is engaged in the attempt to conquer Lombardy and then Italy for France, he issues a series of manifestoes to tell the inhabitants of the territories he is invading that he comes to free them from the Habsburgs and the Sardinians, from dukes and patrician senates. Will not all who have been discontented with the old order be roused to action by the torrential force of such appeals? Have not the oppressed masses long had it in mind to rid themselves of their rulers? Did not the ideas of the revolution cross the frontiers years ago, rousing, in many of the towns, students and burghers to revolt? Here in Italy were young people who longed for freedom, leaders who had been vainly clamouring for "Italia unità." The revolt, though still in chains, was rattling its chains outside the kings' palace doors. The malcontents were ready to welcome the invading army and to believe in its mission.

The commander, a man of Italian blood, bearing an Italian name and speaking Italian as his mother tongue, was not for them a French warrior. He was the herald of liberty and equality, and the two great words headed all his letters. How terrible would be the disillusionment should the invader prove, after all, a foreign

oppressor! The commander is well aware how much turns upon this. Will he be able to keep his famished army within bounds? Can he make his soldiers behave as well as though they were fresh from a well-provisioned garrison town?

"Looting is on the wane," he writes home. "The thirst of an army which lacked everything has been quenched. There is an excuse for the poor devils. They have spent three years in the marches of the Alps, and now I have led them into the Promised Land! A famished soldier perpetrates excesses which make one ashamed of being a man. . . . I intend to restore order, for I will not remain in command of a robber band, . . . To-morrow I am going to have several privates and a corporal shot for having looted the plate from a church. Discipline will be re-established within a day or two. Italy has been amazed at the valour of our soldiers and shall be amazed at their good behaviour. There have been terrible moments; things have happened which have made me shudder. Thank God, the retreating enemy behaved even worse!"

He puts his men on their honour. "Swear to me"—thus runs one of his early manifestoes—"to spare the peoples you are liberating; otherwise you will be the scourges of the people! Your victories, your courage, the blood of our fallen brothers, will be lost; honour and glory, too! I and my generals would blush at leading an undisciplined army!" Hard to carry out, despite his adjurations. Throughout the campaign, he is hampered by this problem of looting. Again and again he issues orders to his generals telling them they are to shoot any one who fails to hand over his plunder within twenty-four hours, even if the stolen goods be horses and mules.

There are revolts and counter-attacks. Priests and nobles, agents of the princes, incite a town to resist. He is pitiless in his shootings, ruthless in his reprisals, whenever, in the conquered territory, any one raises a hand against the new master. But this becomes increasingly rare, for in the towns he is skilful in enlisting the civic sense on the side of a new order which assumes imposing lineaments. He understands (and this is an additional factor of success) the Italian temperament; knows how to appeal to the sense of historic veneration: "Peoples of Italy, the army of France comes

to break your chains. It is a friend to all the peoples. Have confidence! Your property, your customs, your religion shall be respected." He goes on to speak to them of Athens, Sparta, classical Rome.

History inspires him. While with rapid strokes he is making history, history gives his spirit wings. In boyhood, he had studied Plutarch; as lieutenant, he had read the history of all times; now, from moment to moment, he turns the knowledge to account. Knowing who has ruled in every part of these territories, understanding how the governments he has overthrown came into being, he has appropriate measures for each area. Time-honoured figures are ever present to his imagination; he wants to resemble them, to outdo them. Thus, whatever he does is conceived in a historic setting; and he compels his army, the country with which he is dealing, and, soon, Europe as a whole, to breathe the same atmosphere. These first victories, which in reality are nothing more than big skirmishes, are by the magic of his words transformed into battles; and the battles are magnified into history. In this way, half of what he achieves is achieved by the power of words. To the lands he is freeing, to his soldiers, he invariably suggests that they have done the whole thing themselves. Read his proclamation to the army in Milan.

- "Soldiers, like a torrent you have rushed down from the heights of the Apennines. . . . Milan is yours. . . . We are the friends of all the peoples; but, above all, we are the friends of the offspring of Brutus and Scipio and the other great men who are our models. To re-establish the Capitol, to set up there the statues of the heroes, to awaken the Roman people which for centuries has been paralysed by servitude—that is the fruit of your victories that will amaze posterity. It is your title to immortal fame that you have given a new visage to the most beautiful land in Europe. . . . Then you will return to your homes, and your neighbours will point you out to one another, saying, 'He was with the army in Italy!'"

Did a commander ever before make such alluring appeals to soldiers and peoples, to friends and foes? Who understood so well as Napoleon how to influence people through their imaginations instead of through a sense of obedience? At Arcola he shouts to his men, "Are you cowards, or are you the victors of Lodi?" In a

month or two, he will be urging them onward by reminding them that they are the victors of Arcola. "We have crossed the Po and have opened the second campaign," he writes to the Directors. All his reports to Paris are penned with consummate art. What he writes is the truth, but it is so skilfully adorned that it develops a life of its own as soon as the government communicates it to the press and when from France it makes its way into foreign lands.

With the pen, Bonaparte rounds off the victories he has won with the sword.

"I have received your peace treaty with Sardinia. The army has approved it."

The Directors quake as they read the words. The arrival of this dispatch cancels the joy they had felt at the coming of so many captured colours. When, before, had a general in the field dared to write in such a fashion to his government?

"For this letter, the young hero ought to be stood up before a firing squad," cry his opponents. But the fame of his victories, the glory of his conquest of Lombardy have already secured him so strong a position in the hearts of the people that no one dares attack him. Recently, when the governmental commissary, his fellow-Corsican Saliceti, came to his camp, Bonaparte ignored the official's authority and himself signed the truce with Sardinia. These negotiations were the first in which he proved his mettle as diplomatist. When the other side wanted to bargain, he took out his watch, named the hour at which he had decided to attack, and said they had better make up their minds quickly.

"I may lose battles," he said, "but no one will ever see me lose minutes either by over-confidence or by sloth." With this truce, he, for the first time, dispossessed a king. Without asking for instructions, he entered into negotiations with the dukes, with Tuscany. Was he not, before long, to do the same thing with the pope? What was the best way of dealing with this dangerous conqueror?

"We will send him a partner," thought the Directors with a smile. "Let him share the supreme command with Kellermann, while Saliceti decides upon political issues." Orders to this effect reached him at Lodi, on the day of battle.

That was the first real battle he had won. A colossal bluff and a

bold movement enable him to storm the bridge over the Adda and to defeat the alarmed Austrians. There were to be much greater victories in days to come; but, in the history of the man's spiritual development, not one of them was to equal this in importance.

For now, after a battle which decided the first part of his campaign, having taken much booty and sustained only trifling losses and having made himself master of a territory opened to him by an hour's struggle on the bridge,—this evening, Bonaparte feels for the first time how obscure plans and brilliant exploits of war, dream and reality are interconnected. The consciousness of his own powers makes him realize that boundless possibilities lie before him. That was the first time on which a word concerning such aims crossed his lips. To his friend Marmont he said, "I feel that deeds await me of which the present generation has no inkling." Long afterwards, in retrospect, he declared, "That evening, after the battle of Lodi, I first became aware that I was an exceptional man; from then I date the awakening of an ambition to do the great things which hitherto had existed for me only as the fantasies of a dream."

Such was his mood when the new orders came from Paris. What? The conquest of two or three continents was looming before his imagination—and he was to go halves with Kellermann? He strode up and down the room, pursing his lips; and then he issued his fiat to the government:

"If you put hindrances in my path, if you make my actions dependent upon the commissary's decision, . . . you must not expect any more good results from me. . . . Here it is indispensable that you should have absolute confidence in your commander. If I do not enjoy that confidence, I shall without complaint endeavour to win your approval in some other post. Every one has his own way of making war. General Kellermann has more experience and would doubtless do it better; but, together, we should do it badly. I cannot serve the country unless I have your complete and undivided trust. Much courage, I know, is needed to write you this report, for it would be easy to charge me with ambition and pride! But you are responsible for my having to express my feelings. . . . I cannot serve jointly with a man who regards himself

as the best commander in Europe. For the rest, one bad general is better than two good generals. With war, as with governance, it is a question of tact."

The general does not seem inclined to yield up his place to any one. If the authorities in Paris insist on a divided command, is it not likely that he will march ahead on his own initiative, gain further victories with his unaided talents, then turn back to threaten France, and, as a condottiere, overthrow the government? The Directors think it will be better not to insist; with a smile, a wry one this time, they give way. After his first, noiseless victory over the government, Bonaparte feels he is master. Henceforward, he behaves, substantially, as a king who is his own commander-in-chief, but who can only secure reinforcements and other requisites by reiterated adjurations. For months and years, therefore, his dispatches are still written in the tone of a subordinate, of one who does not threaten, but advises. Yet in reality he acts all the time as though he were already in the land of the sultan, towards which his masterful character draws him.

The Paris courier has been sent off. Bonaparte's first "No" is on its way. Another restless night in camp, and then to Milan!

In everything, he imitates the Roman general celebrating a triumph. As of old, the prisoners lead the way, the only difference being that nowadays they are not in chains. They are followed by five hundred cavalymen. The citizens, who are used to seeing brilliant uniforms, are astonished at the tattered tunics, the sorry screws, the jaded appearance of the riders; and they are still more amazed when they see the thin little man on the inconspicuous white nag, at the head of his weary-looking suite. How grey the whole procession looks in the light of this brilliant spring day. At the gate the venerable archbishop, with a train of counts and dukes, bids him welcome. He dismounts but does not draw near to the reception committee; he merely listens with forced politeness to the words of greeting. The onlookers are wondering what answer he will make. For a few seconds he keeps his lips pressed together and then contents himself with a single sentence to the effect that France wishes the Lombards well. Remounting, he salutes, and rides on.

Leaders and crowd are deeply impressed; no enthusiasm, only

astonishment. Not a sign of arrogance about this conqueror; nothing but resolution and a force of will before which all must bend. Was his conduct deliberately planned to produce such an impression, though never before had he experienced anything of the kind? Was he "play-acting"? If so, all the more remarkable his knowledge of men; all the more plain that he was a master of the ruler's art!

Nevertheless, he is absent-minded to-day, for he has not all that he wants.

Now, the streets echo to the shouts of the crowd, who cannot restrain their expressions of astonishment as they watch the men who follow the commander—marching in a slack and almost disorderly fashion, clad in scarecrow uniforms patched with many colours. These Frenchmen seem in almost sorer case than the prisoners!

The commander is taking his ease in the archbishop's palace. He is having a bath. Hot baths are his one luxury, a luxury that he will continue to indulge in down to the day of his death, taking them hotter and hotter, staying in them longer and longer as time goes on. Nothing can break him of the habit, for a hot bath is the only thing which really refreshes him, soothes his nerves.

In the evening there is a reception. "You will be free, and in a safer position than the French. Milan will be the capital of this new republic, which has a population of five million. You shall have five hundred pieces of ordnance and the friendship of France. From among you I will choose fifty men, who shall rule the country in the name of France. Adopt our laws, modifying them to suit your own customs. . . . Be sagacious and united, and all will go well. Such is my will. If Habsburg should again seize Lombardy, I swear to you that I will take up your cause, that I will never desert you. If your land perishes, I shall be no more. Athens and Sparta did not last for ever!"







## *Adventure in Canaan*

THE TIME IS 1480 B.C., the place the Promised Land of Canaan. Here is one of the earliest spy-adventure stories known to man, taken directly from the Old Testament. There are eight other spy-adventure stories in the Old Testament.

Moses sent out twelve spies to Canaan, one man from each of the tribes of Israel, to look over Canaan and give him a report. Their spying assignment occupied them for forty days. Their leader was Osee ben Nun—or Joshua.

When they returned, they did so with the kind of mixed reports spies are apt to bring, saying, "We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it. Howbeit the people that dwell in the land are fierce, and the cities are fortified. . . ."





FROM:  
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES"

*Numbers*

**A**ND THE Lord spoke unto Moses, saying: "Send thou men, that they may spy out the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel; of every tribe of their fathers shall ye send a man, every one a prince among them."

And Moses sent them from the wilderness of Paran according to the commandment of the Lord; all of them men who were heads of the children of Israel. And these were their names: of the tribe of Reuben, Shammua, the son of Zaccur.

Of the tribe of Simeon, Shaphat, the son of Hori. Of the tribe of Judah, Caleb, the son of Jephunneh. Of the tribe of Issachar, Igal, the son of Joseph. Of the tribe of Ephraim, Hoshea, the son of Nun. Of the tribe of Benjamin, Palti, the son of Raphu. Of the tribe of Zebulun, Gaddiel, the son of Sodi.

Of the tribe of Joseph; namely, of the tribe of Manasseh, Gaddi, the son of Susi. Of the tribe of Dan, Ammiel, the son of Gemalli. Of the tribe of Asher, Sethur, the son of Michael. Of the tribe of Naphtali, Nahbi, the son of Vophsi. Of the tribe of Gad, Geuel, the son of Machi.

These are the names of the men that Moses sent to spy out the land. And Moses called Hoshea, the son of Nun Joshua. And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan, and said unto them, "Get you up here into the South and go up into the mountains; and see the land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they are strong or weak, whether they are few or many; and what the land is that they dwell in, whether it is good or bad; and what cities they are that they dwell in, whether in camps, or in strongholds; and what the land is, whether it is fat or lean, whether there is wood therein or not. And be ye of good courage and bring of the fruit of the land."

Now the time was the time of the first-ripe grapes. So they went up and spied out the land from the wilderness of Zin unto Rehob, at the entrance to Hamath. And they went up into the South and came unto Hebron; and Ahiman, Sheshai, and Talmai, the children of Anak, were there.

Now Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt. And they came unto the valley of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bore it upon a pole between two; they took also of the pomegranates, and of the figs. That place was called the valley of Eshcol\* because of the cluster which the children of Israel cut down from thence.

And they returned from spying out the land at the end of forty days. And they went and came to Moses, and to Aaron, and to all the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh; and brought back word unto them, and unto all the congregation, and showed them the fruit of the land.

And they told him, and said, "We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it. Howbeit the people that dwell in the land are fierce, and the cities are fortified, and very great; and moreover we saw the children of Anak there. Amalek dwelleth in the land of the South; and the Hittite, and the Jebusite, and the Amorite dwell in the mountains; and the Canaanite dwelleth by the sea and along by the side of the Jordan."

And Caleb stilled the people toward Moses and said, "We should go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." But the men that went up with him said, "We are not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we."

And they spread an evil report of the land which they had spied out unto the children of Israel, saying, "The land through which we have passed to spy it out is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people that we saw in it are men of great stature. And there we saw the Nephilim, the sons of Anak, who come of the Nephilim; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

\* That is, a cluster.



## *Adventure in Rome*

ONE of the most unusual escape-adventures of all times was that of one of history's most gifted men: Benvenuto Cellini, goldsmith, sculptor, renowned swordsman.

Born in Florence, Italy, in 1500—and living until 1571—Cellini was the pupil of Michelangelo, Bandinelli and Marconi. His works include the bronze relief, Nymph of Fontainebleau (at the Louvre), bronze busts of Cosimo de Medici (National Museum, Florence), the famous gold saltcellar of Francis I (Vienna Museum).

It is from his *Autobiography* that our selection is taken. It is a valuable record of Renaissance life in Italy as well as an exciting adventure story.

When he was thirty-seven, he was jailed in the papal Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome at the accusation of the Pope, Paul III, who maintained that Cellini had stolen some eighty thousand crowns' worth of papal jewels. Cellini claimed innocence and escaped from the prison.





FROM:

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
BENVENUTO CELLINI"

*Translated by John Addington Symonds*

I THEN began to deliberate upon the best way of making my escape. No sooner had I been locked in, than I went about exploring my prison; and when I thought I had discovered how to get out of it, I pondered the means of descending from the lofty keep, for so the great round central tower is called. I took those new sheets of mine, which, as I have said already, I had cut in strips and sewn together; then I reckoned up the quantity which would be sufficient for my purpose. Having made this estimate and put all things in order, I looked out a pair of pincers which I had abstracted from a Savoyard belonging to the guard of the castle. This man superintended the casks and cisterns; he also amused himself with carpentering. Now, he possessed several pairs of pincers, among which was one both big and heavy. I, then, thinking it would suit my purpose, took it and hid it in my straw mattress. The time had now come for me to use it; so I began to try the nails which kept the hinges of my door in place.\* The door was double, and the clinching of the nails could not be seen; so that when I attempted to draw one out, I met with the greatest trouble. In the end, however, I succeeded. When I had drawn the first nail, I bethought me how to prevent its being noticed. For this purpose I mixed some rust, which I had scraped from old iron, with a little wax, obtaining exactly the same colour as the heads of the long nails which I had extracted. Then I set myself to counterfeit these heads and place them on the holdfasts; for each nail I extracted I made a counterfeit in wax. I left the hinges

\* The door seems to have been hung upon hinges with plates nailed into the posts. Cellini calls these plates *bandelle*.



attached to their door-posts at top and bottom by means of some of the same nails that I had drawn; but I took care to cut these and replace them lightly, so that they only just supported the irons of the hinges.

All this I performed with the greatest difficulty because the castellan kept dreaming every night that I had escaped, which made him send from time to time to inspect my prison. The man who came had the title and behaviour of a catchpole. He was called Bozza and used always to bring with him another of the same sort, named Giovanni and nicknamed Pedignone; the latter was a soldier and Bozza a serving-man. Giovanni never entered my prison without saying something offensive to me. He came from the district of Prato and had been an apothecary in the town there. Every evening he minutely examined the holdfasts of the hinges and the whole chamber, and I used to say, "Keep a good watch over me, for I am resolved by all means to escape." These words bred a great enmity between him and me, so that I was obliged to use precautions to conceal my tools, that is to say, my pincers and a great big poniard and other appurtenances. All these I put away together in my mattress, where I also kept the strips of linen I had made. When day broke, I used immediately to sweep my room out; and though I am by nature a lover of cleanliness, at that time I kept myself unusually spic and span. After sweeping up, I made my bed as daintily as I could, laying flowers upon it, which a Savoyard used to bring me nearly every morning. He had the care of the cistern and the casks and also amused himself with carpentering; it was from him I stole the pincers which I used in order to draw out the nails from the holdfasts of the hinges.

Well, to return to the subject of my bed. When Bozza and Pedignone came, I always told them to give it a wide berth so as not to dirty and spoil it for me. Now and then, just to irritate me, they would touch it lightly, upon which I cried, "Ah, dirty cowards! I'll lay my hand on one of your swords there and will do you a mischief that will make you wonder. Do you think you are fit to touch the bed of a man like me? When I chastise you, I shall not heed my own life, for I am certain to take yours. Let me alone then with my troubles and my tribulations and don't give

me more annoyance than I have already; if not, I shall make you see what a desperate man is able to do." These words they reported to the castellan, who gave them express orders never to go near my bed, and when they came to me, to come without swords, but for the rest to keep a watchful guard upon me.

Having thus secured my bed from meddlers, I felt as though the main point was gained; for there lay all things needful to my venture. It happened on the evening of a certain feast day that the castellan was seriously indisposed; his humours grew extravagant; he kept repeating that he was a bat, and if they heard that Benvenuto had flown away, they must let him go to catch me up, since he could fly by night most certainly as well or better than myself; for it was thus he argued: "Benvenuto is a counterfeit bat, but I am a real one; and since he is committed to my care, leave me to act; I shall be sure to catch him." He had passed several nights in this frenzy and had worn out all his servants, whereof I received full information through divers channels, but specially from the Savoyard, who was my friend at heart.

On the evening of that feast day, then, I made my mind up to escape, come what might; and first I prayed most devoutly to God, imploring His Divine Majesty to protect and succour me in that so perilous a venture. Afterward I set to work at all the things I needed and laboured the whole of the night. It was two hours before daybreak when at last I removed those hinges with the greatest toil. But the wooden panel itself and the bolt, too, offered such resistance that I could not open the door; so I had to cut into the wood. Yet in the end I got it open; and shouldering the strips of linen which I had rolled up like bundles of flax upon two sticks, I went forth and directed my steps toward the latrines of the keep. Spying from within two tiles upon the roof, I was able at once to clamber up with ease. I wore a white doublet with a pair of white hose and a pair of half boots into which I had stuck the poniard I have mentioned.

After scaling the roof, I took one end of my linen roll and attached it to a piece of antique tile which was built into the fortress wall; it happened to jut out scarcely four fingers. In order to fix the band, I gave it the form of a stirrup. When I had attached it to that piece of tile, I turned to God and said, "Lord

God, give aid to my good cause; you know that it is good; you see that I am aiding myself."

Then I let myself go gently by degrees, supporting myself with the sinews of my arms, until I touched the ground. There was no moonshine, but the light of a fair open heaven. When I stood upon my feet on solid earth, I looked up at the vast height which I had descended with such spirit and went gladly away, thinking I was free. But this was not the case; for the castellan on that side of the fortress had built two lofty walls, the space between which he used for stable and henyard. The place was barred with thick iron bolts outside. I was terribly disgusted to find there was no exit from this trap; but while I paced up and down debating what to do, I stumbled on a long pole which was covered up with straw. Not without great trouble, I succeeded in placing it against the wall and then swarmed up it by the force of my arms until I reached the top. But since the wall ended in a sharp ridge, I had not strength enough to drag the pole up after me. Accordingly, I made my mind up to use a portion of the second roll of linen which I had there; the other was left hanging from the keep of the castle. So I cut a piece off, tied it to the pole and clambered down the wall, enduring the utmost toil and fatigue. I was quite exhausted and had, moreover, flayed the inside of my hands, which bled freely. This compelled me to rest awhile, and I bathed my hands in my own urine. When I thought that my strength was recovered, I advanced quickly toward the last rampart, which faces toward Prati. There I put my bundle of linen lines down upon the ground, meaning to fasten them round a battlement and descend the lesser as I had the greater height.

But no sooner had I placed the linen, than I became aware behind me of a sentinel, who was going the rounds. Seeing my designs interrupted and my life in peril, I resolved to face the guard. This fellow, when he noticed my bold front, and that I was marching on him with a weapon in hand, quickened his pace and gave me a wide berth. I had left my lines some little way behind; so I turned with hasty steps to regain them; and though I came within sight of another sentinel, he seemed as though he did not choose to take notice of me. Having found my lines and attached them to the battlement, I let myself go. On the descent,

whether it was that I thought I had really come to earth and relaxed my grasp to jump, or whether my hands were so tired that they could not keep their hold, at any rate I fell, struck my head in falling, and lay stunned for more than an hour and a half, so far as I could judge.

It was just upon daybreak when the fresh breeze which blows an hour before the sun revived me; yet I did not immediately recover my senses, for I thought my head had been cut off and fancied that I was in purgatory. With time, little by little, my faculties returned; and I perceived that I was outside the castle and in a flash remembered all my adventures. I was aware of the wound in my head before I knew my leg was broken; for I put my hands up and withdrew them covered with blood. Then I searched the spot well and judged and ascertained that I had sustained no injury of consequence there. But when I wanted to stand up, I discovered that my right leg was broken three inches above the heel. Not even this dismayed me. I drew forth my poniard with its scabbard. The latter had a metal point ending in a large ball, which had caused the fracture of my leg; for the bone, coming into violent contact with the ball and not being able to bend, had snapped at that point. I threw the sheath away and, with the poniard, cut a piece of the linen which I had left. Then I bound my leg up as well as I could and crawled on all fours with the poniard in my hand toward the city gate. When I reached it, I found it shut; but I noticed a stone just beneath the door which did not appear to be very firmly fixed. This I attempted to dislodge. After setting my hands to it and feeling it move, it easily gave way; and I drew it out. Through the gap thus made I crept into the town.

I had crawled more than five hundred paces from the place where I fell to the gate by which I entered. No sooner had I got inside than some mastiff dogs set upon me and bit me badly. When they returned to the attack and worried me, I drew my poniard and wounded one of them so sharply, that he howled aloud; and all the dogs, according to their nature, ran after him. I meanwhile made the best way I could on all fours toward the church of the Trespontina.

On arriving at the opening of the street which leads to Sant'

Angelo, I turned off in the direction of San Piero. And now the dawn had risen over me, and I felt myself in danger. When, therefore, I chanced to meet a water-carrier driving his donkey laden with full buckets, I called the fellow and begged him to carry me upon his back to the terrace by the steps of San Piero, adding, "I am an unfortunate young man, who, while escaping from a window in a love-adventure, have fallen and broken my leg. The place from which I made my exit is one of great importance; and if I am discovered, I run risk of being cut to pieces; so for heaven's sake, lift me quickly, and I will give you a crown of gold." Saying this, I clapped my hand to my purse, where I had a good quantity. He took me up at once, hitched me on his back, and carried me to the raised terrace by the steps to San Piero. There I bade him leave me, saying he must run back to his donkey.

I resumed my march, crawling always on all fours and making for the palace of the Duchess, wife of Duke Ottavio and daughter of the Emperor.\* She was his natural child and had been married to Duke Alessandro. I chose her house for refuge because I was quite certain that many of my friends, who had come with that great princess from Florence, were tarrying there; also because she had taken me into favour through something which the castellan had said in my behalf. Wishing to be of service to me, he told the Pope that I had saved the city more than a thousand crowns of damage, caused by heavy rain on the occasion when the Duchess made her entrance into Rome. He related how he was in despair and how I put heart into him, and went on to describe how I had pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest and whence a deluge of water was already pouring; then, when I began to fire, the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone out. And so I was the sole cause of the festival succeeding, to the joy of everybody.

On hearing this narration the Duchess said, "That Benvenuto is one of the artists of merit, who enjoyed the goodwill of my late

Margaret of Austria, who married Ottaviano Farnese in November 1538, after Alessandro's murder.

husband, Duke Alessandro, and I shall always hold them in mind if an opportunity comes of doing such men service." She also talked of me to Duke Ottavio. For these reasons I meant to go straight to the house of her Excellency, which was a very fine palace situated in Borgio Vecchio.

I should have been quite safe from recapture by the Pope if I could have stayed there; but my exploits up to this point had been too marvellous for a human being, and God was unwilling to encourage my vain glory. Accordingly, for my own good, He chastised me a second time worse even than the first. The cause of this was that while I was crawling on all fours up those steps, a servant of Cardinal Comaro recognised me. His master was then lodging in the palace; so the servant ran up to his room and woke him, crying, "Most reverend Monsignor, your friend Benvenuto is down there. He has escaped from the castle and is crawling on all fours, streaming with blood. To all appearances he has broken a leg, and we don't know whither he is going."

The Cardinal exclaimed at once, "Run and carry him upon your back into my room here."

When I arrived, he told me to be under no apprehension and sent for the first physicians of Rome to take my case in hand. Among them was Maestro Jacomo of Perugia, a most excellent and able surgeon. He set the bone with dexterity, then bound the limb up and bled me with his own hand. It happened that my veins were swollen far beyond their usual size, and he too wished to make a pretty wide incision. Accordingly the blood sprang forth so copiously and spurted with such force into his face that he had to abandon the operation. He regarded this as a very bad omen and could hardly be prevailed upon to undertake my cure. Indeed, he often expressed a wish to leave me, remembering that he ran no little risk of punishment for having treated my case, or rather for having proceeded to the end with it. The Cardinal had me placed in a secret chamber and went off immediately to beg me from the Pope.





## *Adventure in the South Seas*

THE story of how Thor Heyerdahl and his five companions crossed the Pacific in a wooden raft is so exciting as to be almost unbelievable. Yet these six were no mere adventurers. They were *scientist-adventurers* trying to prove an important scientific idea.

Heyerdahl expresses his simple but fervently-believed theory in his letters to his fellow-explorers: "Am going to cross Pacific on a wooden raft to support a theory that the South Sea islands were peopled from Peru. Will you come? I guarantee nothing but a free trip to Peru and the South Sea islands and back, but you will find good use for your technical abilities on the voyage. Reply at once."

Thus in a primitive wooden raft made of forty-foot balsa logs, they set forth—knowing that they risked their lives every hour—just to prove that the ancient Peruvians traveling on a *similar* raft could have made a 4,300-mile-trip to reach the Polynesian islands.

Thor Heyerdahl's theory did not come to him lightly. He had previously seen for himself stone figures in the Polynesian jungles, which were remarkably like those left by extinct civilizations in South America. He heard legends in the South Seas of how the natives' ancestors had crossed the seas. He knew that when the first Europeans had come to these islands they had found to their surprise that every one of these mountainous islands was already populated with men, women, dogs and fowls. Where had they come from?

It took Heyerdahl and his friends 101 days on the open seas to prove his theory was not absurd. In our section, the raft, *Kon-Tiki*, named after a legendary sun king, has finally drifted from Peru to the South Sea islands. . . .







FROM:

## "KON-TIKI"

*by Thor Heyerdahl*

**F**OR three days we drifted across the sea without a sight of land.

We were drifting straight toward the ominous Takume and Raroia reefs, which together blocked up forty to fifty miles of the sea ahead of us. We made desperate efforts to steer clear to the north of these dangerous reefs, and things seemed to be going well till one night the watch came hurrying in and called us all out.

The wind had changed. We were heading straight for the Takume reef. It had begun to rain, and there was no visibility at all. The reef could not be far off.

In the middle of night we held a council of war. It was a question of saving our lives now. To get past on the north side was now hopeless; we must try to get through on the south side instead. We trimmed the sail, laid the oar over and began a dangerous piece of sailing with the uncertain north wind behind us. If the east wind came back before we had passed the whole façade of the fifty-mile-long reefs, we should be hurled in among the breakers at their mercy.

We agreed on all that should be done if shipwreck was imminent. We would stay on board the *Kon-Tiki* at all costs. We would not climb up the mast, from which we should be shaken down like rotten fruit, but would cling tight to the stays of the mast when the seas poured over us. We laid the rubber raft loose on the deck and made fast to it a small watertight radio transmitter, a small quantity of provisions, waterbottles, and medical stores. This would be washed ashore independently of us if we ourselves should get over the reef safe but empty-handed. In the stern of the *Kon-Tiki* we made fast a long rope with a float which

also would be washed ashore, so that we could try to pull in the raft if she were stranded out on the reef. And so we crept into bed and left the watch to the helmsman out in the rain.

As long as the north wind held, we glided slowly but surely down along the façade of the coral reefs which lay in ambush below the horizon. But then one afternoon the wind died away, and when it returned it had gone round into the east. According to Erik's position we were already so far down that we now had some hope of steering clear of the southernmost point of the Raroia reef. We would try to get round it and into shelter before going on to other reefs beyond it.

When night came, we had been a hundred days at sea.

Late in the night I woke, feeling restless and uneasy. There was something unusual in the movement of the waves. The *Kon-Tiki's* motion was a little different from what it usually was in such conditions. We had become sensitive to changes in the rhythm of the logs. I thought at once of suction from a coast which was drawing near and I was continually out on deck and up the mast. Nothing but sea was visible. But I could get no quiet sleep. Time passed.

At dawn, just before six, Torstein came hurrying down from the masthead. He could see a whole line of small palm-clad islands far ahead. Before doing anything else we laid the oar over to southward as far as we could. What Torstein had seen must be the small coral islands which lay strewn like pearls on a string behind the Raroia reef. A northward current must have caught us.

At half-past seven palm-clad islets had appeared in a row all along the horizon to westward. The southernmost lay roughly ahead of our bow, and thence there were islands and clumps of palms all along the horizon on our starboard side till they disappeared as dots away to northward. The nearest were four or five sea miles away.

A survey from the masthead showed that, even if our bow pointed toward the bottom island in the chain, our drift sideways was so great that we were not advancing in the direction in which our bow pointed. We were drifting diagonally right in toward the reef. With fixed centerboards we should still have had some hope

of steering clear. But sharks were following close astern, so that it was impossible to dive under the raft and tighten up the loose centerboards with fresh guy ropes.

We saw that we had now only a few hours more on board the *Kon-Tiki*. They must be used in preparation for our inevitable wreck on the coral reef. Every man learned what he had to do when the moment came; each one of us knew where his own limited sphere of responsibility lay, so that we should not fly round, treading on one another's toes when the time came and seconds counted. The *Kon-Tiki* pitched up and down, up and down as the wind forced us in. There was no doubt that here was the turmoil of waves created by the reef—some waves advancing while others were hurled back after beating vainly against the surrounding wall.

We were still under full sail in the hope of even now being able to steer clear. As we gradually drifted nearer, half sideways, we saw from the mast how the whole string of palm-clad isles was connected with a coral reef, part above and part under water, which lay like a mole where the sea was white with foam and leaped high into the air. The Raroia atoll is oval in shape and has a diameter of twenty-five miles, not counting the adjoining reefs of Takume. The whole of its longer side faces the sea to eastward, where we came pitching in. The reef itself, which runs in one line from horizon to horizon, is only a few hundred yards clear; and behind it idyllic islets lie in a string round the still lagoon inside.

It was with mixed feelings that we saw the blue Pacific being ruthlessly torn up and hurled into the air all along the horizon ahead of us. I knew what awaited us; I had visited the Tuamotu group before and had stood safe on land looking out over the immense spectacle in the east, where the surf from the open Pacific broke in over the reef. New reefs and islands kept on gradually appearing to southward. We must be lying off the middle of the façade of the coral wall.

On board the *Kon-Tiki* all preparations for the end of the voyage were being made. Everything of value was carried into the cabin and lashed fast. Documents and papers were packed into watertight bags, along with films and other things which

would not stand a dip in the sea. The whole bamboo cabin was covered with canvas, and especially strong ropes were lashed across it. When we saw that all hope was gone, we opened up the bamboo deck and cut off with machete knives all the ropes which held the centerboards down. It was a hard job to get the centerboards drawn up because they were all thickly covered with stout barnacles. With the centerboards up the draught of our vessel was no deeper than to the bottom of the timber logs, and we would therefore be more easily washed in over the reef. With no centerboards and with the sail down, the raft lay completely sideways on and was entirely at the mercy of wind and sea.

We tied the longest rope we had to the homemade anchor and made it fast to the step of the port mast, so that the *Kon-Tiki* would go into the surf stern first when the anchor was thrown overboard. The anchor itself consisted of empty water cans filled with used radio batteries and heavy scrap, and solid mangrove-wood sticks projected from it, set crosswise.

Order number one, which came first and last, was: Hold on to the raft! Whatever happened, we must hang on tight on board and let the nine great logs take the pressure from the reef. We ourselves had more than enough to do to withstand the weight of the water. If we jumped overboard, we should become helpless victims of the suction which would fling us in and out over the sharp corals. The rubber raft would capsize in the steep seas or, heavily loaded with us in it, it would be torn to ribbons against the reef. But the wooden logs would sooner or later be cast ashore, and we with them, if we only managed to hold fast.

Next, all hands were told to put on their shoes for the first time in a hundred days and to have their life belts ready. The last precaution, however, was not of much value, for if a man fell overboard he would be battered to death, not drowned. We had time, too, to put our passports and such few dollars as we had left into our pockets. But it was not lack of time that was troubling us.

Those were anxious hours in which we lay drifting helplessly sideways, step after step, in toward the reef. It was noticeably quiet on board; we all crept in and out from cabin to bamboo deck, silent or laconic, and carried on with our jobs. Our serious

faces showed that no one was in doubt as to what awaited us, and the absence of nervousness showed that we had all gradually acquired an unshakable confidence in the raft. If it had brought us across the sea, it would also manage to bring us ashore alive.

Inside the cabin there was a complete chaos of provision cartons and cargo, lashed fast. Torstein had barely found room for himself in the radio corner, where he had got the short-wave transmitter working. We were now over 4,000 sea miles from our old base at Callao, where the Peruvian Naval War School had maintained regular contact with us, and still farther from Hal and Frank and the other radio amateurs in the United States. But, as chance willed, we had on the previous day got in touch with a capable radio "ham" who had a set on Rarotonga in the Cook Islands; and the operators, quite contrary to all our usual practice, had arranged for an extra contact with him early in the morning. All the time we were drifting closer and closer in to the reef, Torstein was sitting tapping his key and calling Rarotonga.

Entries in the *Kon-Tiki's* log ran:

—8:15: *We are slowly approaching land. We can now make out with the naked eye the separate palm trees inside on the starboard side.*

—8:45: *The wind has veered into a still more unfavorable quarter for us; so we have no hope of getting clear. No nervousness on board, but hectic preparations on deck. There is something lying on the reef ahead of us which looks like the wreck of a sailing vessel, but it may be only a heap of driftwood.*

—9:45: *The wind is taking us straight toward the last island but one we see behind the reef. We can now see the whole coral reef clearly; here it is built up like a white and red speckled wall which barely sticks up out of the water as a belt in front of all the islands. All along the reef white foaming surf is flung up toward the sky. Bengt is just serving up a good hot meal, the last before the great action!*

*It is a wreck lying in there on the reef. We are so close now that we can see right across the shining lagoon behind the reef and see the outlines of other islands on the other side of the lagoon.*

As this was written, the dull drone of the surf came near again; it came from the whole reef and filled the air like thrilling

rolls of the drum, heralding the exciting last act of the *Kon-Tiki*.

—9:50: *Very close now. Drifting along the reef. Only a hundred yards or so away. Torstein is talking to the man on Rarotonga. All clear. Must pack up log now. All in good spirits; it looks bad, but we shall make it!*

A few minutes later the anchor rushed overboard and caught hold of the bottom, so that the *Kon-Tiki* swung around and turned her stern inward toward the breakers. It held us for a few valuable minutes, while Torstein sat hammering like mad on the key. He had got Rarotonga now. The breakers thundered in the air and the sea rose and fell furiously. All hands were at work on deck, and now Torstein got his message through. He said we were drifting toward the Raroia reef. He asked Rarotonga to listen in on the same wave length every hour. If we were silent for more than thirty-six hours, Rarotonga must let the Norwegian Embassy in Washington know. Torstein's last words were:

"O.K. Fifty yards left. Here we go. Good-by."

Then he closed down the station, Knut sealed up the papers, and both crawled out on deck as fast as they could to join the rest of us; for it was clear now that the anchor was giving way.

The swell grew heavier and heavier, with deep troughs between the waves; and we felt the raft being swung up and down, up and down, higher and higher.

Again the order was shouted: "Hold on! Never mind about the cargo! Hold on!"

We were now so near the waterfall inside that we no longer heard the steady continuous roar from all along the reef. We now heard only a separate boom each time the nearest breaker crashed down on the rocks.

All hands stood in readiness, each clinging fast to the rope he thought the most secure. Only Erik crept into the cabin at the last moment; there was one part of the program he had not yet carried out—he had not found his shoes!

No one stood aft, for it was there the shock from the reef would come. Nor were the two firm stays which ran from the masthead down to the stern safe. For if the mast fell, they would be left hanging overboard, over the reef. Herman, Rengt, and Torstein had climbed up on some boxes which were lashed fast

forward of the cabin wall; and while Herman clung on to the guy ropes from the ridge of the roof, the other two held on to the ropes from the masthead by which the sail at other times was hauled up. Knut and I chose the stay running from the bow up to the masthead; for if mast and cabin and everything else went overboard, we thought the rope from the bow would nevertheless remain lying inboard, as we were now head-on to the seas.

When we realized that the seas had got hold of us, the anchor rope was cut and we were off. A sea rose straight up under us, and we felt the *Kon-Tiki* being lifted up in the air. The great moment had come; we were riding on the wave back at breathless speed, our ramshackle craft creaking and groaning as she quivered under us. The excitement made one's blood boil. I remember that, having no other inspiration, I waved my arm and bellowed "Hurrah!" at the top of my lungs; it afforded a certain relief and could do no harm anyway. The others certainly thought I had gone mad, but they all beamed and grinned enthusiastically. On we ran with the seas rushing in behind us; this was the *Kon-Tiki's* baptism of fire. All must and would go well.

But our elation was soon dampened. A new sea rose high up astern of us like a glittering, green glass wall. As we sank down it came rolling after us, and, in the same second in which I saw it high above me, I felt a violent blow and was submerged under floods of water. I felt the suction through my whole body with such great power that I had to strain every single muscle in my frame and think of one thing only—hold on, hold on! I think that, in such a desperate situation, the arms will be torn off before the brain consents to let go, evident as the outcome is. Then I felt that the mountain of water was passing on and relaxing its devilish grip of my body. When the whole mountain had rushed on with an ear-splitting roaring and crashing, I saw Knut again hanging on beside me, doubled up into a ball. Seen from behind, the great sea was almost flat and gray. As it rushed on, it swept over the ridge of the cabin roof as the water passed over them.

We were still afloat.

In an instant I renewed my hold, with arms and legs bent round the strong rope. Knut let himself down and, with a tiger's leap, joined the others on the boxes, where the cabin took the



strain. I heard reassuring exclamations from them, but at the same time I saw a new green wall rise up and come towering toward us. I shouted a warning and made myself as small and hard as I could where I hung. In an instant, hell was over us again; and the *Kon-Tiki* disappeared completely under the masses of water. The sea tugged and pulled with all the force it could bring to bear at the poor little bundles of human bodies. The second sea rushed over us, to be followed by a third like it.

Then I heard a triumphant shout from Knut, who was now hanging on to the rope ladder:

"Look at the raft! She's holding!"

After three seas, only the double mast and the cabin had been knocked a bit crooked. Again we had a feeling of triumph over the elements, and the elation of victory gave us new strength.

Then I saw the next sea come towering up, higher than all the rest; and again I bellowed a warning aft to the others as I climbed up the stay, as high as I could get in a hurry, and hung on fast. Then I myself disappeared sideways into the midst of the green wall which towered high over us. The others, who were farther aft and saw me disappear first, estimated the height of the wall of water at twenty-five feet, while the foaming crest passed by fifteen feet above the part of the glassy wall into which I had vanished. Then the great wave reached them, and we had all one single thought—hold on, hold on, hold, hold, hold!

We must have hit the reef that time. I myself felt only the strain on the stay, which seemed to bend and slacken jerkily. But whether the bumps came from above or below, I could not tell, hanging there. The whole submersion lasted only seconds, but it demanded more endurance than we usually have in our bodies. There is greater strength in the human mechanism than that of the muscles alone. I determined that, if I was to die, I would die in this position, like a knot on the stay. The sea thundered on, over and past; and as it roared by, it revealed a hideous sight. The *Kon-Tiki* was wholly changed, as by the stroke of a magic wand. The vessel we knew from weeks and months at sea was no more; in a few seconds our pleasant world had become a shattered wreck.

I saw only one man on board besides myself. He lay pressed flat across the ridge of the cabin roof, face downward, with his

arms stretched out on both sides; while the cabin itself was crushed in, like a house of cards, toward the stern and toward the starboard side. The motionless figure was Herman. There was no other sign of life, while the hill of water thundered by, in across the reef. The hardwood mast on the starboard side was broken like a match, and the upper stump, in its fall, had smashed right through the cabin roof, so that the mast and all its gear slanted at a low angle over the reef on the starboard side. Astern, the steering block was twisted round lengthways and the cross-beam broken, while the steering oar was smashed to splinters. The splashboards at the bow were broken like cigar boxes, and the whole deck was torn up and pasted like wet paper against the forward wall of the cabin, along with boxes, cans, canvas, and other cargo. Bamboo sticks and rope ends stuck up everywhere, and the general effect was of complete chaos.

I felt cold fear run through my whole body. What was the good of my holding on? If I lost one single man here, in the run in, the whole thing would be ruined; and for the moment there was only one human figure to be seen after the last buffet. In that second Torstein's hunched-up form appeared outside the raft. He was hanging like a monkey in the ropes from the masthead and managed to get on to the logs again, where he crawled up on to the debris forward of the cabin. Herman, too, now turned his head and gave me a forced grin of encouragement, but did not move. I bellowed in the faint hope of locating the others, and heard Bengt's calm voice call out that all hands were aboard. They were lying holding on to the ropes behind the tangled barricade which the tough plaiting from the bamboo deck had built up.

All this happened in the course of a few seconds, while the *Kon-Tiki* was being drawn out of the witches' caldron by the backwash and a fresh sea came rolling over her. For the last time I bellowed "Hang on!" at the top of my lungs amid the uproar, and that was all I myself did; I hung on and disappeared in the masses of water which rushed over and past in those endless two or three seconds. That was enough for me. I saw the ends of the logs knocking and bumping against a sharp step in the coral reef without going over it. Then we were sucked out again. I also saw the two men who lay stretched out across the ridge of

the cabin roof, but none of us smiled any longer. Behind the chaos of bamboo I heard a calm voice call out:

"This won't do."

I myself felt equally discouraged. As the masthead sank farther and farther out over the starboard side, I found myself hanging on to a slack line outside the raft. The next sea came. When it had gone by I was dead-tired, and my only thought was to get up on to the logs and lie behind the barricade. When the backwash retreated, I saw for the first time the rugged red reef naked beneath us and perceived Torstein standing, bent double, on gleaming red corals, holding on to a bunch of rope ends from the mast. Knut, standing aft, was about to jump. I shouted that we must all keep on the logs, and Torstein, who had been washed overboard by the pressure of water, sprang up again like a cat.

Two or three more seas rolled over us with diminishing force, and what happened then I do not remember, except that water foamed in and out and I myself sank lower and lower toward the red reef over which we were being lifted in. Then, only crests of foam full of salt spray came whirling in, and I was able to work my way in on to the raft, where we all made for the after end of the logs, which was highest up on the reef.

At the same moment Knut crouched down and sprang up on to the reef with the line which lay clear astern. While the breakwash was running out, he waded through the whirling water some thirty yards in and stood safely at the end of the line when the next sea foamed in toward him, died down and ran back from the flat reef like a broad stream.

Then Erik came crawling out of the collapsed cabin with his shoes on. If we had all done as he did, we should have got off cheaply. As the cabin had not been washed overboard but had been pressed down pretty flat under the canvas, Erik lay quietly stretched out among the cargo and heard the peals of thunder crashing above him while the collapsed bamboo walls curved downward. Bengt had had a slight concussion when the mast fell but had managed to crawl under the wrecked cabin alongside Erik. We should all of us have been lying there if we had realized in advance how firmly the countless lashings and plaited bamboo

sheets would hang on to the main logs under the pressure of the water.

Erik was now standing ready on the logs aft, and when the sea retired he, too, jumped up on to the reef. It was Herman's turn next, and then Bengt's. Each time, the raft was pushed a bit farther in, and when Torstein's turn and my own came, the raft already lay so far in on the reef that there was no longer any ground for abandoning her. All hands began the work of salvage.

We were now twenty yards away from that devilish step up on the reef, and it was there and beyond it that the breakers came rolling after one another in long lines. The coral polyps had taken care to build the atoll so high that only the very tops of the breakers were able to send a fresh stream of sea water past us and into the lagoon, which abounded in fish. Here, inside, was the corals' own world, and they distorted themselves in the strangest shapes and colors.

A long way in on the reef the others found the rubber raft, lying drifting and quite waterlogged. They emptied it and dragged it back to the wreck; and we loaded it to the full with the most important equipment, like the radio set, provisions and water bottles. We dragged all this in across the reef and piled it up on the top of a huge block of coral, which lay alone on the inside of the reef like a large meteorite. Then we went back to the wreck for fresh loads. We could never know what the sea would be up to when the tidal currents got to work around us.

In the shallow water inside the reef, we saw something bright shining in the sun. When we waded over to pick it up, to our astonishment we saw two empty tins. This was not exactly what we had expected to find there, and we were still more surprised when we saw that the little boxes were quite bright and newly opened and stamped "Pineapple," with the same inscription as that on the new field rations we ourselves were testing for the quartermaster. They were indeed two of our own pineapple tins which we had thrown overboard after our last meal on board the *Kon-Tiki*. We had followed close behind them up on the reef.

We were standing on sharp, rugged coral blocks; and on the uneven bottom we waded, now ankle-deep, now chest-deep, according to the channels and stream beds in the reef. Anemones

and corals gave the whole reef the appearance of a rock garden covered with mosses and cactus and fossilized plants, red and green and yellow and white. There was no color that was not represented, either in corals or algae or in shells and sea slugs and fantastic fish, which were wriggling about everywhere. In the deeper channels small sharks about four feet long came sneaking up to us in the crystal-clear water. But we had only to smack the water with the palms of our hands for them to turn about and keep at a distance.

Where we had stranded, we had only pools of water and wet patches of coral about us; farther in lay the calm blue lagoon. The tide was going out, and we continually saw more corals sticking up out of the water round us; while the surf, which thundered without interruption along the reef, sank down, as it were, a floor lower. What would happen there on the narrow reef when the tide began to flow again was uncertain. We must get away.

The reef stretched like a half-submerged fortress wall up to the north and down to the south. In the extreme south was a long island densely covered with tall palm forest. And just above us to the north, only 600 or 700 yards away, lay another but considerably smaller palm island. It lay inside the reef, with palm tops rising into the sky and snow-white sandy beaches running out into the still lagoon. The whole island looked like a bulging green basket of flowers or a little bit of concentrated paradise.

This island we chose.

Herman stood beside me, beaming all over his bearded face. He did not say a word, only stretched out his hand and laughed quietly. The *Kon-Tiki* still lay far out on the reef with the spray flying over her. She was a wreck, but an honorable wreck. Everything above deck was smashed up, but the nine balsa logs from the Quevedo forest in Ecuador were as intact as ever. They had saved our lives. The sea had claimed but little of the cargo, and none of what we had stowed inside the cabin. We ourselves had stripped the raft of everything of real value, which now lay in safety on the top of the great sun-smitten rock inside the reef.

Since I had jumped off the raft, I had genuinely missed the sight of all the pilot fish wriggling in front of our bow. Now the

great balsa logs lay up on the reef in six inches of water, and brown sea slugs lay writhing under the bows. The pilot fish were gone. The dolphins were gone. Only unknown flat fish with peacock patterns and blunt tails wriggled inquisitively in and out between the logs. We had arrived in a new world. Johannes had left his hole. He had doubtless found another lurking place here.

I took a last look round on board the wreck and caught sight of a little baby palm in a flattened basket. It projected from an eye in a coconut to a length of eighteen inches, and two roots stuck out below. I waded in toward the island with the nut in my hand. A little way ahead I saw Knut wading happily landward with a model of the raft, which he had made with much labor on the voyage, under his arm. We soon passed Bengt. He was a splendid steward. With a lump on his forehead and sea water dripping from his beard, he was walking bent double pushing a box, which danced along before him every time the breakers outside sent a stream over into the lagoon. He lifted the lid proudly. It was the kitchen box, and in it were the primus and cooking utensils in good order.

I shall never forget that wade across the reef toward the heavenly palm island that grew larger as it came to meet us. When I reached the sunny sand beach, I slipped off my shoes and thrust my bare toes down into the warm, bone-dry sand. It was as though I enjoyed the sight of every footprint which dug itself into the virgin sand beach that led up to the palm trunk. Soon the palm tops closed over my head, and I went on, right in toward the center of the tiny island. Green coconuts hung under the palm tufts, and some luxuriant bushes were thickly covered with snow-white blossoms, which smelled so sweet and seductive that I felt quite faint. In the interior of the island two quite tame terns flew about my shoulders. They were as white and light as wisps of cloud. Small lizards shot away from my feet, and the most important inhabitants of the island were large blood-red hermit crabs which lumbered along in every direction with stolen snail shells as large as eggs adhering to their soft hinder parts.

I was completely overwhelmed. I sank down on my knees and thrust my fingers deep down into the dry, warm sand.

The voyage was over. We were all alive. We had run ashore on

a small uninhabited South Sea island. And what an island! Torstein came in, flung away a sack, threw himself flat on his back and looked up at the palm tops and the white birds, light as down, which circled noiselessly just above us. Soon we were all six lying there. Herman, always energetic, climbed up a small palm and pulled down a cluster of large green coconuts. We cut off their soft tops with our machete knives as though they were eggs and poured down our throats the most delicious refreshing drink in the world—sweet, cold milk from young and seedless palm fruit. On the reef outside resounded the monotonous drum beats from the guard at the gates of paradise. "Purgatory was a bit damp," said Bengt, "but heaven is more or less as I'd imagined it."

We stretched ourselves luxuriously on the ground and smiled up at the white trade-wind clouds drifting by westward up above the palm tops. Now we were no longer following them helplessly; now we lay on a fixed, motionless island, in Polynesia.

And as we lay and stretched ourselves, the breakers outside us rumbled like a train, to and fro, to and fro, all along the horizon.

Bengt was right; this was heaven.



## *Adventure in Mexico*

**T**HE TIME, 1520; the place, the plains of Otumba. From the story of Cortés and his conquest of Mexico.

These are weary days for the Spaniards. The Aztecs are rallying against them with great courage, and at the time of our story the Spanish soldiers are retreating. Many have been wounded. Many are faint with fatigue and lack of food. They are even compelled to leave along the roadside the spoils of gold and jewels they had recently won.

Then follows the Battle of Otumba between Cortés and Cuitlahua, successor to Montezuma.

Here are the *historical facts* of the time: Hernando Cortés, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, first entered Mexico City on November 8, 1519. He took Montezuma, ruler of the Aztecs, prisoner . . . made a rapid march to the coast to capture Narváez, Spanish soldier sent to arrest him . . . came back to find the Aztecs in revolt. It was after the death of Montezuma in captivity that Cortés led his soldiers out of the city, after fierce fighting, to the Battle of Otumba. Cortés captured Mexico City in August, 1521, and was made governor in 1523.







FROM:  
"HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST  
OF MEXICO"

*by William H. Prescott*

AS THE army was climbing the mountain steeps which shut in the Valley of Otompan, the vedettes came in with intelligence that a powerful body was encamped on the other side, apparently awaiting their approach. The intelligence was soon confirmed by their own eyes as they turned the crest of the sierra and saw spread out below a mighty host, filling up the whole depth of the valley and giving to it the appearance, from the white cotton mail of the warriors, of being covered with snow. It consisted of levies from the surrounding country, and especially from the populous territory of Tezcuco, drawn together at the instance of Cuiclahua, Montezuma's successor, and now concentrated on this point to dispute the passage of the Spaniards. Every chief of note had taken the field with his whole array gathered under his standard, proudly displaying all the pomp and rude splendor of his military equipment. As far as the eye could reach were to be seen shields and waving banners, fantastic helmets, forests of shining spears, the bright feather-mail of the chief and the coarse cotton panoply of his followers, all mingled together in wild confusion and tossing to and fro like the billows of a troubled ocean. It was a sight to fill the stoutest heart among the Christians with dismay, heightened by the previous expectation of soon reaching the friendly land which was to terminate their wearisome pilgrimage. Even Cortés, as he contrasted the tremendous array before him with his own diminished squadrons, wasted by disease and enfeebled by hunger and fatigue, could not escape the conviction that his last hour had arrived.

But his was not the heart to despond, and he gathered strength

from the very extremity of his situation. He had no room for hesitation, for there was no alternative left to him. To escape was impossible. He could not retreat on the capital, from which he had been expelled. He must advance, cut through the enemy or perish. He hastily made his dispositions for the fight. He gave his force as broad a front as possible, protecting it on each flank by his little body of horses, now reduced to twenty. Fortunately he had not allowed the invalids, for the last two days, to mount behind the riders, from a desire to spare the horses, so that these were now in tolerable condition; and, indeed, the whole army had been refreshed by halting, as we have seen, two nights and a day in the same place, a delay, however, which had allowed the enemy time to assemble in such force to dispute its progress.

Cortés instructed his cavaliers not to part with their lances and to direct them at the face. The infantry were to thrust, not strike, with their swords, passing them at once through the bodies of their enemies. They were, above all, to aim at the leaders, as the general well knew how much depends on the life of the commander in the wars of barbarians, whose want of subordination makes them impatient of any control but that to which they are accustomed.

He then addressed to his troops a few words of encouragement, as customary with him on the eve of an engagement. He reminded them of the victories they had won with odds nearly as discouraging as the present; thus establishing the superiority of science and discipline over numbers. Numbers, indeed, were of no account, where the arm of the Almighty was on their side. And he bade them have full confidence that He who had carried them safely through so many perils would not now abandon them and His own good cause to perish by the hand of the infidel. His address was brief, for he read in their looks that settled resolve which rendered words unnecessary. The circumstances of their position spoke more forcibly to the heart of every soldier than any eloquence could have done, filling it with that feeling of desperation which makes the weak arm strong and turns the coward into a hero. After they had earnestly commended themselves, therefore, to the protection of God, the Virgin and St. James, Cortés led his battalions straight against the enemy.

It was a solemn moment in which the devoted little band, with steadfast countenances and their usual intrepid step, descended on the plain, to be swallowed up; as it were, in the vast ocean of their enemies. The latter rushed on with impetuosity to meet them, making the mountains ring to their discordant yells and battle-cries and sending forth volleys of stones and arrows which, for a moment, shut out the light of day. But when the leading files of the two armies closed, the superiority of the Christians was felt, as their antagonists, falling back before the charges of cavalry, were thrown into confusion by their own numbers who pressed on them from behind. The Spanish infantry followed up the blow; and a wide lane was opened in the ranks of the enemy, who, receding on all sides, seemed willing to allow a free passage for their opponents. But it was to return on them with accumulated force, as rallying, they poured upon the Christians, enveloping the little army on all sides, which, with its bristling array of long swords and javelins, stood firm—in the words of a contemporary—“. . . like an islet against which the breakers, roaring and surging, spend their fury in vain.” The struggle was desperate of man against man. The Tlascalán seemed to renew his strength as he fought almost in view of his own native hills, as did the Spaniard, with the horrible doom of the captive before his eyes. Well did the cavaliers do their duty on that day, charging, in little bodies of four or five abreast, deep into the enemy's ranks, riding over the broken files and, by this temporary advantage, giving strength and courage to the infantry. Not a lance was there which did not reek with the blood of the infidel. Among the rest, the young captain Sandoval is particularly commemorated for his daring prowess. Managing his fiery steed with easy horsemanship, he darted, when least expected, into the thickest of the *mêlée*, overturning the stanchest warriors and rejoicing in danger, as though it were his natural element.

But these gallant displays of heroism served only to engulf the Spaniards deeper and deeper in the mass of the enemy, with scarcely any more chance of cutting their way through his dense and interminable battalions than of hewing a passage with their swords through the mountains. Many of the Tlascaláns and some of the Spaniards had fallen, and not one but had been wounded.

Cortés himself had received a second cut on the head; and his horse was so much injured that he was compelled to dismount and take one from the baggage train, a strong-boned animal, who carried him well through the turmoil of the day. The contest had now lasted several hours. The sun rode high in the heavens and shed an intolerable fervor over the plain. The Christians, weakened by previous sufferings and faint with loss of blood, begun to relax in their desperate exertions. Their enemies, constantly supported by fresh relays from the rear, were still in good heart and, quick to perceive their advantage, pressed with redoubled force on the Spaniards. The horse fell back, crowded on the foot; and the latter, in vain seeking a passage amidst the dusky throngs of the enemy, who now closed up the rear, were thrown into some disorder. The tide of battle was setting rapidly against the Christians. The fate of the day would soon be decided, and all that now remained for them seemed to be to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

At this critical moment Cortés, whose restless eye had been roving round the field in quest of any object that might offer him the means of arresting the coming ruin, rising in his stirrups, descried at a distance, in the midst of the throng, the chief who, from his dress and military cortège, he knew must be the commander of the barbarian forces. He was covered with a rich surcoat of feather-work; and a panache of beautiful plumes, gorgeously set in gold and precious stones, floated above his head. Rising above this and attached to his back, between the shoulders, was a short staff bearing a golden net for a banner, the singular but customary symbol of authority for an Aztec commander. The cacique, whose name was Cihuaca, was borne on a litter; and a body of young warriors, whose gay and ornamented dresses showed them to be the flower of the Indian nobles, stood round as a guard of his person and the sacred emblem.

The eagle eye of Cortés no sooner fell on this personage than it lighted up with triumph. Turning quickly round to the cavaliers at his side, among whom were Sandoval, Olid, Alvarado, and Avila, he pointed out the chief, exclaiming, "There is our mark! Follow and support me!" Then, crying his war-cry and striking his iron heel into his weary steed, he plunged headlong into the

thickest of the press. His enemies fell back, taken by surprise and daunted by the ferocity of the attack. Those who did not were pierced through with his lance or borne down by the weight of his charger. The cavaliers followed close in the rear. On they swept with the fury of a thunderbolt, cleaving the solid ranks asunder, strewing their path with the dying and the dead, and bounding over every obstacle in their way. In a few minutes they were in the presence of the Indian commander; and Cortés, overturning the Indian's supporters, sprang forward with the strength of a lion and, striking him through with his lance, hurled him to the ground. A young cavalier, Juan de Salamanca, who had kept close by his general's side, quickly dismounted and despatched the fallen chief. Then, tearing away his banner, he presented it to Cortés as a trophy to which he had the best claim. It was all the work of a moment. The guard, overpowered by the suddenness of the onset, made little resistance but, flying, communicated their own panic to their comrades. The tidings of the loss soon spread over the field. The Indians, filled with consternation, now thought only of escape. In their blind terror their numbers augmented their confusion. They trampled on one another, fancying it was the enemy in their rear.

The Spaniards and Tlascalans were not slow to avail themselves of the marvelous change in their affairs. Their fatigue, their wounds, hunger, thirst, all were forgotten in the eagerness for vengeance; and they followed up the flying foe, dealing death at every stroke and taking ample retribution for all they had suffered in the bloody marshes of Mexico. Long did they pursue, till the enemy abandoned the field, when they returned, sated with slaughter, to glean the booty which he had left. It was great, for the ground was covered with the bodies of chiefs, at whom the Spaniards, in obedience to the general's instructions, had particularly aimed; and their dresses displayed all the barbaric pomp of ornament in which the Indian warrior delighted. When his men had thus indemnified themselves, in some degree, for their late reverses, Cortés called them again under their banners; and after offering up a grateful acknowledgment to the Lord of Hosts for their miraculous preservation, they renewed their march across the now deserted valley. The sun was declining in the heavens;

but before the shades of evening had gathered around, they reached an Indian temple on an eminence, which afforded a strong and commodious position for the night.

Such was the famous battle of Otompan—or Otumba, as commonly called, from the Spanish corruption of the name. It was fought on the eighth of July, 1520. The whole amount of the Indian force is reckoned by Castilian writers at two hundred thousand, that of the slain at twenty thousand! Those who admit the first part of the estimate will find no difficulty in receiving the last. It is about as difficult to form an accurate calculation of the numbers of a disorderly savage multitude as of the pebbles on the beach or the scattered leaves in autumn. Yet it was, undoubtedly, one of the most remarkable victories ever achieved in the New World. And this, not merely, on account of the disparity of the forces, but of their unequal condition. For the Indians were in all their strength, while the Christians were wasted by disease, famine and long-protracted sufferings, without cannon or fire-arms and deficient in the military apparatus which had so often struck terror into their barbarian foe—deficient even in the terrors of a victorious name. But they had discipline on their side, desperate resolve and implicit confidence in their commander. That they should have triumphed against such odds furnishes an inference of the same kind as that established by the victories of the European over the semi-civilized hordes of Asia.

Yet, even here, all must not be referred to superior discipline and tactics. For the battle would certainly have been lost had it not been for the fortunate death of the Indian general. And although the selection of the victim may be called the result of calculation, yet it was by the most precarious chance that he was thrown in the way of the Spaniards. It is, indeed, one among many examples of the influence of fortune in determining the fate of military operations. The star of Cortés was in the ascendant. Had it been otherwise, not a Spaniard would have survived that day to tell the bloody tale of the battle of Otumba.



## *Adventure in the State Department*

THE yearning for adventure is a normal human emotion. I was not surprised to learn that after the publication of this article more than 2,000 young men deluged the State Department for courier jobs. They applied by letter, by telegram, by telephone, in person. They came from every one of the forty-eight states. Certainly the lure could not have been money, for the industrial world offers far better salaries than does the courier service. What then was it these 2,000 men wanted? Travel. Adventure. Participation in world affairs by delivering secret documents and maps to American outposts. In short, they sought a chance to cope with the unexpected in remote corners of the world.

Oscar Schisgall, the author of this adventure tale, had ample opportunity to study the couriers and their ways. In his years as a top consultant to the State Department he met many of them; and he brought to these contacts the searching curiosity of a man who seeks out adventure as grist for his mill—a mill that has produced hundreds of magazine adventure stories and more than a score of adventure books.

For many years regarded as one of America's foremost mystery writers, in recent times Schisgall has concentrated on novels and magazine novelettes. One of his most popular magazine fiction works takes off where this article ends and relates the saga of a typical courier—a story that has had several television performances.







FROM:  
"TOP SECRET"

*by Oscar Schisgall*

**O**N A foggy dawn in one of the last days of the war a transport plane took off for London from a Scandinavian air base. Among its passengers was a slim, middle-aged man with a brief case. He looked like a salesman or an insurance clerk—like almost anything, in fact, but a heroic figure of the war.

A few hours later the plane was attacked by a Messerschmitt. It was so badly crippled that, though it escaped, it had to veer off its course for an emergency landing in northern France. Its landing gear had been shot to bits; so it ground-looped and ended its career on its back. The slim man with the brief case crawled out, bleeding and dazed. But he insisted on getting to London; he patted the case and explained he had urgent government business to perform.

He was helped aboard another transport. This one, as luck would have it, crashed into the sea just off the British coast.

The man was picked up by a boat and taken ashore in bad shape. But he was still determined to get on, still so vehement about it that he was put on a train. And that evening he delivered his brief case full of secret documents to the American Embassy in London—his duty at last completed.

He was a member of the State Department's Courier Section, one of the eighty-five anonymous men who regard all kinds of hazards as the routine elements of their job.

You may have seen them on trains, on ships, in planes—quiet, business-like travelers with brief cases. They go all over the world, carrying papers addressed to American embassies and missions.

If the matter is so secret that it can't be entrusted to ordinary means of communication, a courier takes it to its destination. (And

he's expected to keep an eye on regular diplomatic pouches when they're on his train or plane.)

He also carries maps and charts, for such things cannot be telegraphed. And as an integral part of the secrecy of his papers, he himself never knows their contents.

It's never an easy job. If, for example, you have to take a message to our ambassador at Kabul in Afghanistan, to whom messages are carried every two weeks, you travel by train only to the Khyber Pass. There you heave your baggage aboard a heavy-duty truck and face almost three hundred miles of the roughest, bumpiest riding in the world.

In winter it's as freezing a trip as you'll find, with the temperature far below zero, gales whining through the mountains, and blizzards swirling down to blind your eyes. And in summer you can ride only at night, because in daylight the valleys are so intolerably hot that the tires melt on their wheels.

The Kabul run is, of course, unusual. Most places can be reached more easily and by conventional methods—by ship, plane, train, bus. These are the normal avenues by which the Courier Section speeds across the earth.

For efficiency it has divided the world into eight geographical sections, with a headquarters in each. Messages leaving Washington go from one region to another in relays, so that no one man has to circle the globe. The relay system makes for speed, since every courier travels only those routes with which he has become familiar.

There's no telling, when you join the service, to which headquarters you'll be sent; and no permanent station is guaranteed. You go where you're most needed, at any time, on the briefest possible notice. And so you keep your luggage always ready.

There is no specific qualification required beyond general intelligence, adaptability and good health. A man *must* be in excellent physical condition. The average courier travels 200,000 miles a year. You can't do that if you're sick or weak.

"As an illustration of what we're sometimes up against, take this," said a courier I talked to in Washington. "Once, when I was attached to the Cairo office, I had to take some papers to Iraq and I had to get back in time to catch a plane for India. Halfway across

Syria my train was derailed, and it looked like a delay of several days. I simply couldn't afford that delay; so I hired a truck to rush me to a near-by air base. By good luck, two generals there were bound for Iraq and they gave me a lift in their plane. They also took me part way back, landing me 700 miles from the nearest transportation to Cairo.

"After a hopeless night I ran into a miracle—a few men from our own Air Transport Command came out of the skies. They were ferrying planes, and one of them gave me a 600 mile lift to a British airfield. From there a British pilot gave me another ride to Cairo. So, after a week's absence, I got back—with fully twelve minutes to spare before catching the scheduled plane to India."

It's a rugged life.

That is why new men are carefully studied and appraised before being entrusted with assignments. In the Washington office, during several weeks of indoctrination, the recruits work with experienced men. They learn what they'll have to know about making travel arrangements, about exchange rates, about securing visas, about custom regulations. And minor emergencies are deliberately created for them—emergencies which compel them to use wit and judgment.

Though they're an amiable crowd, the couriers admit that they don't always appear to be friendly traveling companions. While on duty they won't drink, play cards or do anything else which may make them forget the seriousness of their mission. One courier, caught in a train wreck that caused a three-day delay on a Near East desert, had to sit in his hot compartment with his brief case, while the other passengers visited near-by ruins. He says those three days were the longest, hottest, most tiresome of his life. "But I couldn't go dragging secret documents all over the desert."

Despite their grave responsibility, couriers do not carry weapons. In the first place, to take guns across international borders would cause complications. In the second, the men argue that if anyone wanted to steal their papers he'd shoot first. Nor—despite the ideas of some novelists—do the men chain their brief cases to their wrists. "What for?" says one. "If anyone wanted the case badly enough, he would chop my arm off."

Surprisingly, in recent years—even during the war—there are no

records of attacks on couriers. No papers have been stolen from them. Sometimes documents were lost, yes; but the losses occurred in travel accidents. Just a few months ago, in December, 1945, a plane vanished over the African veldt, never to be found. Fortunately such tragic accidents are rare. In the past ten years the total has numbered less than half a dozen.

It is when facing such accidents that couriers have to use their quickest judgment. Not long ago, in a disabled plane falling into a South American jungle, a courier had to decide whether he had any chance to survive. If the chances are against him, he must destroy his papers at once—those are rigid instructions. This courier was about to set fire to his documents. He had them in his hand. But, looking down, he saw that the plane was swooping toward a clear spot. It would crash, but there was a chance of living to deliver his documents. He put them back into their case.

The crash was bad, and every passenger was hurt. Still, the courier walked away from the wreck—with the brief case in his hand. And a week later he delivered his messages. Then he had to be hospitalized.

Other nations, too, have their courier services. Since the men of the various countries travel the same routes, it is inevitable that they come to know one another. And during the war odd things happened. American couriers, traveling in neutral lands, found themselves seated beside German couriers in trains or planes—men they knew well. They maintained a hostile silence. But, throughout the war, there was no clash at all, anywhere between Allied and Axis couriers. "They knew if they bothered us," one of our couriers explained, "we could always reciprocate."

Perhaps the most common—surely the most frustrating—difficulties encountered by the service are sudden changes of border regulations or personnel in countries that must be crossed. In such cases couriers have to resort to quick thinking and quick talk.

Not long ago a man was halted at a Near East border. The customs official, a newcomer, insisted he'd have to examine the contents of the courier's pouch.

"But you can't," the courier protested. "That's against all international agreements."

"Then I cannot let you pass."

The courier stepped back a few paces. He was quiet but determined. "If you want it," he said, "you'll have to take it from me by force. That, of course, constitutes a hostile act; and my Government will probably demand suitable punishment, with you as the victim. Still, if you insist, I can't prevent your trying to take this brief case from me by force. Come on!"

Talk did it. The official obviously did not want to become engaged in an international scuffle that might cost him his job. He sighed and waved the courier on. Thereafter, he caused no more trouble.

"We run into things like that all the time," the courier said. "They're just routine troubles. Our real difficulties are finding accommodations on ships and planes and trains already loaded to capacity. We can't offer bribes for our passage—that's absolutely forbidden. Instead, we try to make friends wherever possible. That usually pays off."

What does the Courier Service cost the nation? Nothing, says its chief, though his men earn from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year, plus all expenses. "It pays for itself," he explains. "If the messages we carry had to be coded, sent by telegraph, and decoded at the other end, the total expense would be greater than the amount now spent for courier delivery."

The average length of service of a courier is from two to four years. By that time he either likes the State Department's work so well that he enters the regular Foreign Service, where he may earn higher pay; or, wearied of travel and yearning for the comforts of home and family life, he gives up the job.

But there are always plenty to take his place, plenty to carry the nation's secrets in their little brown bags.





## *Adventure on Devil's Island*

**T**HE subtitle of the book "Dry Guillotine" is "Fifteen Years Among the Living Dead," and the subtitle for author René Belbenoit is "Prisoner No. 46635." For this is the story of Belbenoit's escape from the Penal Settlement of French Guiana (Devil's Island).

The island known as Devil's Island or *Ile du Diable* is a tiny island. This penal colony was used largely for political prisoners—perhaps the most famous being Dreyfus. Its name, because of the treatment afforded prisoners, came to stand for horror and fear in the minds of criminals of all types, and all over the world. It was certainly, from Belbenoit's description, a most unpleasant place until French reforms took place many years later, finally resulting in the removal of prisoners to France.

As for Belbenoit himself, he was born in Paris, France, on April 4, 1899. At twenty-one he had been condemned to exile on Devil's Island for the rest of his life. From that moment on there was one thought only that constantly pervaded his thoughts: *escape*.

He did escape four times, but was recaptured each time, until his final and successful attempt with five other convicts.







FROM:  
"DRY GUILLOTINE"

*by René Belbenoit*

I LIMPED down the hot roadway along the outskirts of Saint Laurent, the village of the condemned, thinking that I would have to do something quickly to get funds to finance an escape before I went crazy. To escape through the jungle, I had learned, by three terrible experiences, was impossible. To escape by sea required the assistance of seamen partners. I would have to obtain a boat. I would have to seek companions who, like myself, preferred death at sea to life in Cayenne—men whom I could trust not to whisper my plan to any Corsican guard. To escape by sea required, in addition to a good boat and good companions, a substantial amount of food and supplies. It would require at least ten days of favorable weather and wind before we could reach a safe landing place. These three requirements seemed impossible to satisfy.

A man in freshly washed and ironed linens and a white sun helmet, which marked him immediately as being some sort of a tourist, stopping for a moment or passing through the penal colony, crossed the sunbaked roadway and beckoned to me.

"Where can I find a prisoner who speaks English?" he asked in schoolboy French.

"I speak a little English," I said. Perhaps this stranger would give me a tip for some chore.

"I want to find a prisoner named Belbenoit," he said in English. "The man about whom Blair Niles wrote her book, *Condemned*. I want to talk to him. Guide me to him or bring him to me, and I will give you five dollars!"

I looked around hastily. No guard was in sight. "Give me the money," I said. He peeled a bill from a fat bundle of big notes and handed it to me. "Which way?" he asked.

"Right here!" I said laughing for the first time in years. "I am Belbenoit!"

"You!" he asked looking down at me disparagingly. "Are you the prisoner who has escaped four times?"

"Who are you?" I asked.

He seemed a little taken back, but finally announced that he was an executive of an American motion picture company. His company, he explained, was going to make a motion picture based on Blair Niles' book—a film story about Devil's Island—one that would feature a dramatic escape. He had flown down to French Guiana to study the convict colony at first hand. He wanted the picture to be accurate, he said, a true-to-life portrayal of a man's sufferings in the worst prison in the world. Would I be interested in giving him information, supplying him with additional factual material which could be used in his forthcoming picture? If a prisoner tried to escape, how would he do it?

"He'd escape by the sea—in a sailing boat," I said, voicing the thought which had been racing through my head for many long days. "He'd . . ."

"No!" he interrupted me. "This must be an escape through the jungles . . . combat with fierce animals, snakes, swamps. . . ."

"Nobody has ever escaped through the jungles!" I insisted. "I tried it three times. I ought to know!"

"Maybe so!" he said. "But it makes a better picture. In our picture the hero has to escape through the jungle. I've heard that you've had more dramatic escapes than any other convict," he added. "If you answer all my questions, I'll make it worth your while!"

Well, Fate for the first time in my life was offering me a helping hand. It was not for me to quibble over a motion picture hero's ability to escape through the jungle! I spent the whole night sitting at a table answering his questions, making rough drawings of prison cells, punishment racks, describing in detail my three attempts to escape through the jungle, giving him details of horrible backgrounds, answering every question while he took a bookful of notes. By dawn he said that he had enough. He peeled some bills from his money roll and handed them to me. The aeroplane in which he had arrived soon was but a speck in the Caribbean sky.

I would have given my soul to have been as free as he, privileged to soar through the heavens to pleasant lands. A lump was in my throat as I realized how casually this man had landed, asked questions and flown away—as though he hadn't a moment's thought to waste on me as a brother man. To him I was but an information bureau, something he could pump dry, transmit profitably into continuity and impersonal celluloid.

But in my hands he had left two hundred dollars! With so much money—I knew a Chinaman who would get me a boat and package together food—and with such an outfit I knew I could find other penniless *libérés* who would join me. I made up my mind that this time I must not fail. There was to be no recapture. I must make my way first to temporary freedom, some West Indian island that would give us temporary sanctuary, and then to the United States. Thousands of miles lay between French Guiana and New York, but with each mile gained I felt that I should escape that much farther from inhuman, atrocious existence and should gain that much toward civilization—and Liberty. The people of the United States, I'd heard, would not deport a *libéré* who had gained its shores—from Devil's Island.

"This time I'll make it!" I whispered over and over again to myself as I set about organizing my expedition.

I searched through the penal colony like a hawk for men whose plight was most terrible, for companions I thought would be of great physical aid for my escape. At last I selected four convicts: Dadar, a young *libéré* whom I had known for a year, who had served a five-year sentence for a first offense robbery; Casquette, who had served fifteen years for killing his mistress; Bébert, who had struck a cruel Corsican guard in the face and nearly had his head blown off by a blast from the guard's gun—after release from the hospital he had served an additional four years of solitary confinement; and "Panama," a convict whose name none of us knew, but who had once escaped and lived happily for twelve years in Colombia only to be apprehended at last by a new French consul and returned for Devil's Island punishment. Four men who promised me that they preferred freedom or death.

But none of us had any knowledge of navigation. None of us was a seaman. So I looked farther and finally selected Chiffot,

who had been sentenced to five years at hard labor for killing, in self-defense, the son of a powerful negro chief of a Congo protectorate tribe, who, subjected to the influences of modern civilization, had become a procurer of white women in Montmartre. Chiffot had been a sailor. If I furnished the boat and food, all he'd need, he promised, was the sun and the stars to guide us to safety over the horizon of the Caribbean Sea.

"We are going to Trinidad first," I said. The people of that British island I knew loathed the existence of the French Hell and would allow escaped men a safe resting place.

At six o'clock on the night of May 2, 1935, we six men met stealthily at a Chinaman's shop in the penal colony village of Saint Laurent. The night grew black. Noiselessly we glided into the forest and made our way to Serpent Creek. The boat which the Chinaman had promised to hide for us proved to be only half the size of the craft bargained for—a dugout canoe barely three feet wide. In disgust I examined the packages of provisions, found them to be less than half of the things agreed upon before I had passed my cash to him. I had a terrible sinking feeling as though my escape had failed before it had begun. My companions talked about postponing the attempt. Even a little shark, they said, could overturn such a craft—we would all die at sea.

But something told me not to let myself turn back. I got into the canoe, urged them to take their places; and soon we were out of the creek and paddling noiselessly down the center of the night-shrouded Maroni River. The tide was with us and we moved swiftly. Now and then we passed a canoe manned by wild blacks or Indians. They called to us but we did not answer. The Chinaman had supplied us with a water keg, but to make sure the water hadn't been poisoned we stopped at a fresh water creek and filled it with water that I knew would be safe.

At the mouth of the Maroni we hoisted our patchwork sail. Chiffot took the home-made tiller. The long slender canoe began to dance upon the water like an eighteen-foot cigar. Chiffot pointed out a star which he said would guide us due north. Waves began coming over the side of the canoe. Two men sat close to Chiffot to keep him company at the tiller and to make sure he didn't fall asleep. Others began bailing.

Men in their right senses would never have gone out on the merciless Caribbean Sea in such a craft, but we were driven by a quite insane desire to put Devil's Island and the Penal Colony behind us—to seek freedom at any price. The night passed all too quickly, as we looked over our shoulders constantly to make sure that a power boat was not coming out into the night after us. When the dawn came we were far out at sea, and there was nothing save a querulous gull to spy on us.

We complimented Chiffot, and Casquette took his place at the tiller. I volunteered to be the expedition's cook. Charcoal was lighted in a kerosene tin and strong tea soon revived us. The Chinaman had cheated me thoroughly on the food supply; I would have to stretch it out very thin during the coming days. But no one, during the first day, grumbled. We all talked with nervous gaiety; we were, at last, free of French Guiana! The fiery red of the setting sun made us work carefully to tie down all our supplies. Chiffot warned us that following such a sunset we could expect rough weather.

At eight o'clock the wind began to blow, helping us forward as it came from the continent behind us. The stars disappeared. I crept to the stern and sat beside Chiffot with a little compass in my hand. The canoe went faster and faster over the waves. I judged that we must be racing over the sea at about fifteen miles an hour. The other men became frightened as waves wet us, but to me every mile we gained ahead of the growing storm took us that much nearer freedom. Casquette was supposed to relieve Chiffot at the tiller, but to do this would have been too dangerous. We were precariously riding foaming waves; the least false move with the tiller would have caused us to capsize. Chiffot sang songs all night, his voice rising louder and louder in competition with wind. Then, shortly before dawn, the wind miraculously died down, the brassy sun rose over the horizon, and we set about removing our clothes and hanging them up on paddles to dry.

We had to repair the sail. A mattress cover and several old shirts had been used to make it. The cloth was so old that many of the patches had been torn part. Not a sign of a ship was seen all day. The sun and glare of the sea burnt our flesh. The wounds on our legs, inflicted first by the iron bands that were welded about

our bare ankles during our early prison days and aggravated by constant rubbing of our shackles, began to open and run and burn under the intermittent soaking of salt spray.

The third night found us not such good friends. Each of the six men, cramped for fifty long hours against his neighbor, had first talked himself out of joviality; and then everyone began to find fault with something or someone. Chiffot's hands were so blistered with holding on to the tiller that Casquette had to relieve him. Clinging desperately to the tiller in the darkness and on a sea more turbulent than it had been the previous night, Casquette did all he could do to keep us from being swamped in the deep sea troughs. We did not attempt to keep a course. The sea washed the compass from my hands in one mighty wave, and not a single star was to be seen.

When dawn came at last we were drenched, stiff, hungry, thirsty and sick at heart. I dipped some water out of the water keg and discovered that the sea water had got in and turned it salty. I mixed it with condensed milk and passed it around to my companions. They said it tasted terrible.

"We'd better turn and try to reach the mainland!" said Bébert. "We'll get fresh drinking water and put out again."

"We are probably off Demerara," Dadar guessed. "That's less than half way to Trinidad. I'd rather take a chance on the jungle; there's at least plenty of water to drink!"

"We've only been gone three days!" I said, "and you speak already of turning in toward the coast. I told you when we started that I would not turn back. If we reach Trinidad we are safe. If we land anywhere on the mainland coast, we will be turned over to a French consul. I know! I've tried it!" Thus, we quarrelled all day long.

The fourth night was increasingly cruel. The fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth nights were nightmares; we became like six beasts. Eight more days we lived, how I do not know. Many times I thought the canoe would be buried in a black wave but as though some kind power lent it at the last moment a charm, the frail craft magically came up over the foaming crests, quivered for a moment and then plunged into another wave.

"Trinidad! Bah!" Dadar growled. "We'll never make it! And if

we do, what surety have you, Belbenoit, that we won't be arrested? There's a French consul in Trinidad, isn't there?"

"Yes, but the British people, I believe, won't turn us over to him," I insisted. "They'll allow us to rest a few days, replenish our food; those Britishers, they're sportsmen. They'll grant us a few days' refuge! Stop worrying and I'll show you!" I was at the tiller and kept the bow pointed steadily northwest.

"Bah!" Bébert in the bow of the canoé snarled. "Change the course! I've had enough of this. I'm going to land on the coast and take my chance—with my feet on the ground!"

"Stop!" I yelled at Dadar, who began crawling toward the sheet of the sail. I reached in to my shirt and drew out a small pistol which I carried next to my skin, wrapped in oil cloth. I aimed the pistol at Bébert and then at Dadar. I am a very little man. I should have been no match for any of my companions in physical strength. But I had made up my mind to turn neither to the right nor left but keep heading toward the British island of real security. The five big men glowered at me but even a mouse can become brave when his freedom is at stake.

"Rush me if you like," I said, looking over the muzzle at my companions. "Here are six bullets, and I will kill each one of you if you insist!"

I did not want to kill my five companions. As I looked at them over the barrel of my stubby pistol, I realized that, like myself, they had swallowed much salt water from the angry sea, that they were hungry and scared of the shark-infested water. Their insistence on my shifting the tiller, altering our course and heading in for land was born of desperation and not of personal animosity.

"You are mad!" I said to them. "The coast is Venezuelan territory. You will surely be arrested and returned to Devil's Island. We cannot be far from Trinidad. There we'll be safe. I promise you, in Trinidad we will be safe to rest, eat good food, revive our strength before taking to the sea again."

"Put the sail over!" Bébert shouted to Chiffot. I aimed my pistol at Chiffot, but at the same instant Dadar jumped up, tried to spring past him and snatch my gun. Before I could fire Dadar had slipped and fallen against Chiffot, and both of them tumbled against the half-submerged gunwale.



"Beasts!" yelled Casquette. "You're going to capsize us all!" He seized Dadar by the ankle, hit him behind the ear with his bony fist.

"Better tie him up!" Panama cautioned, throwing Casquette some wet cord. The unconscious man was securely tied, hands and feet together so he couldn't move. Then Casquette put his hand to his forehead and looked over the horizon.

"Look over there!" he yelled. "It's land!"

The others stood up and looked, but, I, thinking it was a trick to get me away from the tiller and off my guard, didn't budge.

"It's Trinidad!" shouted Chiffot. "Come, Belbenoit, and see for yourself!" The sail obscured my vision of the horizon to which they pointed. Cautiously I tried to get a clear view without risking a sudden onslaught. I turned the tiller sharply to swing the bow over a big wave, and as we crested the foaming whitecap I saw that they were not trying to outwit me. There, against the horizon, were high, green mountains outlined against the blue sky.

The sight of those mountains wiped out all animosity, all evil talk, all quarrelling, from our minds and voices. We all shouted joyously, smiles replaced anger-drawn scowls. I pulled the tiller back and set the course again. The wind grew stronger behind us. We had been at sea fourteen days in a canoe that needed constant bailing, but now each of my companions except Dadar bailed happily as the sail bulged under the pressure of the breeze.

A few hours later we were riding the swells off shore. A thatched house set in a grove of coconut palms seemed deserted. I turned the tiller and steered the bow through the waves until the canoe, like a surf board, was shot up on the glistening white beach. My companions tried to leap ashore eagerly, but they were so weak that they stumbled and fell sprawled out on the dry sand like men suddenly robbed of all strength.

"Now do as you please!" I said. And I cast my pistol far out into the sea.

Some negroes fishing along the beach with nets, passed us, circling us warily; but I called to them, begged them to climb the trees and get us some water coconuts to drink and eat. They put down their nets, climbed the trees and secured the nuts. But they

would not approach nearer than fifty feet. They rolled the nuts down the beach to us and then went off hurriedly.

I hacked off the tops of five nuts, passed one to each of my companions. I cut the cords that bound Dadar and lifted him out of the slimy canoe, held the cool sweet liquid to his mouth as he drank. We drank the water of two nuts apiece, ate the white meat, then started to wobble across the sand like drunken scarecrows. The earth seemed to dance under my feet—to ebb and flow as the sea for such long terrible nights and days had done. In the hut there was a big black kettle full of rice and salt fish. We dug our hands into it and ate like wolves until, stuffed and drugged with relief, we rolled over on the floor of the hut and fell into a drunken sleep.

When we awoke I suggested that we go immediately to the nearest town and announce our arrival. At first my companions didn't like the idea at all. They insisted that we'd probably be arrested. It would be better, they said, to spend a few days here, eating coconuts and foraging for other food and supplies without the authorities knowing about us. But I insisted that this would not be as good for us as going to the authorities immediately—before they had heard indirectly of our arrival.

"I'm going to report myself!" I said, starting into the coconut grove. "You can stay here if you like."

But they fell in behind me and soon we were walking over a narrow road. We saw no one but negroes, very black and big negroes, speaking English in broad accents, who looked suspiciously at us with big eyes and gave us most of the road when they passed. After two hours we reached the little hamlet of Moruga, which, I learned, was the administrative center for the southeast coast of Trinidad.

I went directly to the police station. The constable of Moruga sat behind an old table. He was a tremendous negro with the face and neck of an ape. He was dressed in a military uniform spotlessly clean. We stood before him while he summoned two policemen, who towered over us like ebony giants.

"Where do you come from?"

"From French Guiana," I said.

"Where are you going?"

"To the United States."

"For what reason have you landed in Trinidad?" he asked as soon as he had laboriously penciled the previous information on his blotter.

"Because we have been at sea in a canoe for fourteen days. We were half-drowned. We had no fresh water. No food."

The constable stood up, went to the telephone nailed on the wall above our heads, turned the handle. "Six French fugitives landed here last night," he said. He listened to instructions from some superior, then hung up the earpiece.

"Get eighteen loaves of bread," he said, to his policeman. "Get six pounds of rice, six pounds of sugar, six pounds of coffee, six pounds of codfish, twelve packages of cigarettes." He made out an order of some kind and signed it with a rubber stamp. "Give this to the storekeeper," he ordered, and when the two policemen had left he turned to us and began reading from a notebook.

"Hear ye the law of Trinidad and be guided accordingly!" he said. "No French convict escaping from Devil's Island and reaching the shore of Trinidad will be arrested by any authority unless after landing on Trinidad he breaks a law, regulation, or disturbs the peace. If the fugitive arrives by a boat which is still seaworthy, he will be given food and allowed to embark again. If the boat is not seaworthy, he will be given transportation to Port of Spain, accompanied by a police officer who will escort him directly to the Controller of the Port. Is your boat seaworthy?" he asked.

"No!" I almost shouted.

"I will have to inspect it and make sure," the constable said. When the food had arrived he took us down the road in an old car, then we walked down the path to the sea. He looked at the canoe.

"Would you like to go to sea in a thing like that?" I asked. "Look, the hull is already splitting open!"

The giant negro scratched his head, looked for a few moments out over the wave-chopped sea and then shook his head. "I'll take you to Port of Spain!" he said.

Back at the police station he gave us each a bottle of beer. A negro woman prepared a meal for us—rice and baked plantains,

fresh fish, steaming coffee, preserved mangoes, salt beef. She would accept no payment.

We drove during the afternoon through the island, passing a constant stream of negroes and donkeys, until we reached Port of Spain. Here we were taken to the military prison. Our things were searched, our names taken, and we were locked up in one of the guard rooms.

"This is to notify you," said the sergeant in charge, "that you are not under arrest. But you must stay here—where the French Consul can't get you—until the Controllor looks into your case." A large meal was served to us in the guard room, and after eating it we fell asleep and we slept soundly until nine o'clock next morning.

Shortly after ten o'clock, a man in civilian clothes was admitted to the guard room.

I nicknamed this man, after a short while, 'My Friend.'

"Where are you going, my friend? . . . What can we do for you, my friend? . . . I will see what I can do for you, my friend," he said, asking endless questions, all of which I answered frankly.

"Follow me, my friend," he said at last, knocking on the door. It was opened immediately. He led us out of the military prison, walked with us down the street until we came to a place where a sign with "Salvation Army" painted on it hung over the sidewalk. We apparently had been expected, because a dining-room table had been set with six plates. A Captain Heap and his wife introduced themselves to us. Mrs. Heap, in spite of our insistence that she should not do so, began waiting on us, serving us with better food than we had tasted in many cruel years. Neither Casquette nor Bébert had eaten at a table for fifteen years, and all of us, accustomed to being treated like beasts, had tears in our eyes.

"This is where you will stay, my friend," said the plain clothes officer. "I will return to talk with you tomorrow, my friend," he added as he took his departure.

Captain Heap told us that he was an intelligence officer assigned to the special supervision of administering to the needs and fate of fugitives from Devil's Island. Before 1931, he said, fugitives were not allowed freedom on Trinidad. Up to that time Venezuela welcomed escaped prisoners and let them live in freedom. But

now Venezuela had passed a law ordering the arrest and imprisonment, at hard labor, of all French Guiana fugitives; and Trinidad and its people, who had continually criticized the existence of the French penal colony and the methods used there, had passed a law under which French Guiana fugitives would be given a twenty-four-day permission to reside and a means of continuing their flight to some other country.

We lived in the Salvation Army's depot now, without a care in the world for our present safety, free to come and go as we pleased, to visit the cinemas or any other place which we desired. Several people visited the depot and left food, cigarettes and clothing for us. But after the first day of excitedly sampling our freedom, we went to work writing letters to friends and acquaintances, seeking funds for buying passages on a friendly steamer to another port. Panama wrote to a friend in Colombia; Dadar, Bébert and Casquette hadn't any friends and expected nothing.

Chiffot, I discovered, had 4,000 francs in a suppository! He said he would buy passage on a German ship and go to Europe to see his mother before she died. But to do that he needed a passport. We went to the Spanish quarter to see whether we could get one. As usual in such matters, it proved to be simply a matter of price. A Venezuelan barber gave us the address of a former Venezuelan general, now in exile from his own country but apparently still having some friends across the Gulf. The general had his headquarters over a drug store. He told us to come back in three days.

In three days Chiffot had a Venezuelan passport with all the necessary visas; he was now a Venezuelan citizen named Chiffalar!

"My mother will be glad to see me no matter what name I arrive under!" he said. "Better a live Venezuelan than a dead Frenchman!"

A week after our arrival he boarded a ship for Hamburg. I saw him off at the pier, hoping that I too would receive some money from my cables and airmailed letters and be able to embark like a human being and not a slinking beast.

I went to the bank every day. "Nothing, sorry!" said the teller each time. My companions begged me to stay with them and with them seek a better boat in which to continue our flight. I waited

until June 6 and then went to the office of the Inspector General of Police. 'My Friend,' to whom I had talked, made the appointment and accompanied me.

The Inspector General, an elderly British Army officer, who spoke beautiful French, talked with me for half an hour.

"Two things about the French I cannot understand—or stomach!" he said with a twist of his mustache. "One is their French Foreign Legion—and the other is Devil's Island!"

Then he asked me to wait in an antechamber while he talked with 'My Friend.' When he came out I stood stiffly at attention.

"We are going to give you a boat. Go through the harbor and see if you can find a boat such as you will need for sale." Then turning to 'My Friend' he said, "There ought to be some fisherman's boat that would serve admirably."

At eleven o'clock the next day, we had a boat. Casquette had spied it a few feet off the dock where several police launches were tied. It was a life-boat, rigged with a mast and sail. "With such a boat," Casquette laughed happily, "we can go to China!"

A naval officer inspected the boat with us. He authorized its purchase by the government from its owner, then ordered a government carpenter to be put at our disposal.

"Tell the carpenter what you want done with the boat, and he will do it," he said. Then he asked me to make a list of materials and supplies which would be needed for the trip. A policeman would buy them for us from the wharf-front stores.

On a dining-room table at the Salvation Army depot I spread out a marine chart which a man had given us.

"We must not let ourselves be swept on a beach in either Venezuela or Colombia," I said. "We can reach the United States by skirting the West Indies, putting in now and then on a British island for rest and supplies and continuing through the Caribbean until we reach Miami."

I picked out the islands on the chart—Tobago, one hundred miles north of Trinidad, then Grenada, seventy-five miles farther, then Saint Vincent, then Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts. The Salvation Army captain said that he would write the depots in these islands to be on the lookout for us—to help us.

"We'll have to keep clear of Martinique and Guadeloupe!" Casquette warned. "If we land in the French Islands we'll get a quick ticket back to Devil's Island."

"Puerto Rico is American!" I said. "Nothing to fear there. Haiti will be safe. Cuba we'd better skirt until, off Havana, we head north for Key West. All the journey," I said, "will be in frequent sight of land. When we lose sight of one island another will appear ahead of us! It's not too bad a road to freedom!"



## *Adventure in Ancient Rome*

**G**AIIUS JULIUS CAESAR, the famous Roman general and statesman, lived from 100 B.C. to 44 B.C. He was head of the Popular Party in Rome. He reconciled the two famous Roman statesmen, Pompey and Crassus, and formed the first Triumvirate as an alliance.

Caesar's conquests on the battlefields won him the adulation of the Roman people. He made warring history in Gaul, invaded Britain, crossed the Rhine and subdued the revolt under the Vercingetorix. Also, when the Senate—spurred on by Pompey—told him to disband his army, he led his soldiers across the Rubicon River; he conquered all of Italy, defeated Pompey and became Dictator in 49 B.C.

He is also renowned as an orator and writer, and it is from his War Commentaries that this new and "readable" translation by John Warrington of Caesar is taken. Our section is taken from Caesar's story of the Gallic Wars. The time is 55 B.C.—the fourth year of these wars.







FROM:

## 'CAESAR'S WAR COMMENTARIES'

*translated by John Warrington*

**I**N THE NEW year Pompey and Marcus Crassus entered upon their consulship; and during that winter two German tribes, the Usipetes and Tencteri, crossed the Rhine not far from its mouth. Long provocation by the Suebi had developed into open hostilities, farming had been brought to a standstill, and wholesale migration was the result.

The Suebi are by far the largest of the German peoples: they are said to possess one hundred cantons, each of which provides an annual quota of 1,000 soldiers for foreign service. The remaining civilian population supports the army as well as itself and next year relieves the troops, who then take their turn of home duties. Thus stock-rearing is carried on without interruption side by side with military instruction and field-training. There is, however, no private property in land; and a year is the legal limit of residence in any one place. The Suebi eat little cereal food: they subsist chiefly on milk and meat and spend a good deal of their time hunting. From childhood they enjoy perfect freedom of action without any kind of restraint or discipline; and that, together with their diet and constant physical exercise, makes them strong and of enormous bodily stature. Despite a bitterly cold climate they are used to bathing in the rivers and to wearing only skins, which are so scanty as to leave a large part of the body naked. They admit traders but are concerned rather with finding an export market for the spoils of war than with any need of foreign imports. It is particularly remarkable that, unlike the Gauls who are extremely fond of horses and pay high prices for them, the Germans import none. Their home breed, though small and ugly, is capable of the hardest work as a result of constant exercise. In cavalry actions these natives often dismount and fight on foot, but their horses are trained

to stand quite still and can be easily remounted at a moment's notice. Moreover, they consider it an indication of the most disgraceful effeminacy to use a saddle and will engage the largest force of cavalry so mounted, irrespective of their own numbers.

Imports of wine are absolutely forbidden on the grounds that it makes men soft and unequal to hard work.

As a nation they pride themselves on keeping the widest possible belt of no-man's-land along their frontiers, regarding it as evidence of the respect entertained by so many people for their military organization. It is said, for example, that on one side of the Suebic territory the country is uninhabited for a distance of about ninety miles. On another side their nearest neighbours are the Ubii, who were at one time, by German standards, a large and prosperous people. They are slightly more civilized than other German tribes because they live on the Rhine, and frequent intercourse with merchants from nearby Gaul has led to their adopting Gallic customs. The numerical strength and determination of the Ubii successfully withstood repeated attempts by the Suebi to dispossess them. They were nevertheless reduced to the state of tributaries with considerable loss of power and prestige.

The Usipetes and Tencteri were in the same position. They resisted Suebic pressure for many years but were eventually driven from their homes and, after wandering for three years in many parts of Germany, entered the Rhineland country of the Menapii, who had land, farmhouses, and villages on both banks of the river.

Alarmed by the approach of this horde, the Menapii abandoned their dwelling on the right bank and stationed pickets on the opposite side to guard the passage. The Germans tried every possible means to get over, but in vain. Having no boats, they were unable to cross by force; and to do so by stealth was impossible in the face of Menapian outposts. They therefore pretended to set out for home, and the Menapii, informed by their patrols of the enemy's withdrawal, promptly reoccupied their villages on the German bank. After a three days' march, however, the invaders began to retrace their steps. Their cavalry, indeed, covered the entire distance in a single night. They took the unsuspecting Menapii by surprise, cut them to pieces, seized their boats, crossed the river before their countrymen on the opposite bank knew what was

happening, took possession of all their farms and lived on their food stocks for the remainder of that winter.

The receipt of this news aroused my misgivings as to its possible effect upon the Gauls. Their plans follow an ever-varying pattern of emotionalism. They generally welcome political change, and it seemed unwise to rely upon them in any way. They have a remarkable habit of stopping every traveller, willing or not, and asking him what he knows, whether by hearsay or upon reliable evidence, about any topic that happens to interest them. In the towns a crowd will gather round foreign merchants, demanding to know where they come from and what information they have from there. Upon such idle gossip they frequently base decisions of vital importance, which they quickly and inevitably regret; for whilst they themselves are slaves of mere rumour, their informants more often than not invent the answers most likely to please them.

I was aware of this habit, and to avoid becoming involved in what might prove dangerous war, I started earlier than usual to rejoin the army. On arrival I found my suspicions confirmed. Some of the Gallic tribes had sent delegations to the Germans, inviting them to move southward from the Rhineland districts and undertaking to supply all their requirements. Lured by this encouraging reception, the Germans had continued their journey into the Meuse valley and Condroz,\* two districts controlled by the Treveri. The Gallic chieftains were summoned to my headquarters but were given no definite information; they received instead a reassuring address calculated to allay their anxiety. Then, after instructing them to furnish some contingents of cavalry, I announced my intention of undertaking a campaign against the Germans. I made arrangements for food supplies, enlisted cavalry and started for the districts where the invaders were reported to be. Another three days' marching would have brought us to our destination, when we were met by German envoys. I give the substance of their message.

The Germans, they said, were offering no challenge to Roman arms but were ready to fight if provoked: it was their established custom to resist aggression from whatever quarter and with no

\* *In fines Eburodunum et Condrusorum.*

attempt to bargain. There were certain points, however, that they wanted to make clear: (a) They had not entered Gaul of their own choice but because they had been driven from their homeland; and if Rome was disposed to accept their friendship, she might find them useful allies. (b) They sought a grant of lands or permission to retain what they had won by the sword. (c) They acknowledged the superiority of the Suebi (with whom, indeed, the gods themselves could not compare), but there was no one else on earth they could not conquer.

I replied in suitable terms, which amounted to this: No friendly relations could exist between us so long as they remained in Gaul. Failure to protect one's own territory did not warrant the seizure of other people's. Besides, there was no land available in Gaul that could justly be assigned to them, especially in view of their vast numbers. They might settle, if they wished, among the Ubii, whose envoys were then at my headquarters, complaining of ill treatment at the hands of the Suebi and asking my assistance. I would order the Ubii to receive them.

The German delegation said they would refer my offer to the appropriate authority and come back in three days' time; meanwhile, they asked me not to move my camp any nearer. Once again their request met with refusal, for I had information that a large part of their cavalry had been sent some days previously across the Meuse in search of food and plunder, and I suspected they were playing for time until this force returned.

We were about seven miles from the enemy's position when the German envoys kept their appointment. They met us on the road and did their utmost to persuade me from advancing further. On my refusal to agree, they asked me to send orders forbidding an attack by our advance guard. At the same time they asked leave to send a delegation to the Ubii and stated that they would avail themselves of my offer subject to the Ubian council of chiefs giving sworn guarantees of their safety. They would require three days to complete these formalities. As far as I could see, all this was part of the same ruse—to gain another three days pending the return of that cavalry detachment—but I consented to limit the day's advance to three and a half miles, the distance to our nearest watering point. I also suggested that as many of them as

possible should attend at my headquarters next day, when they would be given a formal hearing. Meanwhile instructions were sent to the officers commanding our advance guard, which consisted of the whole cavalry corps. They were ordered not to engage but, if themselves attacked, to hold out until I arrived with the main body. Our horse numbered 5,000, whereas the enemy counted no more than 800 in the absence of their foraging party beyond the Meuse. Nevertheless, directly they caught sight of the Roman cavalry, they charged and soon had them in disorder. Our men, aware that the German envoys had just left me after negotiating a day's truce, were taken completely by surprise. They did rally, but the Germans, following their usual tactics, dismounted, unhorsed a number of them by stabbing the animals in the belly and put the remainder to flight in such panic that they never drew rein until they came in sight of the column. In this action we lost seventy-four killed, including one, Piso, a very gallant Aquitanian. He was a man of good family, whose grandfather had been ruler of his tribe with the style of 'Friend' conferred by the Senate. Piso went to the assistance of his brother, who had been cut off by some enemy horsemen. He managed to save him, but his own horse was wounded and he was thrown. He struck back as long as he could, but was eventually hemmed in and fell mortally wounded. His brother had, by then, got well clear of the fight; but when he saw what had happened, he galloped up, flung himself on the enemy and was killed.

This engagement was due to the treachery of a perfidious enemy who had actually begun hostilities after suing for peace. The idea of granting audience to their representatives or of listening to any proposals was now out of the question. It would have been sheer madness, on the other hand, to wait until the Germans were reinforced by the return of their cavalry; and knowing the excitability of the Gauls, I realized that this one German success must have made a deep impression on them. They must be allowed no opportunity to concert their plans. Having reached this decision, I notified my staff that I was determined not to lose a single day before bringing the enemy to battle, and early next morning I had an extraordinary piece of luck.

A large party of Germans, including all their leaders and older men, called at my headquarters. They were playing their usual game of treachery and deceit; for though the ostensible object of their visit was to clear themselves of connivance in yesterday's attack in violation of an agreement made at their own request, they intended at the same time to inveigle me into granting an extension of the truce. I was delighted to have these people in my power and ordered their arrest. I then marched the whole army out of camp with the cavalry bringing up the rear, as they seemed disheartened by their recent defeat. With the troops formed in three parallel columns, we made a rapid march of eight miles and reached the German encampment before they understood our purpose. They were suddenly and completely demoralized by our unexpected arrival in the absence of their own leaders. They had no time to make plans or to arm themselves, and were at a loss to decide whether to come out and meet us or to defend their camp or simply to run for their lives. Their consternation was evident from their cries and frantic scurrying. Our troops, enraged by their treachery on the previous day, stormed into the camp, where some of the defenders had managed to snatch their arms and fought from the cover of their weapons and heavy equipment. Resistance, however, was short; the invaders had crossed into Gaul with all their families, and a crowd of women and children now fled in all directions. I sent cavalry to hunt them down; and when the Germans heard their screams in the rear and saw the massacre of their wives and little ones, they flung away their arms, deserted their standards and rushed from camp. On reaching the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, they realized that all further escape was barred. Many of them were slaughtered, while the rest flung themselves into the water and perished, overwhelmed by terror, exhaustion and the strong current.

The enemy numbered 430,000, and we had anticipated a very costly campaign; yet we returned to camp without one fatal casualty and with very few wounded. The Germans whom we held under arrest were given leave to depart; but they were afraid of being tortured to death by the Gauls, whose country-

side they had ravaged, and desired to remain with us. Their request was granted.

On the conclusion of this German war, several factors convinced me that we ought to cross the Rhine. My principal motive was to show the Germans that a Roman army could and would advance beyond the river, threatening the safety of their homeland, and thereby to discourage them from coming over so readily into Gaul. Secondly, there was that cavalry division which the Usipetes and Tencteri had sent across the Meuse in search of food and plunder. They had taken no part in the recent battle; but after the rout of their fellow countrymen, they had withdrawn into Germany and made their way into the territory of the Sugambri, with whom they had joined forces. I had sent messengers to the Sugambri demanding the surrender of these fugitives, who had made war upon Rome as well as on the Gauls. Their answer was that Roman sovereignty ended at the Rhine; and they asked upon what grounds I claimed any dominion or authority beyond the river, since I held that the Germans had no right to cross over into Gaul. There was a third consideration. The Ubii, alone of the German tribes, had sent me an embassy; they had entered into alliance with us, had given hostages and were now earnestly soliciting my help to deliver them from Suebic pressure. They said that the defeat of Ariovistus and this latest victory had conferred such glory and prestige upon Roman arms, even among the most distant German states, that the mere evidence of our friendship would afford them adequate protection; and they undertook to provide us with a large fleet of transports.

Such, then, were my reasons for crossing the Rhine. But to do so in boats appeared too risky and was certainly below the dignity of a Roman general. To build a bridge would be a difficult operation because of the river's width, depth and swift current. Nevertheless, I came to the conclusion that the difficulty must be overcome or the whole idea of crossing abandoned. Construction was therefore begun on the following plan. Two piles, eighteen inches thick, slightly pointed at the lower ends and varying in length according to the river's depth, were fastened together two feet apart to form a truss. They were then lowered into the water from rafts, and driven firmly into the river-bed with pile-



drivers. They were not set in the usual vertical position, but inclining in the direction of the current. Opposite to them and forty feet downstream, a similar truss was fixed, but this time leaning against the stream. The trusses were joined by a transom two feet wide, the ends of which fitted exactly into the spaces between the heads of the four piles. The two trusses were kept apart by iron 'logs,' which secured each pile to the end of the transom; and added strength was given by diagonal ties running from one pile to its opposite number of the same side. In this way the rigidity of the whole structure naturally increased in proportion to the current's force. Additional piles were driven in obliquely on the downstream side to form a buttress supporting each truss and helping to take the weight of water. A series of these trusses and transoms was connected by timbers laid at right angles and floored with long poles overlaid in turn with bundles of sticks. Other piles were set vertically a little above the bridge so that if the natives attempted to destroy it by floating down three trunks or boats, these fenders would lessen the shock and prevent damage to the bridge.

Ten days after the collection of timber began, the work was finished and the army crossed over. A strong guard was posted at each end of the bridge, and we pushed on into Sugambrian territory. Meanwhile, deputations arrived from a number of states, asking for peace and friendship, to which I gladly agreed and told them to bring hostages. But the Sugambri had prepared for flight on the advice of the refugee Usipetes and Tencteri immediately the construction of our bridge was started. They evacuated their territory, removed all their belongings and hid themselves in a dense forest region. After spending a few days in that district, burning all their villages and farm buildings and cutting down their crops, we moved on into Ubian territory, where I promised assistance in the event of an open attack by the Suebi, and received the following report from the tribesmen. The Suebi, they said, had been informed by their patrols of our bridging operations. As usual in such an emergency, they had held a council and sent messengers to all districts ordering every one to leave their homes; women and children were to be concealed in the woods, together with all movable property, while those fit

for military service mustered at a point almost exactly in the centre of their territory. There they were apparently awaiting our arrival, determined to fight a decisive action on the spot. That was my information. But the objects of our crossing had all been achieved: the Germans were overawed, the Sugambri punished, and the Ubii relieved of Suebic pressure. We had spent altogether eighteen days beyond the Rhine, and I felt that the demands of honour and interest had been satisfied. We therefore recrossed into Gaul, destroying the bridge behind us.

Summer was now drawing to a close and winter sets in rather early in these parts, as Gaul lies wholly in northern latitudes. Nevertheless, I hurried on preparations for an expedition to Britain, knowing that Britain had rendered assistance to the enemy in nearly all my Gallic campaigns. Although it was too late in the year for military operations, I thought it would be a great advantage merely to have visited the island, to have seen what kind of people the inhabitants were, and to have learned something about the country with its harbours and landing-places. Of all this the Gauls knew virtually nothing; for no one except traders makes the journey with any regularity, and even their knowledge is limited to the sea coast immediately facing Gaul. Interviews with numerous merchants elicited nothing as to the size of the island, the names and strength of the native tribes, their military and civil organization or the harbours which might accommodate a large fleet. Nevertheless, it seemed essential to obtain this information before risking an expedition, and Caius Volusenus appeared to me the best man for the job. He travelled in a warship with orders to make a general reconnaissance and report back as early as possible. Meanwhile, the whole army moved into Artois,\* where the mainland is nearest to the coast of Britain; and ships were ordered to assemble there from all neighbouring districts, including the fleet which had been built last year for the Venetian campaign. Meanwhile, however, some traders revealed our plans to the Britons; and a number of tribes sent envoys, promising hostages and offering their submission. They were received in audience, promised generous terms and

urged to abide by their undertaking. They were accompanied on their return journey by Commius, whom I had appointed ruler of the Atrebates after the subjugation of that people and of whose honour, discretion and loyalty I had received abundant proof. Commius was greatly respected in Britain, and his orders were to visit all the states he could, impressing on them the advantages of Roman protection and to announce my impending arrival.

Volusenus completed his survey as far as he was able without disembarking and risking a hostile reception from the natives. Five days later he returned and made his report. While the ships were commissioning, delegations arrived from a large section of the Morini. They excused themselves for their recent hostile attitude on the grounds that they were uncivilized folk, ignorant of Roman institutions; but they promised obedience for the future. Their action was providential, for though I had no wish to leave an enemy hanging on my rear, the season was too far advanced to start another campaign; and, in any case, the British expedition was clearly more important than the conquest of these petty states. I therefore demanded a large number of hostages and when they arrived, accepted the submission of the Morini.

A fleet of about eighty ships, which seemed adequate for the conveyance of two legions, was eventually commissioned and assembled, together with a number of warships commanded by the chief of staff, officers of general rank and auxiliary commanders. At another port, some eight miles higher up the coast, were eighteen transports which had been prevented by adverse winds from joining the main fleet at Boulogne.\* These were allotted to the cavalry. The remainder of the army under Sabinus and Cotta was sent on a punitive expedition against the Menapii and those cantons of the Morini which had not been represented in the recent delegation. Another general officer, Publius Sulpicius Rufus, was ordered to guard the harbour with a force that seemed large enough for that purpose.

Arrangements were now complete, the weather was favourable and we cast off just before midnight. The cavalry had been

ordered to make for the northern port, embark there and follow on; but they were rather slow about carrying out these instructions and started, as we shall see, too late. I reached Britain with the leading vessels at about 9 a.m. and saw the enemy forces standing under arms all along the heights. At this point of the coast, precipitous cliffs tower over the water, making it possible to fire from above directly on to the beaches. It was clearly no place to attempt a landing, so we rode at anchor until about 3:30 p.m., awaiting the rest of the fleet. During this interval I summoned my staff and company commanders, passed on to them the information obtained by Volusenus and explained my plans. They were worried that, as tactical demands, particularly at sea, are always uncertain and subject to rapid change, they must be ready to act at a moment's notice on the briefest order from myself. The meeting then broke up. Both wind and tide were favourable, the signal was given to weigh anchor and after moving about eight miles up channel, the ships were grounded on an open and evenly shelving beach.

The natives, however, realized our intention. Their cavalry and war chariots (a favourite arm of theirs) were sent ahead, while the main body followed close behind and stood ready to prevent our landing. In the circumstances, disembarkation was an extraordinarily difficult business. On account of their large draught, the ships could not be beached except in deep water; and the troops, besides being ignorant of the locality, had their hands full. Weighted with a mass of heavy armour, they had to jump from the ships, stand firm in the surf and fight at the same time. But the enemy knew their ground. Being quite unencumbered, they could hurl their weapons boldly from dry land or shallow water and gallop their horses, which were trained to this kind of work. Our men were terrified; they were inexperienced in this kind of fighting and lacked that dash and drive which always characterized their land battles.

The warships, however, were of a shape unfamiliar to the natives; they were swift, too, and easier to handle than the transports. Therefore, as soon as I grasped the situation, I ordered them to go slightly astern, clear of the transports, and then, full speed ahead, bringing up on the Britons' right flank. From that position they

were to open fire and force the enemy back with slings, arrows and artillery. The manoeuvre was of considerable help to the troops. The Britons were scared by the strange forms of the warships, by the motion of the oars and by the artillery which they had never seen before. They halted, then fell back a little; but our men still hesitated, mainly because of the deep water.

At this critical moment the standard-bearer of the Tenth Legion, after calling on the gods to bless the legion through his act, shouted, "Come on, men! Jump, unless you want to betray your standard to the enemy! I, at any rate, shall do my duty to my country and my commander." He threw himself into the sea and started forward with the eagle. The rest were not going to disgrace themselves. Cheering wildly they leaped down, and when the men in the next ships saw them, they too quickly followed their example.

The action was bitterly contested on both sides. But our fellows were unable to keep their ranks and stand firm; nor could they follow their appointed standards because men from different ships were falling in under the first one they reached, and a good deal of confusion resulted. The Britons, of course, knew all the shallows; standing on dry land, they watched the men disembark in small parties, galloped down, attacked them as they struggled through the surf and surrounded them with superior numbers, while others opened fire on the exposed flank of isolated units. I therefore had the warships' boats and scouting vessels filled with troops, so that help could be sent to any point where the men seemed to be in difficulties. When everyone was ashore and formed up, the legions charged. The enemy was hurled back, but pursuit for any distance was impossible, as the cavalry transports had been unable to hold their course and make the island. That was the only thing that deprived us of a decisive victory.

The natives eventually recovered from their panic and sent a delegation to ask for peace, promising to surrender hostages and carry out my instructions. These envoys brought with them Commius, who, it will be remembered, had preceded us to Britain. When he had landed and was actually delivering my message in the character of an ambassador, he had been arrested and thrown into prison. Now, after their defeat, the natives sent him back.

In asking for peace they laid the blame for this outrage upon the common people and asked me to overlook the incident on the grounds of their ignorance. I protested against this unprovoked attack which they had launched after sending a mission to the Continent to negotiate a friendly settlement, but agreed to pardon their ignorance and demanded hostages. Some of these were handed over at once; others, they said, would have to be fetched from a distance and would be delivered in a few days. Meanwhile, they were ordered to return to their occupations on the land; and chieftains began to arrive from the surrounding districts, commending themselves and their tribes to my protection. Peace was thus concluded.

Late on the fourth day after our landing in Britain the eighteen transports with cavalry on board had sailed from the northern part with a gentle breeze; but as they neared the British coast and were within sight of the camp, a violent storm had blown up, and none of them could hold its course. Some had been driven back to the point of embarkation; others, in great peril, had been swept down channel, westwards, towards the southernmost part of the island. Notwithstanding the danger, they had dropped anchor, but now shipped so much water that they were obliged to stand out to sea as darkness fell and return to the Continent.

It happened to be full moon that night, and at such times the Atlantic tides are particularly high, a fact of which we were ignorant. The result was that the warships, which had been beached, became waterlogged. As for the transports riding at anchor, they were dashed one against another; and it was impossible to manoeuvre them or to do anything whatever to assist. Several ships broke up, and the remainder lost their cables, anchors and rigging. Consternation naturally seized the troops, for there were no spare ships in which they could return and no means of refitting. It had been generally understood, too, that we should winter in Gaul; and consequently no arrangements had been made for winter food supplies in Britain.

The British chieftains at my headquarters sized up the situation and put their heads together. They knew we had no cavalry and were short of grain and shipping; they judged the weakness of our forces from the inconsiderable area of the camp, which was

all the smaller because we had brought no heavy equipment; and they decided to renew the offensive. Their aim was to cut us off from food supplies and other material and to prolong the campaign until winter. They were confident that if the present expeditionary force were wiped out or prevented from returning, an invasion of Britain would never again be attempted. Accordingly, they renewed their vows of mutual loyalty, slipped away one by one from our camp and secretly reassembled their forces from the countryside.

I had not yet been informed of their intention; but, in view of the disaster to our shipping and the fact that they had ceased to deliver hostages, I had a suspicion of what might happen and was prepared for any emergency. Corn was brought in every day from the fields; timber and bronze from the badly damaged vessels were used to repair others; the necessary equipment was ordered from the Continent; and, thanks to the energy and efficiency of the troops, all but twelve ships were made tolerably seaworthy.

One day, while these repairs were in progress, the Seventh Legion was doing its turn in the harvest field. Nothing had occurred as yet to arouse suspicion of an impending attack, for many of the natives were still at work on the land and others were frequent visitors to our camp. Suddenly, however, the sentries on the gates reported an unusually large dust cloud in the direction in which the legion had gone. My suspicions were confirmed—the natives had hatched some new plot.

The battalions on guard duty were detailed to go with me to the scene of action, two others were ordered to relieve them, and the rest to arm and follow on immediately. We had not been marching long before I noticed the Seventh was in difficulties; they were only just managing to hold their ground with their units closely packed and under heavy fire. The fact was, the enemy had guessed their destination, as the fields were already stripped elsewhere. They had hidden themselves in the woods by night and attacked while the men were unarmed and busy reaping. We lost a few killed. The rest were in confusion before they could form up and found themselves hemmed in by cavalry and war chariots.

The following will give some idea of British charioteers in action. They begin by driving all over the field, hurling javelins; and the terror inspired by the horses and the noise of the wheels is usually enough to throw the enemy ranks into disorder. Then they work their way between their own cavalry units, where the warriors jump down and fight on foot. Meanwhile, the drivers retire a short distance from the fighting and station the cars in such a way that their masters, if outnumbered, have an easy means of retreat to their own lines. In action, therefore, they combine the mobility of cavalry with the staying power of foot soldiers. Their skill, which is derived from ceaseless training and practice, may be judged by the fact that they can control their horses at full gallop on the steepest incline, check and turn them in a moment, run along the pole, stand on the yoke and get back again into the chariot as quick as lightning.

Our troops were unnerved by these tactics, and help reached them in the nick of time; for as we approached, the enemy halted, and the legion recovered its morale. The moment, however, was clearly inopportune to precipitate a general engagement; so I advanced no further and shortly afterwards led the troops back to camp. This episode kept us all fully occupied, and such natives as were still at work in the fields made off.

There followed several days of bad weather, which confined us to camp besides preventing an enemy attack. But during this interval the Britons sent runners all over the countryside to inform the population that our force was very weak and that if it could be driven from its base they had every chance of obtaining valuable loot and of securing their freedom once and for all. A strong British force of both arms was assembled and marched on our camp. It was fairly evident that what had happened before would happen again—even if we routed them, their speed would enable them to get clear of further danger. Nevertheless, there were now available some thirty horses brought over by Commius. So the legions were drawn up in battle formation in front of the camp, and after a brief action the enemy was overwhelmed and fled. We followed as far as our speed and endurance allowed, killed a large number of them, then burned all their dwellings over a wide area and returned to base.



That same day envoys came to sue for peace. They were met with a demand for twice as many hostages as before and were ordered to bring them over to the Continent because the equinox was close at hand and the ill condition of our ships made it inadvisable to postpone the voyage until winter. Taking advantage of fair weather, we set sail a little after midnight; and the whole fleet reached the mainland in safety.

Two transports, however, with about three hundred troops on board failed to make the same port as the rest and were carried a little further south. When these men disembarked and were on the march to their base, they were surrounded by a small party of Morini and given the alternative of surrender or death. This tribe had been subdued before we left for Britain, but the temptation to plunder had proved too strong. The Romans formed a circle and defended themselves but the din brought about 6,000 more natives on the scene. Immediately on hearing this news, I sent the cavalry in full strength to their assistance; but in the meantime they stood their ground, putting up a magnificent fight for almost four hours and inflicting heavy casualties at the cost of only a few wounded. On the appearance of our horses, the Morini threw away their arms and ran, leaving many dead on the field.

Next day Labienus was sent against the rebellious tribe with the legions that had just returned from Britain. The marshes which had offered some protection last year had now dried up; the enemy had no place of refuge left, and nearly all gave themselves up to the Roman commander.

Sabinus and Cotta on their expedition against the Menapii had been able to do no more than pillage the country, cutting down crops and burning houses; for the natives had concealed themselves in an area of thick forest. Both officers now returned to headquarters with their troops, and I arranged for all the legions to winter in Belgic territory. Only two British tribes sent over hostages; the rest ignored my instructions.

Upon receipt of my dispatches announcing these achievements the Senate decreed a twenty days' public thanksgiving.



## *Adventure in the South Atlantic*

**D**R. R. B. ROBERTSON, a physician, signed up as senior medical officer to a "pelagic whaling expedition sailing for the Southern Ocean for the 1910-1911 whaling season." When Robertson read these words, under the magical heading "ANTARCTIC" in the employment columns of the *British Medical Journal*, he did two things.

He looked up "pelagic"—found it meant "sea-borne"—and he got on the telephone and found that the trip would take about eight months. Two days later he had agreed to be responsible for the health of some 650 Norwegian and Scottish whalers in one of the most interesting medical adventures of modern days.

The trip began in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the whaling offices, when Robertson was taken on as a "Whaler Group Spec. SMO" (Senior Medical Officer) and ended at South Georgia in the Southern Ocean.

Robertson learned that new techniques have made modern whaling big business: Scotland sends out two expeditions a year; England one; Japan two; South Africa, Holland and Russia one each; one is manned mostly by Germans with offices in New York and ships in Panama. But Norway, long famous for its whalers, is yet the leader today. At the time of this writing, she sends ten expeditions out—ten out of some twenty from all over the world. Each expedition sets out with a capital value of some \$8,000,000, comes back with a gross *profit* running over \$6,000,000. So you can see what *ten* such trips mean to Norway. Many techniques, patents, whaling talent for other ships also still come from Norway.

As it turned out, Robertson's pelagic adventures ranged far from the medical as he sailed some 48,000 miles on "the world's greatest hunt for the world's largest mammal."





FROM:  
'OF WHALES AND MEN'

*by R. B. Robertson*

I SHOULD like to be able to say that I dashed straight off on the catchers to see the first of the whales being killed, but it was not so. The first few hundred whales I saw were dead ones, for I was tied to the factory ship at the beginning of the season; and as soon as I planned a catcher trip, some ignorant Whaler Group VIII would thrust his foot into a piece of machinery where no man had ever thrust a foot before, and it would take all night to extricate him and a week to get his foot looking like a foot again. Or the manager would inconsiderately go down with the South Georgia flu when I had just told him the expedition was clear of infection; or old Alec MacDougall, the boilermaker, would come along apologetically just as I was about to go off on one of the catchers, with yet another non-magnetic brass splinter embedded deeply in his eye; and it would be several days before we could assure him that his sight would be all right.

So it was only later—considerably later—in the season that I did manage to slip away for a few days' holiday on the small ships and see this whaling butchery in its initial phases. When I could get away, naturally I chose to go with Thor, not only because he was the best gunner in the Antarctic, but also because I found him better company and easier to get along with than the heavy, suspicious Norwegian-fisherman type to which most of our other gunners belonged.

Some time after November 9, when the baleen whaling season opened, I found myself standing on the tiny bridge of Thor's catcher with him beside me. We were agreed that the farther we could get away from the factory ship for a few days, the better both for them and us. So he laid his course due south through the drift ice and ordered the highest speed compatible with safety.

The bridge of the little ship was uncovered and open all round—very different from the comfortable bridge of the factory, with its double-glass electrically heated wheelhouse, windproof doors and de-icing equipment. The catchermen faced the Antarctic weather without any protection other than their thick clothing. At first sight it seemed like masochism, but they have good reason for forgoing all protection from wind and snow and spray. In the whale-hunt it is necessary to have a clear, uninterrupted view all round, and the distant feathery spouting of many a whale would be missed if the keen-eyed men searching for it were behind glass. Thor grasped the dodger of the little bridge, in front of him like a steering-wheel, and, though the helmsman was three paces behind him following his directions, it seemed to be he who was pulling the small ship this way and that with his large, ungloved hands as we wound in and out between the ice floes.

"Anyone who can drive a taxi in New York City can handle a whalecatcher in the Southern Ocean," he said in his Swedish-American accent. "Start; stop; go astern; no right turn; mind that iceberg; don't swerve suddenly on a greasy road; keep an eye on the cop or the whaling inspector; and all the time watch out for a fare spluttering on the sidewalk or a whale spouting on the horizon."

"You talk as though you knew both jobs," I prompted him.

"I do. I drove a taxi in New York for several years," he told me.

Such incongruities were not uncommon when the whalers gave one brief glimpses into their pre-whaling lives, but this sounded a more than usually interesting one; so I eased Thor's life history out of him piece by piece. A Swede, but born in Norway and brought up to speak Norwegian as well as the Norskis, he had emigrated to America, where he became trilingual and worked as a taximeter for several years. This occupation, as he probably rightly maintained, had given him the alerted instincts, the quickness of decision in emergencies and the ability to synchronize and synthesize several dissociated activities, which had taken him rapidly to the top of the profession of whale-gunnery. But driving a taxi had not been adventurous enough for him, and when he saw a chance of going to sea, he took it.

"I served my apprenticeship on small, fast vessels trading

between Bermuda and some lesser-known ports on the eastern seaboard of the States. I got a very good training in navigation by night. . . ."

He hummed and hawed a bit over this period of his life story, and I remembered something Old Burnett had told me. "You were a rum-runner," I accused.

"Well, it was a good preparatory education for whaling," he replied indirectly. "The Long Island Coast Guard men are not always as quick-witted as whales, never mind whaling inspectors; but ~~judging~~ <sup>judging</sup> them taught me a lot about the handling of small, fast ships."

He admitted that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment had been one of the greatest setbacks in his career. Finding himself idle, he had drifted back across the Atlantic and become involved in the British whaling business. Here he had remained ever since, except for six years of wartime service in command of North Sea minesweepers, in which he had been blown up twice and survived to rise to the rank of lieutenant-commander. The war finished, he returned to whaling, now a gunner, and in his first Antarctic season had made himself the greatest menace the whale species has ever known in its long, hunted history.

"It's a dull job at times but will do to fill in the time until America or some other big country starts Prohibition again," he ended sadly.

"Married?" I inquired.

"No-o-o," he replied a bit wistfully, "I had a temporary wife during the war—I was put in prison once for keeping her in a restricted naval area for three years without the Admiralty knowing—but after the war she wanted to settle down and thought I should do so, too, in an apartment in Edinburgh. I tried it for a month or two, but it was no good. She's still there any time I want her enough to give up this kind of life."

As we talked, his eyes moved restlessly but systematically round the horizon; and other eyes, too, searched for a "fare," as we now began jokingly to call our prey. The ice was becoming thicker the farther south we went, and the little ships now crept along at a gentle seven knots. The mate, a young Canadian seaman, stood beside us, searching through powerful glasses. The man

at the wheel behind us, an old Hebridean Islander by name of Angus, had his eyes on the sea more than on the compass before him; and above us, on the crow's nest or "barrel" at the masthead, the youngest lad on the ship, who by right of his juniority was given the coldest and least attractive job, searched for the elusive and by no means easily spotted puffs of vapor that would disclose our innocent victim.

Thor explained to me what they were all looking for. The baleen season being well advanced, we were after the really big whales. "I'm sick of sperm and fin and sei and tiddlers like that," he said. "I haven't had a really big blue this year yet, and I want to get in among them. They're around here somewhere, I feel certain."

"How do you know?" I challenged him. "We haven't seen any for two days."

"No. But I can smell the bastards," was his inadequate explanation. "I'll lay you half my bonus we kill one before the sun goes down."

I was glad I had not accepted his bet, for a moment or two later there came wild cries from the little Norwegian mess-boy up in the barrel: "*Hvalblast! Hvalblast! . . .*" and a stream of Norwegian in an adolescent and excited tone, which caused all hands to peer with glasses and naked eyes away to the starboard bow. I could see nothing (though I did not, of course, admit it) and felt chagrined when old Angus at the wheel, who like myself had no glasses, gazed steadily for a few moments and said, "Aye! They're blues. Three—four of them at least, maybe more. Headin' sou'-sou'-east. We'll hae a bit to add tae the bonus ere night-time!"

Thor had already rung down to the engine room for full speed, and the catcher swung to starboard as she gathered up her fifteen knots and charged through the water. The stretch between us and the whales was fairly clear of ice. Soon everybody on the ship had forgotten me, the idle passenger, and I stood as far out of the way as is possible on a tiny catcher bridge and watched. The clang of the telegraph and the increased speed had warned those below of what was afoot, and others began to appear. The Scottish chief engineer heaved himself—he weighed nearly two hundred and fifty pounds—out of the miniature saloon below the bridge and climbed down to the foredeck, where he fiddled with

the powerful winch to which the whale line was attached. The second mate and two seamen appeared, disheveled, from their bunks and went up to the gun platform in the bows to check the gun, clear the lines and arrange various long bamboo poles and flags and buoys and strange gadgets that stuck up around the foremast aft of the gun platform. The A.B. telegraphist, a sort of seaman-cum-radioman, turned on the blower so that the gyaner might inform the factory ship that we were chasing, then went forward to heave some massive chains, the use of which I did not yet understand, through special hawse holes in the ship's bulwarks.

I looked aft. A moderate sea was running, and, with the catcher at full speed, the only part aft of the bridge which was not continually flooded with water and where it was possible to maintain a foothold was the engine-room coping. On this stood the steward and the third engineer, who could have remained below had they wished and who had seen thousands of whales killed in their time, but could not resist the excitement of yet another chase. And every now and again I saw the white pow and clay pipe of old Julius, second engineer and oldest man in the whaling business, sticking up through a skylight to see how things were going, when he should have been standing by his telegraph and controls in the engine room below. The only missing member of the crew was the fireman greaser, who presumably was firing or greasing something in the bowels of the little ship.

I looked again toward the whales. This time I did see something, and had I known what I was looking for, I would have seen it before. I had been searching for a great fountain of water shooting toward the sky, as artists and tale-tellers had taught me to expect; but of course, as we were a mile or so away, all there was to see was a feathery and momentary puff of vapor seeming only a few inches high against the gray sea beyond. I grabbed the mate's glasses when he turned to attend to something else, and through them the spoutings seemed sizable jets, rising straight and slender upward—a shape and direction that told the experienced men they were blue whales and not sperm or humpback. Occasionally below the jets I could see a rounded black shape just awash above the water. Angus, at the wheel, kept up his running commentary (he was talking to himself and not to me,



for, like all the others, he had forgotten all but the whales and the chase), "Ayel There's twa there 'tween eighty an' ninety feet. Thar ones on the port bow's probably a cow and calf. That's a gey wee spout, the yin on the left; but thon's a muckle beggar over there. Are ye wantin' me to steer for that one, gunner?"

Thor did not take his eyes off the school of whales, nor bother to answer Angus, but pushed him away from the wheel and took it himself. "Tell Julius to give us more speed, for Chrissake!" he told the mate, and from then on there were only he and that huge whale. The rest of the catcher crew stood around trying to anticipate his every need or wish before he expressed it.

There was no pretense of creeping up on the whale—the thrash of our propeller could be heard by every living thing in the sea for miles around. Thor's aim was to get to the spot before the whale realized what was going on and sounded, or else to scare it into a surface dash to windward and, by means of our two or three knots superiority in speed, to follow it up and come within hitting distance—around fifty to a hundred feet—of the modern harpoon gun.

As we came near shooting range, Thor precipitately left the wheel, which old Angus was ready to grab, and ran down the flying bridge, an elevated walk-way that joins the wheel bridge to the gun platform in the bows. The harpoon gun stood ready. A simple swivel gun, with a pistol grip and a sighting-bar along the top, it was loaded with a six-foot harpoon weighing two hundred pounds. Murderous enough in itself, the harpoon was made more lethal by a grenade attached to its point, fused to explode in three seconds when the harpoon, if the shooting was good, should be lodged in some vital part of the whale's great body.

Standing by the gun, Thor still kept control of the ship. By arm signals or by shouted commands to his mate on the bridge, he directed her to port or starboard; and a duplicate telegraph beside him on the gun platform carried his commands to old Julius in the engine room. As he closed on the whale, he alone saw the fun. We spectators behind him by the wheel or on the flying bridge (no one but the gunner dare set foot on the gun platform) saw nothing but Thor's bottom bouncing up and down with excitement as he swiveled and sighted his gun. I, myself, frustrated as

all photographers are bound to be when they try to shoot the actual killing of a whale, photographed that unromantic object several times, then closed my camera against the spray and consoled myself by listening to Thor's language.

The Swedish and Norwegian tongues contain only one swear word between them, and that a not very satisfying one; and Thor had realized that nobody aboard understood the language of the New York taxi-drivers, so the language used aboard his ship during the whale-hunt was English, or, rather, broken Scots. In this unlvely tongue Thor swore at the mate. The mate swore back and found time between breaths to curse old Angus at the wheel and the boy in the barrel. The plump engineer down at the winch began to yell profane encouragement to all and sundry. The engine-room telegraph began to yammer as Thor started and stopped his little ship, wheeled it and sometimes went astern. The cross-talk became even more heated and impious. Thor's bottom bounced up and down even more excitedly. Then, in the middle of it all, there was the clap of a cannon shot; and it seemed obvious to me, the untutored observer, that Thor had accidentally pulled the trigger in a paroxysm of wrath. But no! There was the whale, which everybody seemed to have forgotten, thrashing the water fifty feet off the bows, with the harpoon securely fixed in a wound just forward of its dorsal fin and blood gushing into the sea. The dull detonation of the grenade inside the whale ended this stage of the shooting.

Sometimes the whale is killed outright, but more often it either races away on the surface or dives deep as though to think over this disconcerting matter of an explosion inside its tummy. This one was a 'sunder', and the nylon rope whirled out of its locker in the bows of our ship as the whale plunged down.

Then began a battle between whale and catcher, which can only be understood properly by one who has played a fighting fish on rod and line. The fish in this case is no salmon measured in pounds, however, but has the size and weight of a large Coast Guard cutter. The 'hook' has the weight of a plowshare and is twice its size. The 'cast' is not a thin strand of gut, but twenty fathoms of three-inch nylon rope that will take a strain of thousands of tons. The 'line' is even stouter hempen rope. The 'rod'

is the mast of the catcher up which the line runs; it bends and takes an even strain as the angler's rod does to the fighting salmon. And the 'reel' at the butt of the rod, taking in line, letting it run, reeling in gently, is a powerful winch. On this winch our fat, cheerful Scottish engineer played the whale, as in his youth he had played the salmon in his native highland rivers. The whale did not stand a chance.

For, unlike a fish, it had to rise to the surface to breathe; and, each time it did so, Thor was waiting, his gun loaded with a "killer" harpoon, which had another grenade on its tip, but no rope attached. The harpoon gun boomed again. There was a welter of blood under our bows, flowing around the ship; and our whale, which did not oblige us with the traditional spout of blood or "chimney afire," as the old whalers termed it, quietly turned its belly upward and was dead.

Thor ambled back up the flying bridge, wiping his hands on his trousers, and glanced once, casually but a little sadly, at the mighty thing he had fought and killed. Perhaps, like myself at that moment, he was seeing the drama from the whale's point of view. Ten minutes before, this harmless monster had not known that man existed; and now it lay, smashed and upside down, without having known or comprehended why or how it had been attacked. Maybe, had it been less innocent, had it realized that brains can outwit bulk, it would have fought back more intelligently and might have inflicted death and gained its revenge on its tormentors before it surrendered.

Sometimes whales do. I have known cases where the whale has 'dived below the catcher and by accident—or possibly by cunning—has cut the nylon fore-runner on the blades of the propeller, causing the elastic rope to whirl back inboard, smashing the limbs of whoever is on the deck. And in other, more mysterious ways the whale sometimes gets his revenge. Commander Gyle, our whaling inspector, once told the story of the most fantastic case yet of the whale's revenge—the case of the whale that shot the gunner.

It seems this gunner had his harpoon fast in a fin whale and a killer harpoon without a line loaded in his gun. When the whale was hauled up under the bows of the catcher, the gunner noticed

that the harpoon in the beast was not deeply enough embedded to hold it. It still had plenty of life, and another harpoon with a line was needed. He trained his gun inboard, unscrewed the grenade from the killer harpoon and was about to unload the gun, when the harpoon in the whale tore out. As it did so, the nylon fore-runner flew up with great force, caught under the trigger of the gun, and fired it. The killer harpoon struck the gunner, shattering his right arm, smashing his ribs and throwing him against the fore'sle rail. He lived only long enough to be taken to the factory ship. Next day, he was buried at sea, and perhaps the whale he had attacked still lives somewhere in that vast Southern Ocean where the gunner found his grave.

But Thor's whale was indubitably dead, though the battle was not quite over. Had it been a sperm or a right whale or any of the smaller breeds the old whalers used to hunt, we could have flagged it and left it as we went to kill the others in the school. But this was a hundred-ton blue whale, which sinks after death and must be kept afloat by artificial means. So the engineer was now racing his winch, 'reeling in,' and the A.B. telegraphist was waiting on the foredeck ready to 'gaff' the whale when it was slowly hauled in alongside. A wire rope was passed around its tail, and when it was securely made fast to the little ship, the A.B. telegraphist leaned over the side with one of the long bamboo poles lying handy beside the foremast. Attached to the end of the pole was a blubber spade, of shape and size identical with those ancient tools that are to be seen in the museum at Mystic, Connecticut. With this the seaman made a neat puncture in the side of the whale's belly. Through this an air pipe was inserted, and then the engineer turned a knob or two and thousands of cubic feet of compressed air hissed into the whale's carcass to keep it afloat.

"Now," said Thor, "we buoy her and flag her." (The whale, being now belly upward, was indubitably a "she.") "Then we leave her for the buoy boats to pick up, and we go off and kill another. Make another seven pounds ten for me, and another ten shillings for old Angus here. Which way did the others head, Angus?"

"They're two points off the starboard bow, 'bout mile an' a half

away," replied old Angus, who, with the co-operation of the boy in the barrel, had been keeping track of the other whales during all the excitement. "There's another big bastard amongst them. . . ."

But thanks to me, that "big bastard" of a whale probably still lives and roams the Southern Ocean in peace. For before old Angus had finished his sentence, the 'blower' behind us began to scream and whistle; and we gathered that the manager on the factory wanted to speak to the gunner of Number One very urgently.

"You got the doctor with you, Thor?" the manager wanted to know. "Well, bring him back to the factory as quick as you can. Chippy the carpenter's just pushed his fist into his band saw, and there's blood all over the ruddy ship. Got a whale to use as a fender?"

Thor had to admit that he had a whale; so we were ordered right back. I watched the faces of Thor and the mate and old Angus, and could almost hear them counting up to ten as they struggled to be reasonable and keep their tempers; for they stood to lose a lot of money through their rashness in having the doctor as a passenger the first time they got in among the big blue whales. But, as whalemén generally do, instead of growling, they smiled.

"Get the flukes off her, Nick," Thor ordered his mate. "Then set a course for the factory . . . And as for you, you bloody Jonah—," he turned to me in mook rage, "come down below and give me what's left of that bottle of rum you brought aboard with you!"

I did not obey his instruction immediately, for I wanted to see the whalecatching process right through and inquire about this amputation of the flukes, or immense tail fins, of the whale. Nick, the Canadian mate, explained to me as the A.B.'s hacked them off with blubber spades. "I don't know whether there's any scientific backing for the idea," he told me, "but all whalemén believe that if a whale is left adrift after death with the flukes still there, it will propel itself or be propelled by some twist or something for miles, and will probably never be picked up again. So we always cut them off, and all the machinery on the factory ship is designed for dealing only with flukeless whales. The 'grab' which hauls them aboard the factory is shaped only to fit the stumps and not

the flukes; so we cut off a ton or two of pretty valuable whale tissue and dump it in the sea before we go any further."

Perhaps, within the next few years, commercial demand and scientific invention may overcome this whalemén's belief or superstition, as many have been overcome before. For it appears that soon there may be a big demand for whale tendon for use as surgical sutures because it has certain advantages over the expensive catgut, kangaroo tendon, and plastic sutures that surgeons use today. When the firms that equip operating-theaters seek whale tendon, they will find it in greatest length and strength in the now despised and discarded flukes.

And if there should be any foundation for the whalemén's belief that a dead whale with the flukes on will keep moving through the ocean and never be found again, another scientific invention will overcome that. This is a little *dévice* invented, tested and found adequate about two years ago. It is a tiny radio transmitter that is shot into the whale's carcass, and, battery charged, gives out direction-finding signals that enable buoy boat or corvette to sail straight to the dead whale, no matter where its flukes may mysteriously have propelled it. There is something uncanny about the idea of a dead whale drifting about amid the ice of the Southern Ocean, broadcasting its whereabouts as it does so; but many things in modern whaling are as weird as the strange ways and superstitions of the whalemén of old, or weirder.

By the time Nick had finished his explanation, the flukes were off our whale and dumped into the sea. Then I saw a seaman cutting a single notch in the stump of the tail with his blubber spade. The reason for this I was told without having to ask.

"One notch means the whale's been killed by Number One Catcher," Nick explained. "Everybody on the factory from the bosun to the whaling inspector knows now that's our whale. We don't want the other catchers claiming out whales and drawing our bonus. Andersen's buoy boat, now, which is Number Thirteen vessel of the fleet, has to put thirteen notches in the tail of any whales it may kill—not that Andersen has ever been sober enough to kill a whale!" he added with the usual contempt which the crew of the leading catcher have for everybody else in the expedition.

The point about our having a whale to use as a fender I did

not need to have explained to me, for I had seen the necessity for it a hundred times when I had watched catchers coming alongside the factory ship. No fender yet devised by man is big or strong enough to keep a small ship from smashing in the side of a factory ship when it is tied up to it and a high Antarctic sea is running. But the Lord supplies unlimited hundred-ton fenders with the consistency and resilience of rubber for the catchers to use when they want to go alongside. If the factory ship has not got a whale, however, and a catcher wants to tie up to her, then, no matter how urgent the matter is, it just cannot do so until it finds and kills a whale to use as a fender.

Thor and Nick were among the few catcher officers who understood and took advantage of 'new-fangled' gadgets, so when we were ordered in, we had no difficulty locating the factory ship and laying our course toward her. We did this on the direction-finding beam, a radio signal sent out by the factory every fifteen minutes. I had come to know this device well from the other side, for the automatic gadget that sent it out was located on the deck directly above my cabin on the factory, making radio reception a noisy frustration for me and interrupting conversation in my room regularly every quarter hour. But now I saw it from the other side and appreciated its value. One must return to the well-tried metaphor to describe it: it was as though the old hen was clucking; and her tiny chick, blind though it was, raced directly toward her to seek her protection.

I wanted to stay up on the bridge to watch the whole interesting technique of finding our way home through that desolate sea, but Nick advised me, "For Christ sake, go below and give Thor enough rum to put him in a good humor. Maybe he was a taxi-driver and an American citizen, but he's as temperamental as any of those Norski gunners when anything keeps him away from fat blue whales." So Thor and I sat below in his cabin, drinking rum and yarning, while the efficient young Canadian took us in on the radio beam. Within an hour or two he gave us a shout that he had picked up the huge hull of the factory ship in the evening haze, and a few minutes later we were alongside.

The small ships bringing in whales, or tying up to the factory ship, always do so on the starboard side. (The reason for this, no-

body, not even Mansell or Mark, could tell me, except that it has always been so since the days of outboard flensing, which was invariably performed on the starboard side of the whaling barks. "It somehow just seems the right way to do it" was the best explanation I was offered; and I had to agree, though I could not tell you why, that it did.) Wire ropes were made fast between the huge, seemingly immobile hull of the factory ship and our bouncing little craft, but not without difficulty, even though the whale between us acted as a fairly adequate cushion; for by now a very high sea was running.

It was then that I had my first experience of transferring from ship to ship in mid-ocean during bad weather. This experience I had many times later when my services were needed on the catchers, but the experience never lost its excitement, nor I my mortal terror of it.

This is the procedure: A basket, not much bigger than or very different from a fish basket and fixed to a wire rope by a most insecure-looking shackle, is slung out by a derrick from the factory and dropped onto the deck of the catcher, with plenty of slack rope. The unfortunate victim, with as casual and indifferent an expression on his face as he can muster, steps into the basket and crouches down, either in an Oriental squat or in an appropriate kneeling position. Now the fun begins. The man at the winch cannot see the basket and must obey the signals of the bosun, who leans over the side of the factory ship, far above with a look of calm unconcern on his face if the contents of the basket are something as unimportant as the doctor and with more anxiety if it should be a load of valuable harpoons coming aboard. The victim squats or kneels for a while in terror, awaiting "the moment." The moment may be a long time a-coming. For while the factory ship is reeling gently from side to side like a large man carrying too much drink, the catcher is bouncing about in a way the traditional cork never did. And if the wrong moment is chosen, several uncomfortable things may happen. If the slack of the rope is taken in too soon, the catcher may suddenly descend twenty feet into the trough of a sea, leaving the basket poised in mid-air like a pendulum, to be dashed against the hull of the factory. The inhabitant of the basket feels as the champagne bottle must feel when it leaves



the hand of the fair lady performing a launching ceremony. Or if the bosun or winchman should be a bit slow in taking in the slack, the catcher will descend and the basket will rise smoothly; but it will still be there when the catcher comes up again with a mighty rush on the crest of the wave, and the helpless contents of the basket will be banged on the bottom by five hundred tons of rapidly ascending machinery. I never properly understood Dr. Einstein's major theory until I sat in that basket, a point in space with one motion relative to the catcher and an entirely different motion relative to the factory ship; but I believe I do now, and certainly Adamson, our bosun, seemed on most occasions to have a fair grasp of the theory. On this first time when I was the principal actor, he chose the "moment" well. The basket rose smoothly from the deck of the crazily bouncing catcher, dodged out of the gap between catcher and factory ship about a fiftieth of a second before that gap closed to a few inches, swung gently out of the way as the heavy steel mast of the catcher leaned over at an angle of forty-five degrees to give the basket a twenty-ton tap, and a few seconds later I was on the deck of the factory, saying, "Thank you, Adam!" to the bosun and trying to make my tome as offhand as the one I would have used to an elevator boy.

Thor had cast off as soon as the basket with its unlucky contents had left the deck of his little ship and was steaming off into the evening, hoping to catch up with the blues again before the brief Antarctic night descended.

"Well, only Thor would have been crazy enough to come alongside and put you aboard with a sea like this running," commented Adamson unemotionally and, I thought, rather inconsiderately. "However, you made it!"

I went aft to attend to Chippy, the damaged carpenter, and as I did so, I pondered on the difficulties and dangers faced by the men who scour the Southern Ocean in small ships; for my brief trip with Thor had convinced me that those difficulties and dangers, though altered, are as great as those that confronted the men of the old romantic whaling days.



## *Adventure in India*

MAJOR JAMES CORBETT is known throughout the Kumaon Hills in India, not only as a hunter of man-eating tigers, but also as a writer of exciting tales about tigers.

Jim Corbett's book, "Man-Eaters of Kumaon," from which this section is selected is not only about tiger hunters, but also about jungle ways and life in the Kumaon hills. Here, in the Himalayas in the distant northern United Provinces of India, *man-eating tigers* are the most frightening possible jungle inhabitants. For these beasts, usually weakened by wounds or illness or age—and therefore unable to kill their usual game—strike down men for their food.

Sometimes it is old-age that causes a tiger to become a man-eater, but most often it is his wounds—often a careless shot by an unwitting hunter. A tiger with missing or defective teeth will turn also to become a man-eater. The reason is obvious; he has literally been compelled to turn to a diet of human flesh. Sometimes he accidentally comes across one human body and then develops a taste for men as food.

Corbett, despite his wide experience in tracking down man-eaters, insists that "a tiger is a large-hearted gentleman with boundless courage and that when he is exterminated—as exterminated he will be unless public opinion rallies to his support—India will be the poorer by having lost the finest of her fauna."

In "Man-Eaters of Kumaon" the Major has been asked by the District Officers and the terrorized villagers themselves to rid their countryside of some particularly-effective menaces, who have been carrying off humans and cattle.





FROM:

## "MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON"

*by Jim Corbett*

**I** SPEAK the following morning in going round the very extensive fruit orchard and tea garden and in having a bath at the spring; and at about midday the Tahsildar, much to my relief, returned safely from Champawat.

I was standing talking to him, while looking down a long sloping hill with a village surrounded by cultivated land in the distance, when I saw a man leave the village and start up the hill in our direction. As the man drew nearer I saw he was alternately running and walking, quite evidently the bearer of important news. Telling the Tahsildar I would return in a few minutes, I set off at a run down the hill. When the man saw me coming he sat down to take breath.

As soon as I was near enough to hear him, he called out, "Come quickly, sahib, the man-eater has just killed a girl!"

"Sit still," I called back, and turning ran up to the bungalow. I passed the news on to the Tahsildar while I was getting a rifle and some cartridges, and asked him to follow me down to the village.

The man who had come for me was one of those exasperating individuals whose legs and tongue cannot function at the same time. When he opened his mouth he stopped dead, and when he started to run his mouth closed, so telling him to shut his mouth and lead the way, we ran in silence down the hill.

At the village an excited crowd of men, women and children awaited us. As usually happens on these occasions, all started to talk at the same time. One man was vainly trying to quieten the babel. I led him aside and asked him to tell me what had happened. Pointing to some scattered oak trees on a gentle slope a furlong or so from the village, he said a dozen people were collecting dry sticks under the trees, when a tiger suddenly appeared

and caught one of their number, a girl sixteen or seventeen years of age. The rest of the party had run back to the village, and as it was known that I was staying at the bungalow a man had immediately been dispatched to inform me.

The wife of the man I was speaking to had been of the party; she now pointed out the tree, on the shoulder of the hill, under which the girl had been taken. None of the party had looked back to see whether the tiger was carrying away its victim and, if so, in which direction it had gone.

Instructing the crowd not to make a noise and to remain in the village until I returned, I set off in the direction of the tree. The ground here was quite open, and it was difficult to conceive how an animal the size of a tiger could have approached twelve people unseen and its presence not detected until attention had been attracted by the choking sound made by the girl.

The spot where the girl had been killed was marked by a pool of blood and near it, and in vivid contrast to the crimson pool was a broken necklace of brightly colored blue beads which the girl had been wearing. From this spot the track led up and round the shoulder of the hill.

The track of the tigress was clearly visible. On one side of it were great splashes of blood where the girl's head had hung down, and on the other side the trail of her feet. Half a mile up the hill I found the girl's sari, and on the brow of the hill her skirt. Once again the tigress was carrying a naked woman, but mercifully on this occasion her burden was dead.

On the brow of the hill the track led through a thicket of black-thorn, on the thorns of which long strands of the girl's raven-black hair had caught. Beyond this was a bed of nettles through which the tigress had gone, and I was looking for a way round this obstruction when I heard footsteps behind me. Turning round, I saw a man armed with a rifle coming towards me. I asked him why he had followed me when I had left instructions at the village that no one was to leave it. He said that the Tahsildar had instructed him to accompany me and that he was afraid to disobey orders. As he appeared determined to carry out his orders and to argue the point would have meant the loss of valuable time, I told him to remove the heavy pair of boots he was wearing; and when he had

hidden them under a bush, I advised him to keep close to me and to keep a sharp lookout behind.

I was wearing a very thin pair of stockings, shorts and a pair of rubber-soled shoes; as there appeared to be no way round the nettles, I followed the tigress through them—much to my discomfort.

Beyond the nettles the blood trail turned sharply to the left and went straight down the very steep hill, which was densely clothed with bracken and ringals. A hundred yards down, the blood trail led into a narrow, very steep water-course, down which the tigress had gone with some difficulty, as could be seen from the dislodged stones and earth. I followed this watercourse for five or six hundred yards, my companion getting more and more agitated the further we went. A dozen times he caught my arm and whispered—in a voice full of tears—that he could hear the tiger, either on one side or the other, or behind us. Half-way down the hill we came on a great pinnacle of rock some thirty feet high. As the man had by now had all the man-eater hunting he could stand, I told him to climb the rock and remain on it until I returned. Very gladly he went up, and when he straddled the top and signaled to me that he was all right, I continued on down the watercourse, which, after skirting round the rock, went straight down for a hundred yards to where it met a deep ravine coming down from the left. At the junction was a small pool, and as I approached it I saw patches of blood on my side of the water.

The tigress had carried the girl straight down to this spot, and my approach had disturbed her at her meal. Splinters of bone were scattered round the deep pug marks into which discolored water was slowly seeping. At the edge of the pool was an object which had puzzled me as I came down the watercourse and which I now found was part of a human leg. In all the subsequent years I have hunted man-eaters, I have not seen anything as pitiful as that young comely leg—bitten off a little below the knee as clean as though severed by the stroke of an axe—out of which the warm blood was trickling.

While looking at the leg, I had forgotten all about the tigress

Hill bamboos.

until I suddenly felt that I was in great danger. Hurriedly grounding the butt of the rifle, I put two fingers on the triggers, raising my head as I did so, and saw a little earth from the fifteen-foot bank in front of me, come rolling down the steep side and plop into the pool. I was new to this game of man-eater hunting or I should not have exposed myself to an attack in the way I had done. My prompt action in pointing the rifle upwards had possibly saved my life, and in stopping her spring or in turning to get away, the tigress had dislodged the earth from the top of the bank.

The bank was too steep for scrambling; the only way of getting up was to take it at a run. Going up the watercourse a short distance, I sprinted down, took the pool in my stride and got far enough up the other side to grasp a bush and pull myself on to the bank. A bed of strobilanthes, the bent stalks of which were slowly regaining their upright position, showed where and how recently the tigress had passed. A little further on, under an overhanging rock, I found where she had left her kill when she came to have a look at me.

Her tracks now—as she carried away the girl—led into a wilderness of rocks, some acres in extent, where the going was both difficult and dangerous. The cracks and chasms between the rocks were masked with ferns and blackberry vines, and a false step, which might easily have resulted in a broken limb, would have been fatal. Progress under these conditions was of necessity slow, and the tigress was taking advantage of it to continue her meal. A dozen times I found where she had rested, and after each of these rests the blood trail became more distinct.

This was her four hundred and thirty-sixth human kill and she was quite accustomed to being disturbed at her meals by rescue parties. But this, I think, was the first time she had been followed up so persistently; and she now began to show her resentment by growling. To appreciate a tiger's growl to the full it is necessary to be situated as I then was—rocks all round with dense vegetation between and the imperative necessity of testing each footstep to avoid falling headlong into unseen chasms and caves.

I cannot expect you who read this at your fireside to appreciate my feelings at the time. The sound of the growling and the expectation of an attack terrified me at the same time as it gave me

hope. If the tigress lost her temper sufficiently to launch an attack, it would not only give me an opportunity of accomplishing the object for which I had come, but it would enable me to get even with her for all the pain and suffering she had caused. The growling, however, was only a gesture; when she found that instead of shooing me off it was bringing me faster on her heels, she abandoned it.

I had now been on her track for over four hours. Though I had repeatedly seen the undergrowth moving, I had not seen so much as a hair of her hide. A glance at the shadows climbing up the opposite hillside warned me it was time to retrace my steps if I was to reach the village before dark.

The late owner of the severed leg was a Hindu, and some portion of her would be needed for the cremation; so as I passed the pool I dug a hole in the bank and buried the leg where it would be safe from the tigress and could be found when wanted.

My companion on the rock was very relieved to see me. My long absence and the growling he had heard had convinced him that the tigress had secured another kill; his difficulty, as he quite frankly admitted, was how he was going to get back to the village alone.

I thought, when we were climbing down the watercourse, that I knew of no more dangerous proceeding than walking in front of a nervous man carrying a loaded gun; but I changed my opinion when, on walking behind him, he slipped and fell, and I saw where the muzzle of his gun—a converted .450 without a safety catch—was pointing. Since that day—except when accompanied by Ibbotson—I have made it a hard and fast rule to go alone when hunting man-eaters, for if one's companion is unarmed it is difficult to protect him, if he is armed, it is even more difficult to protect oneself.

Arrived at the crest of the hill, where the man had hidden his boots, I sat down to have a smoke and think out my plans for the morrow. The tigress would finish what was left of the kill during the night and would to a certainty lie up among the rocks next day. On the ground she was on, there was very little hope of my being able to stalk her. If I disturbed her without getting a shot, she would probably leave the locality and I should lose touch with



her. A beat therefore was the only thing to do, provided I could raise sufficient men.

I was sitting on the south edge of a great amphitheatre of hills, without a habitation of any kind in sight. A stream entering from the west had fretted its way down, cutting a deep valley right across the amphitheatre. To the east the stream had struck solid rock and, turning north, had left the amphitheatre by a narrow gorge.

The hill in front of me, rising to a height of some two thousand feet, was clothed in short grass with a pine tree dotted here and there; and the hill to the east was too precipitous for anything but a ghóoral to negotiate. If I could collect sufficient men to man the entire length of the ridge from the stream to the precipitous hill and get them to stir up the tigress, her most natural line of retreat would be through the narrow gorge. Admittedly a very difficult beat, for the steep hillside facing north, on which I had left the tigress, was densely wooded and roughly three-quarters of a mile long and half-a-mile wide; however, if I could get the beaters to carry out instructions, there was a reasonable chance of my getting a shot.

The Tahsildar was waiting for me at the village. I explained the position to him and asked him to take immediate steps to collect as many men as he could and to meet me at ten o'clock the following morning at the tree where the girl had been killed. Promising to do his best, he left for Champawat, while I climbed the hill to the bungalow.

I was up at crack of dawn next morning. After a substantial meal I told my men to pack up and wait for me at Champawat, and went down to have another look at the ground I intended beating. I could find nothing wrong with the plans I had made. An hour before my time, I was at the spot where I had asked the Tahsildar to meet me.

That he would have a hard time in collecting the men I had no doubt, for the fear of the man-eater had sunk deep into the countryside and more than mild persuasion would be needed to make the men leave the shelter of their homes. At ten o'clock the Tahsildar and one man turned up; thereafter the men came in twos, and

threes, and tens, until by midday two hundred and ninety-eight had collected.

The Tahsildar had let it be known that he would turn a blind eye towards all unlicensed fire-arms and, further, that he would provide ammunition where required; hence, the weapons that were produced that day would have stocked a museum.

When the men were assembled and had received the ammunition they needed, I took them to the brow of the hill where the girl's skirt was lying. Pointing to a pine tree on the opposite hill that had been struck by lightning and stripped of bark, I told them to line themselves up along the ridge. When they saw me wave a handkerchief from under the pine, those of them who were armed were to fire off their pieces, while the others beat drums, shouted, and rolled down rocks. No one was on any account to leave the ridge until I returned and personally collected him. When I was assured that all present had heard and understood my instructions, I set off with the Tahsildar, who said he would be safer with me than with the beaters, whose guns would probably burst and cause many casualties.

Making a wide detour, I crossed the upper end of the valley, gained the opposite hill, and made my way down to the blasted pine. From here the hill went steeply down, and the Tahsildar, who had on a thin pair of patent leather shoes, said it was impossible for him to go any further. While he was removing his inadequate foot-gear to ease his blisters, the men on the ridge, thinking I had forgotten to give the prearranged signal, fired off their guns and set up a great shout. I was still a hundred and fifty yards from the gorge, and that I did not break my neck a dozen times in covering this distance was due to my having been brought up on the hills and being in consequence as sure-footed as a goat.

As I ran down the hill I noticed that there was a patch of green grass near the mouth of the gorge. As there was no time to look round for a better place, I sat down in the grass, with my back to the hill down which I had just come. The grass was about two feet high and hid half my body; if I kept perfectly still there was a good chance of my not being seen. Facing me was the hill that was being beaten, while the gorge that I hoped the tigress would make for was behind my left shoulder.

Pandemonium had broken loose on the ridge. Added to the fusillade of guns was the wild beating of drums and the shouting of hundreds of men. When the din was at its worst, I caught sight of the tigress bounding down a grassy slope between two ravines to my right front, about three hundred yards away. She had only gone a short distance when the Tahsildar, from his position under the pine, let off both barrels of his shot-gun. On hearing the shots, the tigress whipped round and went straight back the way she had come. As she disappeared into thick cover I threw up my rifle and sent a despairing bullet after her.

The men on the ridge, hearing the three shots, not unnaturally concluded that the tigress had been killed. They emptied all their guns and gave a final yell, and I was holding my breath and listening for the screams that would herald the tigress's arrival on the ridge, when she suddenly broke cover to my left front and, taking the stream at a bound, came straight for the gorge. The .500 modified cordite rifle, sighted at sea level, shot high at this altitude. When the tigress stopped dead I thought the bullet had gone over her back and that she had pulled up on finding her retreat cut off. As a matter of fact, I had hit her all right, but a little far back. Lowering her head, she half turned towards me, giving me a beautiful shot at the point of her shoulder at a range of less than thirty yards. She flinched at this second shot but continued, with her ears laid flat and bared teeth, to stand her ground; while I sat with rifle to shoulder trying to think what it would be best for me to do when she charged, for the rifle was empty and I had no more cartridges. Three cartridges were all that I had brought with me, for I never thought I should get a chance of firing more than two shots, and the third cartridge was for—an emergency.

Fortunately, the wounded animal most unaccountably decided against a charge. Very slowly she turned, crossed the stream to her right, climbed over some fallen rocks and found a narrow ledge that went diagonally up and across the face of the precipitous hill to where there was a great flat projecting rock. Where this rock joined the cliff a small bush had found root-hold, and going up to it the tigress started to strip its branches. Throwing caution to the winds, I shouted to the Tahsildar to bring me his gun. A long reply was shouted back, the only word of which I

caught was "feet." Laying down my rifle, I took the hill at a run, grabbed the gun out of the Tahsildar's hands and raced back.

As I approached the stream the tigress left the bush and came out on the projecting rock towards me. When I was within twenty feet of her I raised the gun and found to my horror that there was a gap of about three-eighths of an inch between the barrels and the breech-lock. The gun had not burst when both barrels had been fired and would probably not burst now, but there was danger of being blinded by a blow back. However, the risk would have to be taken, and aligning the great blob of a bead that did duty as a sight on the tigress's open mouth, I fired. Maybe I bobbed, or maybe the gun was not capable of throwing the cylindrical bullet accurately for twenty feet; anyway, the missile missed the tigress's mouth and struck her on the right paw, from where I removed it later with my fingernails. Fortunately, she was at her last gasp, and the tap on the foot was sufficient to make her lurch forward. She came to rest with her head projecting over the side of the rock.

From the moment the tigress had broken cover in her attempt to get through the gorge, I had forgotten the beaters, until I was suddenly reminded of their existence by hearing a shout, from a short distance up the hill, of "There it is on the rock! Pull it down and let us hack it to bits." I could not believe my ears when I heard "hack it to bits," and yet I had heard aright, for others now had caught sight of the tigress and from all over the hillside the shout was being repeated.

The ledge by which the wounded animal had gained the projecting rock was fortunately on the opposite side from the beaters and was just wide enough to permit my shuffling along it sideways. As I reached the rock and stepped over the tigress—hoping devoutly she was dead, for I had not had time to carry out the usual test of pelting her with stones—the men emerged from the forest and came running across the open, brandishing guns, axes, rusty swords and spears.

At the rock, which was twelve to fourteen feet in height, their advance was checked, for the outer face had been worn smooth by the stream when in spate and afforded no foothold even for their bare toes. The rage of the crowd on seeing their dread enemy

was quite understandable, for there was not a man among them who had not suffered at her hands.

One man, who appeared demented and was acting as ring-leader, was shouting over and over again as he ran to and fro brandishing a sword, "This is the *shaitan*\* that killed my wife and my two sons." As happens with crowds, the excitement died down as suddenly as it had flared up. To the credit of the man who had lost his wife and sons, he it said that he was the first to lay down his weapon. He came near to the rock and said, "We were mad, sahib, when we saw our enemy; but the madness has now passed, and we ask you and the Tahsildar sahib to forgive us."

Extracting the unspent cartridge, I laid the gun across the tigress and hung down by my hands and was assisted to the ground. When I showed the men how I had gained the rock the dead animal was very gently lowered and carried to an open spot, where all could crowd round and look at her.

When the tigress had stood on the rock looking down at me I had noticed that there was something wrong with her mouth. On examining her now I found that the upper and lower canine teeth on the right side of her mouth were broken, the upper one in half, the lower one right down to the bone. This permanent injury to her teeth—the result of a gun-shot wound—had prevented her from killing her natural prey and had been the cause of her becoming a man-eater.

The men begged me not to skin the tigress there and asked me to let them have her until nightfall to carry through their villages, saying that if their womenfolk and children did not see her with their own eyes, they would not believe that their dread enemy was dead.

Two saplings were now cut and laid, one on either side of the tigress; and with puggrees, waistbands and loincloths, she was carefully and very securely lashed to them. When all was ready the saplings were manned and we moved to the foot of the precipitous hill. The men preferred to take the tigress up this hill, on the far side of which their villages lay, to going up the densely wooded hill which they had just beaten. Two human ropes were made by

\* Devil.

the simple expedient of the man behind taking a firm grip of the waistband or other portion of clothing of the man in front of him. When it was considered that the ropes were long and strong enough to stand the strain, they attached themselves to the saplings. With men on either side to hold the feet of the bearers and give them foothold, the procession moved up the hill, looking for all the world like an army of ants carrying a beetle up the face of a wall. Behind the main army was a second and a smaller one—the Tahsildar being carried up. Had the ropes broken at any stage of that thousand-foot climb, the casualties would have been appalling; but the rope did not break. The men gained the crest of the hill and set off eastwards, singing on their triumphal march, while the Tahsildar and I turned west and made for Champawat.

Our way lay along the ridge. Once again I stood among the blackthorn bushes on the thorns of which long tresses of the girl's hair had caught and, for the last time, looked down into the amphitheatre which had been the scene of our recent exploit.

On the way down the hill the beaters had found the head of the unfortunate girl, and a thin column of smoke rising straight up into the still air from the mouth of the gorge showed where the relations were performing the last rites of the Champawat man-eater's last victim on the very spot on which the man-eater had been shot.

After dinner, while I was standing in the courtyard of the Tahsil, I saw a long procession of pine torches winding its way down the opposite hillside. Presently the chanting of a hill song by a great concourse of men was borne up on the still night air. An hour later, the tigress was laid down at my feet.

It was difficult to skin the animal with so many people crowding round; to curtail the job, I cut the head and paws from the trunk and left them adhering to the skin to be dealt with later. A police guard was then mounted over the carcass; and, next day, when all the people of the countryside were assembled, the trunk, legs and tail of the tigress were cut up into small pieces and distributed. These pieces of flesh and bone were required for the lockets which hill children wear round their necks, and the addition of a piece of tiger to the other potent charms is credited with giving the wearer courage, as well as immunity from the attacks of wild animals. The fingers of the girl, which the tigress had swallowed

whole, were sent to me in spirits by the Tahsildar and were buried by me in the Naini Tal lake close to the Nandadevi temples.

While I had been skinning the tigress the Tahsildar and his staff, assisted by the Headmen and graybeards of the surrounding villages and merchants of the Champawat bazaar, had been busy drawing up a program for a great feast and dance for the morrow, at which I was to preside. Round about midnight, when the last of the great throng of men had left with shouts of delight at being able to use roads and village paths that the man-eater had closed for four years, I had a final smoke with the Tahsildar. Telling him that I could not stay any longer and that he would have to take my place at the festivities, my men and I set off on our seventy-five-mile journey with two days in hand to do it in.

At sunrise I left my men and, with the tigress's skin strapped to the saddle of my horse, rode on ahead to put in a few hours in cleaning the skin at Dabidhura, where I intended spending the night. When passing the hut on the hill at Pali, it occurred to me that it would be some little satisfaction to the dumb woman to know that her sister had been avenged; so leaving the horse to browse—he had been bred near the snow-line and could eat anything from oak trees to nettles—I climbed the hill to the hut and spread out the skin with the head supported on a stone facing the door. The children of the house had been round-eyed spectators of these proceedings. Hearing me talking to them, their mother, who was inside cooking, came to the door.

I am not going to hazard any theories about shock and counter-shock, for I know nothing of these matters. All I know is that this woman, who was alleged to have been dumb a twelvemonth and who four days previously had made no attempt to answer my questions, was now running backwards and forwards from the hut to the road, calling to her husband and the people in the village to come quickly and see what the sahib had brought. This sudden return of speech appeared greatly to mystify the children, who could not take their eyes off their mother's face.

I rested in the village while a dish of tea was being prepared for me and told the people who thronged round how the man-eater had been killed. An hour later I continued my journey; for

half a mile along my way I could hear the shouts of goodwill of the men of Pali.

I had a very thrilling encounter with a leopard the following morning, which I mention only because it delayed my start from Dabidhura and put an extra strain on my small mount and myself. Fortunately, the little pony was as strong on his legs as he was tough inside; by holding his tail on the up-grades, riding him on the flat and running behind him on the down-grades, we covered the forty-five miles to Naini Tal between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

At a durbar held in Naini Tal a few months later, Sir John Hewett, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, presented the Tahsildar of Champawat with a gun and the man who accompanied me when I was looking for the girl with a beautiful hunting-knife for the help they had given me. Both weapons were suitably engraved and will be handed down as heirlooms in the respective families.\*







## *Adventure of the Spirit*

IT is said that Florence Nightingale told her boyhood sweetheart, "I'm not my own. I belong to the work I have to do. . . ." True or not, it is certainly known that Florence Nightingale was a dedicated person. Her adventurous spirit was always turned outward toward service to others; an adventure to her was a new bed for one of her nursing wards or a badly needed set of surgical dressings.

Before the day of Florence Nightingale there was no true profession of nursing. It was done in some metropolitan hospitals by drunken prostitutes, who were given the option of going to prison or helping out at local hospitals.

Yet centuries before that, in the early Christian era, there were devout women who were beloved healers of the sick. And through the centuries there was always some 'good woman' who dedicated herself to helping the ill and the needy.

It took Florence Nightingale, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century in England, to crusade for better and more organized help for the ill and for a broader understanding of the character and abilities of womanhood.

Born in 1820 and living until 1910, this English nurse, philanthropist and hospital reformer was called 'the lady with the lamp.' She was born of wealthy parents in Florence, Italy. She studied to be a nurse and became superintendent of a hospital for invalid women in London in 1853. In 1854 she took thirty-four nurses to Scutari early in the Crimean War. She organized a hospital there, sharply reduced deaths from cholera, typhus and dysentery. In 1860 she founded an institution for the training of nurses. In 1907 she became the first woman to receive the Order of Merit.

Her story, in its scope and character, is an adventure of both spirit and fact.





FROM:

**"A LOST COMMANDER:  
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE"**

*by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews,*

**B**EFORE she came," a soldier's letter said, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church."

"After that" many things changed. They changed with a quickness which must have made the routine-soaked officials dizzy. In Florence Nightingale's well-rounded education, one of the details was training in housekeeping. Mrs. Nightingale no more understood her extraordinary daughter than a Rhode Island Red hen might understand Lindbergh; but Providence laid hands on Mrs. Nightingale, as its tool, and she fashioned her child into a capable housewife. The first thing set about at Scutari was a laundry.

"Six shirts washed a month" for two thousand sick, dirty heroes did not fit with her mother's teaching. And the bedding, when washed, was washed in cold water. In a week a laundry was started. Miss Nightingale, "using her own private funds and the *Times* Fund, took a house, had boilers put in by the engineer's office and employed soldiers' wives to do the washing." The Lady-in-Chief wrote to a certain sympathetic Lady Alicia Blackwood concerning two hundred of them "in rags and covered with vermin . . . in this barrack." Access to soap and water must have seemed heaven-sent to those women when put at laundering.

From every work which the slim fingers of Florence Nightingale touched, there opened out new work. No red tape stopped those hands; they untied knots as tight as ever were knotted in history. Kinglake has a paragraph in his antiquated, clear English, which shows the situation:

"The cause of the evils in the Levantine hospitals (he says) was

want of governing power. In the absence of constituted authority equal to the emergency, there was dire need of a firm, well-intentioned usurper. Among the males at Scutari was no one with resolute will. Will of the males was to go on with accustomed duties, each in that groove-going state of life to which it had pleased God to call them. Will of the woman, Florence Nightingale, was stronger and flew straighter to its end; what she sought fiercely was, not simply to fulfill codes of duty, but . . . overcoming all obstacles, . . . to save the prostrate soldiery; to turn into a well-ordered hospital the appalling hell of the vast barrack wards and corridors. Power passed to one who could wield it—to the Lady-in-Chief."

That paragraph for a man-person of the Victorian age was broad-minded. It conceded the possibility of brains in 'females.' Kinglake was in advance of his time not to minimize Florence Nightingale's genius; Dean Stanley called it her "commanding genius."

So the "usurper," of whom there was truly dire need, swept on with unswerving usurpation, giving no thought to precedents or technicalities, working to "save the prostrate soldiery." There was jealousy from military officers and medical officers; a 'female' with power assigned by the government, with ability to use her power—it was unendurable. Some military officers sulked; some medical officers resented and threw obstacles. In one ward junior doctors were advised to have as little to do with her as possible. Sir Anthony Sterling, who wrote *A Highland Brigade in the Crimea*, gives an unconscious picture of what she went through. Sir Anthony had no patience with feminine nursing, with women in war, even with government ministers who "allowed these absurdities." He could not help laughing, he says, at "the Nightingale," because he had "such a keen sense of the ludicrous."

She was charged with officiousness in supplying needs. Kinglake says, "Knowing thoroughly the wants of a hospital and foreseeing apparently that the State might fail to meet them, she had taken care to provide herself with vast quantities of hospital stores."

"The fact is, I am now clothing the British Army," she declared.

The hidebound were outraged. Sir John Burgoyne, at Constantinople, voiced some wails of the hidebound:

"If anything is wanted for the sick she will *hurry* (*italics Sir John's*) to provide it *for fear* (*Sir John's italics again*) it might be obtained in the regular course."

Kinglake and others refute this charge. It was untrue. She issued nothing without signed requisitions of a doctor. Here is one:

Palace Hospital, 18th January, 1855.

Madam:

I have the honor to forward a requisition for fifty shirts and fifty warm flannels. The purveyor has none. Knowing the extensive demand, I have limited my request to meet the urgent requirements of the most serious cases in my charge.

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Yr obedient servant,

EDWARD MENZIES.

Staff Surgeon in Charge.

Dr. Menzies was the gentleman who had stated that "every preparation was in readiness." Nothing went out, although it might, had she chosen, from her own stores or from those in her charge, without a doctor's requisition. So that attack fell. Many attacks fell. She marched straight to her goal, weighted perhaps with human faults, but lighted by such a consecration as few humans may dream of. All forceful people are caviled at; one cannot step aside from the procession of the 'routine goers' without provoking snarls from the rank and file. She wasted no time listening to cavils. From beginning to end there was a clear slogan in her ears—to help the helpless—and this she did always with a brain and a spirit ranking among the great of history. This she did in the Crimean War, across envy and malice of jealous doctors and officers. If the dirty, ragged, hungry, wounded soldiers needed arrowroot, she went and got arrowroot, whether or not a board and commissioners had ordered arrowroot stores opened. She preferred to obey rules, but between rules and her soldiers the rules went to the wall.

"What right have you to touch those stores?"

A mounted officer, riding into the great central courtyard, thun-

dered the words at a slim young woman hurrying across with a can in her arms—a can of arrowroot, it happened. The young woman, in a black plain dress with white collars and cuffs, stopped and set her can down; she looked up at the impressive figure of the man on horseback. She looked steadily, out of clear gray eyes, and said not a word. Only continued to look, till, silently, the officer turned his horse and rode off. Then Florence Nightingale picked up her arrowroot and went on about her Father's business. That was an actual happening.

She had a quick temper. A temper is likely to be the defect of an intense character, and it is not possible to read honestly and deny that Florence Nightingale on occasions got angry beyond saintliness. Sometimes the caustic tongue lashed stupidity over-cruelly. Women suffered especially; she thought better of men, mostly, and her nurses were trying. Two of her Presbyterians turned out "to be too fond of drink and had to be sent back." But there were competent ones of all denominations.

She had that to contend with, beyond jealous doctors and red tape. And even though quick-tempered, she was patient under trials to strain the temper of an angel. She made statements later:

"Do you think I should have succeeded . . . if I had kicked and resisted and resented? . . . I have been shut out of hospitals into which I had been ordered to go by the Commander in Chief, been obliged to stand outside the door in the snow till night, been refused rations for as much as ten days at a time for the nurses I had brought by superior command. And I have been as good friends the day after with the officials who did these things *for the sake of the work*. What was I to my Master's work?" That was to a discontented nurse.

There was a lack of necessities and delay in getting them, even when they were actually in Scutari. Sidney Herbert wrote of a "want of cooperation and a fear of responsibility." One would say so! Soldiers lay in blood-soaked garments of the battle field, while three bales marked "hospital-clothes" were in Scutari and nobody dared open the bales till a "board" had "sat upon" them! An important person of the board was away and the board could not meet without him; so the men continued to lack the clothes. One would say so! Ships made the journey to the Crimea and back

three times before clothing in them was disentangled and landed at Scutari. Then the clothing was laid aside till the board was entirely ready, while sick soldiers stayed shirtless, while "medical comforts were so packed under shot and shell . . . that it was . . . impossible to disembark them and they were sent on to Balacava and lost."

Florence Nightingale was fighting and conquering such situations all the time that she was forging ahead with reforms. "The first improvements," wrote Mr. Macdonald of the *Times* Fund, "took place after Miss Nightingale's arrival . . . She found . . . not a basin, not a towel, not a bit of soap or a broom." That competent housekeeper, product of Mrs. Nightingale's training, minus soap and brooms!

We get a vision of a slim figure setting disorderly orderlies at work to scrub floors with Mr. Macdonald's "hard scrubbers."

"Careful, Mullins," she may have said. "That floor isn't clean yet. Another turn with the brush and plenty of soap. Quite right, now. We must take a pride in our work, you and I, Mullins, mustn't we?" Spoken in the low voice that was so sweet, leaving Mullins beaming to be bracketed with 'Her.' Then she would speed away to oversee the workmen getting ready the laundry and to hurry the women at the washtubs, providing clean clothing for those poor dirty men.

Also the cooking. Within ten days she had two "extra diet kitchens," and three supplementary boilers on a staircase. They went on boiling, evidently. But "if government stores for invalid cookery failed, and mostly the purveyor had either no supply or one of bad quality, then Miss Nightingale, to the rescue." What was wanted appeared from her stores. She tried to have the meat boned so that no serving should be mere bone or mere gristle. But that would have needed a new "regulation of service." Some doctors, moreover, objected to "too much indulgence." One wonders if an American doctor—or English of to-day—could take a look at a poor, big boy, lately a fresh country lad, lying hollow-eyed with an arm and a leg, say, chopped off a day back, and object to "too much indulgence." The medical heads were "two brutes and four angels," said Miss Nightingale. The brutes objected.

"The uses of larders and cupboards seem not to have been



understood," she naively stated. Some of the best men, as all married women know, prefer to throw things on the floor. Miss Nightingale recommended such amenities as cupboards and added, "Believe that this is neither theory nor fidget, but practice."

Dr. Andrew Smith is illustrious as that head of the Army Medical Department who assured Florence Nightingale that she need take out no new stores, but this cocksure gentleman conceded that "females are apt to discover many deficiencies that man would not think of." Apropos of cupboards. This increasing business of house-keeping quickly led the "female" a considerable distance. Wreford, purveyor of the hospital, was inadequate; the "female" provided food, beds and other furniture and equipment stores, medical and other, and even clothing; all Wreford's business. Fifty thousand shirts were issued from her store. "I am a kind of general dealer," she wrote to Mr. Herbert, two months after she landed, "in socks, shirts, knives and forks, wooden spoons, tin baths . . . cabbage and carrots, operating tables, towels and soap, small pillows. I will send you a picture of my caravanserai into which beasts come in and out." The "beasts" were the vermin. The caravanserai was a room of Miss Nightingale's quarters.

"From this room," wrote a woman volunteer, "were distributed . . . arrowroot, sago, rice puddings, jelly, beef tea and lemonade, upon requisitions made by surgeons. Numbers of orderlies were waiting at the door with requisitions. One of the nuns . . . received them and saw they were signed and countersigned before serving. We used . . . to call this kitchen the Tower of Babel. In the middle of the day everything and everybody seemed to be there: boxes, parcels, bundles of sheets, shirts and old linen and flannels, tubs of butter, sugar, bread, kettles, saucepans, heaps of books . . . besides the diets; then . . . ladies, nuns, nurses, orderlies, Turks, Greeks, French, and Italian servants, officers . . . waiting to see Miss Nightingale; . . . all speaking their own language."

In "The Sisters' Tower" was a small sitting room; they held councils there and the Lady-in-Chief presided, and here she wrote letters home, to the government, to many others. Miss Mary Stanley went out to Scutari with forty nurses in December, against express stipulations, and was greeted with energetic anathema by Miss Nightingale. Her letter to her beloved Sidney

Herbert is quoted as proof of her savage temper, and certainly it is not a sample of sweet resignation. But Miss Stanley felt no lack of personal kindness, as a letter of hers shows. It paints a picture, in colors vivid these seventy odd years later:

"We entered the door; we turned up the stone stairs. On the second floor we came to the corridors of the sick. . . . The atmosphere worsened; we passed down two or three immense corridors, asking our way. We came to the guardroom, another corridor, then through a door into a large busy kitchen . . . a heavy curtain was raised. I went through a door and there sat dear Flo writing on a small, unpainted deal table. I never saw her looking better. She had on her black merino, trimmed with black velvet, clean linen collar and cuffs, apron, white cap. . . . It was settled at once that I was to sleep here, especially as . . . Flo could not attend to me till the afternoon. . . . A stream of people every minute.

"'Please, ma'am, have you any black-edged paper?'

"'Please, what can I give which would keep on his stomach? Is there any arrowroot to-day for him?'

"'No, the tubs of arrowroot must be for the worst cases. We cannot spare him any; try him with some egg,' etc.

"Mr. Bracebridge in and out about General Adams." (They were sending him home in a coffin.)

Miss Stanley, a daughter of the Bishop of Norwich, a trained executive and an intimate friend of Miss Nightingale, was a remarkable personality. But here she is a digression.

The Lady-in-Chief set up her laundry, her three diet kitchens and a storeroom from which government surgeons were thankful to get necessities. She had other irons in the fire: the training of her nurses. No diplomaed products these but snatched from material offered. Four of the six from St. John's House returned, unwilling to face the privations and discipline. The lady who thought her cap unbecoming became a good nurse. A rule had to be made that nurses were not to wear flowers in uniform caps, not to have more than a specified amount of alcohol. None was equal to a modern trained nurse. They were not allowed at first to do important surgical dressings. Orderlies had not been taught to clean and air the wards—witness unscrubbed floors, vermin; their ways "would have made a housemaid laugh." It was a chance if medi-

cine and food were taken; also there was no discipline among the mob of sufferers. Miss Nightingale put the fear of God into her nurses and, through them, into the bedlam of the wards. She kept the nurses in hand, but she considered that of the original thirty-eight only sixteen were efficient and only five or six "excellent." One morning, six appeared with six sergeants and corporals, whom, they explained, they were to marry. That was that; a fall in the nurse market. "The fifteen new nuns are leading me a devil of a life," she wrote later. Also a chaplain wanted a good nurse removed because she was a "Socinian." The unlearned must wonder what was a "Socinian.") Another chaplain accused a nurse of "circulating an improper book," Keble's *Christian Year*. There was a grievance that there were no Presbyterian nurses. Miss Nightingale was most willing to accept such, of the right sort, but: "I must bar these fat, drunken old dames. Above fourteen stone we will not have; the provision of bedsteads is not strong enough."

She was harassed by pettinesses, which demanded priceless time. Yet reforms went forward like armored tanks plowing over machine nests of jealousy and red tape. Stores from England did not come and she saw that the system was wrong. "It is absolutely necessary," she wrote, "that there should be a government storehouse in the shape of a hulk. . . . There are no storehouses . . . by the water's edge, and portorage is . . . expensive and slow."

She got her storehouse. She learned from her invalids how things were at the front: needless overwork, insufficient clothing. She wrote Lord Panmure, now Secretary of State succeeding the Duke of Newcastle. She told him how patients from the artillery were out of proportion and gave suggestions. She begged Mr. Herbert to send warm clothing. "The state of the troops who return here . . . is frost-bitten, demi-nude, half-starved. If the troops in the trenches are not supplied with warm clothing, Napoleon's Russian campaign will be repeated. . . . A whole army ordered to abandon its kits, as was done when we landed our men before Alma. . . . The fact is, I am now clothing the British Army. The sick were reembarked at Balaclava for these hospitals without resuming their kits, also half-naked besides."

The soldier's kit held two shirts, knife, fork, spoon, brushes, etc. He arrived often at Scutari, draped in the single verminous

blanket he had lain in on board ship. "Many had no shirt." In January they came barefoot and bare-legged. From the middle of November Miss Nightingale issued from her private store sixty-five hundred and sixty shirts. She wrote: "When discharged from here they carry off, small blame to them, even my knives and forks—shirts, of course." She went on to plan a system of duties for purveyor and ward master, such as a good housekeeper—being also a "commanding genius"—might plan: "Let the ward masters give up the dirty linen every night and receive the same quantity in clean linen every morning."

Our ancestors may have been "the great unwashed," but Florence Nightingale's passion for cleanliness seems that of a Twentieth Century fastidious American. She quoted, for their system of trained orderlies, the French. She laid down a complete scheme of hospital service: "The orderlies ought to be well paid, well fed, well housed. They are now overworked, ill fed and underpaid." She sketched a plan for the purveying: "Perhaps I shall not be guilty of the murder of the Innocents if I venture to suggest what may take the place of the venerable Wreford (purveyor of the hospital)." She set forth a balanced reorganization, then went into the food question, the unspeakably pernicious food question as she found it:

"It should all be carved in the kitchens on hot plates, and at mealtimes the orderlies fetch it for the patients, carry it through the wards, where an officer tells it off to every bed, according to the bed-ticket, hung up at every bed. . . . Now . . . food is half raw and often many hours after time." Her program smacks of English order and comfort entering that ghastly place. Then:

"The daily routine. This is now performed, or rather *not* performed, by the purveyor. I am really cook, housekeeper and scavenger (as I go about making the orderlies empty huge tubs), washerwoman, general dealer, storekeeper. The filth, the disorder and the neglect let those describe who saw it when we first came."

She planned for a house steward and a governor of the hospital, and sketched a medical and purveying staff to be sent out from England, "but beyond this" she wanted "a *head*, someone with authority to mash up the departments into uniform and rapid action."

Over and over it comes to the mind how un-Victorian, how modern and American were the daring brain and the unhampered diction. A head to "mash-up" the departments! She would have made masterful use of that keen, pointed blade which is called "American slang."

"In large measure the suggestions given above were adopted by the War Department." In her later writings, also, "Hospital organization was worked out with mastery both of system and detail." She set up a money-order department, and four afternoons in a month received the money of any soldier who wished to send it home. About one thousand pounds a month was so taken and remitted to Mr. Smith, her uncle, who distributed it in England. Lord Panmure, the new Secretary of State, stated that "the British soldier is not a remitting animal." And in the next six months, seventy-one thousand pounds "rescued from the canteen," the Lady-in-Chief said, went to families in England. Not having her hands yet full, she started another rival to the canteen, a coffeehouse called the Inkerman Café. If days of forty-eight hours were allotted in special cases, one could better imagine where this wonder-worker got time. Yet other businesses were in her repertory. She established classrooms and reading rooms; and people back in England, from the Queen down, eagerly sent out books, games, music, maps, magic lanterns. She took on at least one job as a builder. Some wards, holding eight hundred beds, were dilapidated. Fresh patients were due. Miss Nightingale appealed to Lord Stratford, ambassador, who had power to spend money. A hundred and twenty-five workmen began the repairs and then struck. On her own authority she engaged two hundred fresh workmen, and the wards were ready. She paid the bills from her own pocket, but later the War Department approved and reimbursed her.

Certainly, she had the help of the devotion she inspired. Sir Henry Storks, commanding in Scutari in 1855, was a warm supporter; the Bracebridges were rock walls of efficiency; an unnamed gilded youth of English society gave up his gilding and came to Scutari to "fag for Miss Nightingale." He wrote letters, he carried messages and faithfully toiled for months, obeying her word; and countless sufferers were helped by time of hers that

he saved. It was a *beau geste*; there was "grace almost medieval in his simple yet romantic idea," Kinglake says. There was also "Miss Nightingale's man," a youngster, who called himself so—Thomas, a drummer boy, who brought the gaiety of childhood into that place of suffering, who, straightening himself to his little twelve-year-old height, explained how he had given up his "career" to devote himself to Her. Followers plenty, but she had no interest in them except as they could work—work as she did herself, unendingly.

To sum up, she started laundries and diet kitchens and a money-order service and a storeroom; she trained orderlies and educated nurses. Beyond that, she wrote endless letters, most of all to Sidney Herbert, but many to other officials. Of some she said, "When I write civilly, I have a civil answer—and *nothing is done*. When I write furiously, I have a rude letter—and *something is done* (not even then always, but *only then*)." By the miracle power of busy people she had time to do all these things. The greatest of her miracles, however, was the accomplishment of the supreme object of her life, nursing. Not merely organizer and purveyor and schoolmistress and correspondent and thorn-in-the-flesh to dozing officials, she was with her own hands intensely a nurse. General Bentinck said she was known to pass eight hours on her knees, dressing wounds and comforting the men. Sometimes she stood twenty hours at a stretch, assisting at operations, distributing stores, directing work.

A chaplain who arrived about the time she did, the Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, said: "She has an utter disregard of contagion. The more awful . . . any particular case . . . the more certainly might her slight form be seen bending over him . . . seldom quitting his side till death released him." Out of that crowded twenty-four hours which she shared with the rest of us she even found time to help her children die; a slow business, sometimes, dying. Mr. Bracebridge wrote: "We cannot prevent her self-sacrifice; . . . she cannot delegate." No. The British Army was furnished with only one of her. How could she delegate? "Florence is at last asleep, 1 a.m.," said Mr. Bracebridge in another letter.

A civilian doctor stood by one day, just after an operation, as her swift fingers did the dreadful necessary work following and

her lovely voice put heart and hope into the patient. The doctor saw her pallor and knew how she had gone into deep waters with that man under the knife, knew how her being there had given him courage to face the hour on the operating table. He had seen his eyes lift to her face. She was there, going through it with him; he would be brave for Her. And anaesthetics, in those days, were not much used. The doctor wrote: "I believe there was never a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice." It was the core of her work, the severe cases.

"O Love Divine that stooped to bear  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On thee we cast each earthborn care,  
We smile at pain when Thou art near."

A clear spark of that Love Divine flamed in the terrible wards at Scutari and helped British soldiers to "smile at pain" in the presence of Florence Nightingale.



## *Adventure in America's "Wild West"*

THE OREGON TRAIL" has continued—since the middle of the Nineteenth Century—to take hundreds of thousands of readers to the trails of Oregon and California. For it was on April 28, 1846, that Francis Parkman began his famous journey across the western United States. He started from St. Louis on what he called "a tour of curiosity and amusement to the Rocky Mountains."

Even before Parkman began his careful day-by-day journal of his trip, it was apparent to all that his purpose was *not* amusement but knowledge. He learned and saw so much that was remarkable and exciting to an Easterner that he had to put it down for all to read.

Parkman was young, having just graduated from Harvard, and his personal true adventure story established him early as a writer of note and a historian. He takes the reader to Old Fort Laramie, through the camps of the Sioux Indians—through Colorado, back to the Santa Fe Trail. Parkman, a courageous twenty-three, traveled with a friend and fellow Bostonian, Quincy Adams Shaw.

Parkman, ever possessing curiosity and burning for knowledge, left Shaw and joined a band of Sioux Indians with whom he traveled, hunted and celebrated feast days.

In our section, "The Buffalo," Parkman hunts with Henry Chatillon, a powerful guide, who was most helpful to the two brave Easterners because of his own kinship-through-marriage to the Indians; he was also a famous hunter of grizzlies and buffaloes.







FROM:  
"THE OREGON TRAIL"

*by Francis Parkman*

FOUR DAYS on the Platte, and yet no buffalo! Last year's signs of them were provokingly abundant; and wood being extremely scarce, we found an admirable substitute in the *bois de vache*, which burns like peat, producing no unpleasant effects. The wagons one morning had left the camp; Shaw and I were already on horseback, but Henry Chatillon still sat cross-legged by the dead embers of the fire, playing pensively with the lock of his rifle, while his sturdy Wyandot pony stood quietly behind him, looking over his head. At last he got up, patted the neck of the pony (which, from an exaggerated appreciation of his merits, he had christened "Five Hundred Dollar") and then mounted with a melancholy air.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Ah, I feel lonesome; I never been here before, but I see away yonder over the buttes and down there on the prairie, black—all black with buffalo."

In the afternoon he and I left the party in search of an antelope, until, at the distance of a mile or two on the right, the tall white wagons and the little black specks of horsemen were just visible, so slowly advancing that they seemed motionless; and far on the left rose the broken line of scorched, desolate sand-hills. The vast plain waved with tall rank grass, that swept our horses' bellies; it swayed to and fro in billows with the light breeze, and far and near antelope and wolves were moving through it, the hairy backs of the latter alternately appearing and disappearing as they bounded awkwardly along; while the antelope, with the simple curiosity peculiar to them, would often approach us closely, their little horns and white throats just visible above the grass tops as they gazed eagerly at us with their round black eyes.

I dismounted and amused myself with firing at the wolves. Henry attentively scrutinized the surrounding landscape. At length he gave a shout and called on me to mount again, pointing in the direction of the sand-hills. A mile and a half from us, two black specks slowly traversed the bare glaring face of one of them and disappeared behind the summit.

"Let us go!" cried Henry, belaboring the sides of "Five Hundred Dollar"; and I following in his wake, we galloped rapidly through the rank grass toward the base of the hills.

From one of their openings descended a deep ravine, widening as it issued on the prairie. We entered it and galloping up, in a moment were surrounded by the bleak sand-hills. Half of their steep sides were bare; the rest were scantily clothed with clumps of grass and various uncouth plants, conspicuous among which appeared the reptile-like prickly pear. They were gashed with numberless ravines, and as the sky had suddenly darkened and a cold gusty wind arisen, the strange shrubs and the dreary hills looked doubly wild and desolate. But Henry's face was all eagerness. He tore off a little hair from the piece of buffalo-robe under his saddle and threw it up to show the course of the wind. It blew directly before us. The game was therefore to windward, and it was necessary to make our best speed to get round it.

We scrambled from this ravine and, galloping away through the hollows, soon found another, winding like a snake among the hills and so deep that it completely concealed us. We rode up the bottom of it, glancing through the bushes at its edge till Henry abruptly jerked his rein and slid out of his saddle. Full a quarter of a mile distant, on the outline of the farthest hill, a long procession of buffalo were walking in Indian file with the utmost gravity and deliberation. Then more appeared, clambering from a hollow not far off, and ascending, one behind the other, the grassy slope of another hill. Then a shaggy head and a pair of short broken horns issued out of a ravine close at hand; and with a slow, stately step, one by one, the enormous brutes came into view, taking their way across the valley, wholly unconscious of an enemy. In a moment Henry was worming his way, lying flat on the ground, through grass and prickly-pears, towards his unsuspecting victims. He had with him both my rifle and his own.

He was soon out of sight, and still the buffalo kept issuing into the valley. For a long time all was silent. I sat holding his horse and wondering what he was about, when suddenly, in rapid succession, came the sharp reports of the two rifles; and the whole line of buffalo, quickening their pace into a clumsy trot, gradually disappeared over the ridge of the hill. Henry rose to his feet and stood looking after them.

"You have missed them," said I.

"Yes," said Henry; "let us go." He descended into the ravine, loaded the rifles and mounted his horse.

We rode up the hill after the buffalo. The herd was out of sight when we reached the top, but lying on the grass, not far off, was one quite lifeless and another violently struggling in the death agony.

"You see I miss him!" remarked Henry. He had fired from a distance of more than a hundred and fifty yards, and both balls had passed through the lungs, the true mark in shooting buffalo.

The darkness increased, and a driving storm came on. Tying our horses to the horns of the victims, Henry began the bloody work of dissection, slashing away with the science of a connoisseur, while I vainly tried to imitate him. Old Hendrick recoiled with horror and indignation when I endeavored to tie the meat to the strings of raw hide, always carried for this purpose, dangling at the back of the saddle. After some difficulty we overcame his scruples and heavily burdened with the more eligible portions of the buffalo, we set out on our return. Scarcely had we emerged from the labyrinth of gorges and ravines and issued upon the open prairie, when the prickling sleet came driving, gust upon gust, directly in our faces. It was strangely dark, though wanting still an hour of sunset. The freezing storm soon penetrated to the skin, but the uneasy trot of our heavy-gaited horses kept us warm enough as we forced them unwillingly in the teeth of the sleet and rain by the powerful suasion of our Indian whips. The prairie in this place was hard and level. A flourishing colony of prairie dogs had burrowed into it in every direction, and the little mounds of fresh earth around their holes were about as numerous as the hills in a corn-field. But not a yelp was to be heard; not the nose of a single citizen was visible. All had retired to the depths of

their burrows, and we envied them their dry and comfortable habitations. An hour's hard riding showed us our tent dimly looming through the storm, one side puffed out by the force of the wind and the other collapsed in proportion, while the disconsolate horses stood shivering close around and the wind kept up a dismal whistling in the boughs of three old half-dead trees above. Shaw, like a patriarch, sat on his saddle in the entrance, with a pipe in his mouth and his arm folded, contemplating, with cool satisfaction, the piles of meat that we flung on the ground before him. A dark and dreary night succeeded, but the sun rose with a heat so sultry and languid that the Captain excused himself on that account from waylaying an old buffalo bull, who with stupid gravity was walking over the prairie to drink at the river. So much for the climate of the Platte.

But it was not the weather alone that had produced this sudden abatement of the sportsman-like zeal which the Captain had always professed. He had been out on the afternoon before, together with several members of his party; but their hunting was attended with no other result than the loss of one of their best horses, severely injured by Sorel, in vainly chasing a wounded bull. The Captain, whose ideas of hard riding were all derived from transatlantic sources, expressed the utmost amazement at the feats of Sorel, who went leaping ravines and dashing at full speed up and down the sides of precipitous hills, lashing his horse with the recklessness of a Rocky Mountain rider. Unfortunately for the poor animal, it was the property of R——, against whom Sorel entertained an unbounded aversion. The Captain himself, it seemed, had also attempted to 'run' a buffalo, but though a good and practised horseman, he had soon given over the attempt, being astonished and utterly disgusted at the nature of the ground he was required to ride over.

"Here's old Papin and Frederic, down from Fort Laramie!" shouted Henry, as we returned from a reconnoitering tour on the next morning. We had for some days expected this encounter. Papin was the *bourgeois*, or "boss," of Fort Laramie. He had come down the river with the buffalo-ropes and the beaver, the produce of the last winter's trading. I had among our baggage a letter which I wished to commit to his hands; so requesting Henry

to detain the boats if he could until my return, I set out after the wagons. They were about four miles in advance. In half an hour I overtook them, got the letter, trotted back upon the trail and, looking carefully as I rode, saw a patch of broken storm-blasted trees and, moving near them, some little black specks like men and horses. Arriving at the place, I found a strange assembly. The boats, eleven in number, deep-laden with the skins, huddled close to the shore to escape being borne down by the swift current. The rowers, swarthy ignoble Mexicans, turned their brutish faces upwards to look as I reached the bank. Papin sat in the middle of one of the boats upon the canvas covering that protected the cargo. He was a stout, robust fellow, with a little gray eye, that had a peculiarly sly twinkle. 'Frederic' also stretched his tall raw-boned proportions close by the *bourgeois*, and 'mountain men' completed the group: some lounging in the boats, some strolling on shore, some attired in gayly-painted buffalo robes like Indian dandies; some with hair saturated with red paint and plastered with glue to their temples; and one bedaubed with vermilion upon the forehead and each cheek. They were a mongrel race; yet the French blood seemed to predominate. In a few, indeed, might be seen the black snaky eye of the Indian half-breed; and, one and all, they seemed to aim at assimilating themselves to their red associates.

I shook hands with the *bourgeois* and delivered the letter. Then the boats swung round into the stream and floated away. They had reason for haste, for already the voyage from Fort Laramie had occupied a full month, and the river was growing daily more shallow. Fifty times a day the boats had been aground; indeed, those who navigate the Platte invariably spend half their time upon sand-bars. Two of these boats, the property of private traders, afterwards separating from the rest, got hopelessly involved in the shallows, not very far from the Pawnee villages, and were soon surrounded by a swarm of the inhabitants. They carried off everything that they thought valuable, including most of the robes, and amused themselves by tying up the men left on guard and soundly whipping them with sticks.

We encamped that night upon the bank of the river. Among the emigrants was an overgrown boy, some eighteen years old,

with a head as round and about as large as a pumpkin; fever-and-ague fits had dyed his face of a corresponding color. He wore an old white hat, tied under his chin with a handkerchief. His body was short and stout, but his legs were of disproportioned and appalling length. I observed him at sunset, breasting the hill with gigantic strides and standing against the sky on the summit like a colossal pair of tongs. A moment after, we heard him screaming frantically behind the ridge; and nothing doubting that he was in the clutches of Indians or grizzly bears, some of the party caught up their rifles and ran to the rescue. His outcries, however, were but an ebullition of joyous excitement; he had chased two wolf pups to their burrow and was on his knees, grubbing away like a dog at the mouth of the hole to get at them.

Before morning he caused more serious disquiet in the camp. It was his turn to hold the middle-guard; but no sooner was he called up than he coolly arranged a pair of saddle-bags under a wagon, laid his head upon them, closed his eyes, opened his mouth and fell asleep. The guard on our side of the camp, thinking it no part of his duty to look after the cattle of the emigrants, contented himself with watching our own horses and mules. The wolves, he said, were unusually noisy; but still no mischief was anticipated until the sun rose, when not a hoof or horn was in sight. The cattle were gone. While Tom was quietly slumbering, the wolves had driven them away.

Then we reaped the fruits of R———'s precious plan of travelling in company with emigrants. To leave them in their distress was not to be thought of; and we felt bound to wait until the cattle could be searched for, and, if possible, recovered. But the reader may be curious to know what punishment awaited the faithless Tom. By the wholesome law of the prairie, he who falls asleep on guard is condemned to walk all day, leading his horse by the bridle; and we found much fault with our companions for not enforcing such a sentence on the offender. Nevertheless, had he been of our own party, I have no doubt that he would in like manner have escaped scot-free. But the emigrants went farther than mere forbearance: they decreed that since Tom couldn't stand guard without falling asleep, he shouldn't stand guard at all; and henceforward his slumbers were unbroken. Establishing

such a premium on drowsiness could have no very beneficial effect upon the vigilance of our sentinels; for it is far from agreeable, after riding from sunrise to sunset, to feel your slumbers interrupted by the butt of a rifle nudging your side, and a sleepy voice growling in your ear that you must get up, to shiver and freeze for three weary hours at midnight.

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their places and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. Henry, not intending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we left ours behind as incumbrances. We rode for some five or six miles and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes and prairie-dogs.

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded man. I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an idea, for the ground was none of the best for a race and grew worse continually as we proceeded. Indeed, it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit to keep out of sight, we rode towards them, until we ascended a hill, within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge, just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols and mounting again, rode over the hill and descended at a canter towards them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm. Those on the hill descended, those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got into motion, shouldering each other along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and tramping in terror through an opening in the hills, we



were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses, being new to the work, showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledgehammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring, to bring him alongside, I fired from this disadvantageous position. At the report Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet, entering too much in the rear, failed to disable the bull; for a buffalo requires to be shot at particular points, or he will certainly escape. The herd ran up a hill and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Added to this, I rode him that morning with a snaffle, having the day before, for the benefit of my other horse, unbuckled from my bridle the curb which I commonly used. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffalo filled him with terror, and when at full speed he was almost uncontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols, in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the

base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left; and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort, I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat; he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do: he slackened his gallop and, turning towards us, with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge, shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol in a passion to strike him on the head but, thinking better of it, fired the bullet after the bull, who had resumed his flight. Then I drew rein and determined to rejoin my companions.

It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. Pledging myself to take my revenge at a future opportunity, I looked about for some indications to show me where I was and what course I ought to pursue; I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared nor any sign of a human being. The same wild endless expanse lay around me still and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to think myself in danger of being lost and, reining in my horse, summoned

the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term is applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. It occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river. It ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns—bulls, cows and calves—on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left, and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes and then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach to look at me, gaze intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside and stretch lightly away over the prairie as swiftly as a race-horse. Squalid, ruffian-like wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie-dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude and yelping away most vehemently, whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie-dogs are not fastidious in their choice of companions. Various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed

changed; only a wolf or two glided by at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic lustre, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path before I saw, from the ridge of a sand-hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valley and the faint outline of the hills beyond, waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore, flung my saddle on the ground and, with my head resting on it and my horse's trail-rope tied loosely to my arm, lay waiting the arrival of the party, speculating meanwhile on the extent of the injuries Pontiac had received. At length, the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment, two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me awhile in the morning, but well knowing the futility of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had lain down and fallen asleep. The stray cattle had been recovered, as the emigrants told us, about noon. Before sunset, we pushed forward eight miles farther.

"June 7, 1846.—Four men are missing: R——, Sorel, and two emigrants. They set out this morning after buffalo and have not yet made their appearance; whether killed or lost, we cannot tell."

I find the above in my notebook and well remember the council held on the occasion. Our fire was the scene of it, for the superiority of Henry Chatillon's experience and skill made him the resort of the whole camp upon every question of difficulty. He was moulding bullets at the fire, when the Captain drew near, with a perturbed and care-worn expression of countenance, faithfully reflected on the heavy features of Jack, who followed close behind. Then the emigrants came straggling from their wagons towards the common centre. Various suggestions were made to account for the absence of the four men; and one or two of the emigrants declared that, when out after the cattle, they had seen Indians dogging them and crawling like wolves along the ridges of the hills.

At this, the Captain slowly shook his head with double gravity and solemnly remarked, "It's a serious thing to be travelling through this cursed wilderness." An opinion in which Jack immediately expressed a thorough coincidence.

Henry would not commit himself by declaring any positive opinion.

"Maybe he only followed the buffalo too far; maybe Indian kill him; maybe he got lost; I cannot tell."

With this, the auditors were obliged to rest content. The emigrants, not in the least alarmed, though curious to know what had become of their comrades, walked back to their wagons, and the Captain betook himself pensively to his tent. Shaw and I followed his example.



## *Adventure in Jericho.*

AGAIN we read of one of the Holy Bible's famous early spy stories, as Joshua sends out two spies to Jericho. There is even the interesting complication so often found in later spy-adventures—the woman in Jericho who takes in the spies and hides them in her home.

Joshua's system proved many hundreds of years later to have modern military value. The circumstances were these:

In 1918, the British 60th Division, under General Allenby, was planning to attack Jericho in order to drive the Turks across the Jordan River. In preparation for the main attack they had to capture a small village—*Michmash*—that was sitting on a high rocky hill right in the path of their planned drive.

One of the soldiers, a brigade major, thought *Michmash* sounded familiar. He took out his Bible and read how Jonathan had spied it out, and he ordered his soldiers to do the same. Major Vivian Gilbert's soldiers were able to repeat successfully the pattern set down in the Bible.





FROM:  
"THE' HOLY SCRIPTURES'

*Joshua*

AND Joshua the son of Nun sent out of Shittim two spies secretly, saying: "Go view the land, even Jericho." And they went, and came into the house of a harlot whose name was Rahab, and lay there. And it was told the king of Jericho, saying: "Behold, there came men in hither tonight of the children of Israel to search out the land."

And the king of Jericho sent unto Rahab, saying: "Bring forth the men that are come to thee, that are entered into thy house; for they are come to search out all the land."

And the woman took the two men, and hid them; and she said: "Yea, the men came unto me, but I knew not whence they were; and it came to pass about the time of the shutting of the gate, when it was dark, that the men went out; whither the men went I know not; pursue after them quickly; for ye shall overtake them." But she had brought them up to the roof, and hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had spread out upon the roof.

And the men pursued after them the way to the Jordan unto the fords; and as soon as they that pursued after them were gone out, the gate was shut. And before they were laid down, she came up unto them upon the roof; and she said unto the men: "I know that the Lord hath given you the land, and that your terror is fallen upon us, and that all the inhabitants of the land melt away before you. For we have heard how the Lord dried up the water of the Red Sea before you, when ye came out of Egypt; and what ye did unto the two kings of the Amorites, that were beyond the Jordan, unto Sihon and to Og, whom ye utterly destroyed.

And as soon as we had heard it, our hearts did melt, neither did there remain any more spirit in any man, because of you; for the Lord your God, He is God in heaven above, and on earth beneath.



Now therefore, I pray you, swear unto me by the Lord, since I have dealt kindly with you, that ye also will deal kindly with my father's house—and give me a true token—and save alive my father, and my mother, and my brethren, and my sisters, and all that they have, and deliver our lives from death."

And the men said unto her: "Our life for yours, if ye tell not this our business; and it shall be, when the Lord giveth us the land, that we will deal kindly and truly with thee."

Then she let them down by a cord through the window; for her house was upon the side of the wall, and she dwelt upon the wall. And she said unto them: "Get you to the mountain, lest the pursuers light upon you; and hide yourselves there three days, until the pursuers be returned; and afterward may ye go your way."

And the men said unto her: "We will be guiltless of this thine oath which thou hast made us to swear. Behold, when we come into the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by; and thou shalt gather unto thee into the house thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all thy father's household. And it shall be, that whosoever shall go out of the doors of thy house into the street, his blood shall be upon his head, and we will be guiltless; and whosoever shall be with thee in the house, his blood shall be on our head, if any hand be upon him. But if thou utter this our business, then we will be guiltless of thine oath which thou hast made us to swear."

And she said: "According unto your words, so be it." And she sent them away, and they departed; and she bound the scarlet line in the window.

And they went, and came unto the mountain, and abode there three days, until the pursuers were returned; and the pursuers sought them throughout all the way, but found them not.

Then the two men returned and descended from the mountain, and passed over, and came to Joshua the son of Nun; and they told him all that had befallen them. And they said unto Joshua: "Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands all the land; and moreover all the inhabitants of the land do melt away before us."



## *Adventure in a Rowboat*

**T**OM MAHONEY, the author of "New York to France in a Rowboat," first heard of this epic of adventure when he wandered into the Whaling Museum at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and noticed framed on the wall a yellowed newspaper clipping about the exploit. His first reaction was one of incredulity but investigation verified everything. When published in *Coronet Magazine* the article provoked a great many letters, most saying that it simply couldn't be true.

It also brought a letter from the sister of one of the men and a very informative one from James Piper, a Baltimore attorney. Mr. Piper chanced to be boarding a liner there, when Harbo and Samuelson pulled out of New York Harbor and, by even greater chance, saw them finish their voyage in Le Havre. He helped them by giving an interview to the local newspaper and added them in collecting \$5,000 promised by Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *Police Gazette*, when—and if—they attained their goal. Fox at first refused to pay on the ground that the sailing ship, *Cito of Lavick*, which replenished their provisions after the big storm, had carried them part of the way. The ship was sailing in the opposite direction.

Mahoney was born in Dallas, Texas, and made his way to New York by way of the University of Missouri, where he helped write a musical comedy, and by newspaper, magazine and publicity jobs in Dallas, El Paso, Kansas City, Des Moines, Buffalo and Schenectady. He has been a United Press man and an associate editor of *Look* and *Fortune*.





FROM:  
"NEW YORK TO FRANCE  
IN A ROWBOAT"

*by Tom Mahoney*

**I**NCREDIBLE as it sounds, two men once rowed across the Atlantic Ocean in an open boat—the full 3,250 miles from New York to France. In comparison with this epic feat, the recent South Pacific cruise of six men on a raft seems a sedentary enterprise. Yet today the Atlantic adventure and the names of its heroes are forgotten.

Frank Samuelson and George Harbo, two Norwegian immigrants, lived in Brooklyn and dredged for oysters off New Jersey. In 1896, the year of their exploit, Harbo was thirty, Samuelson twenty-six, but both had spent their lives at sea and possessed a strength far greater than their medium stature indicated.

"If anybody would row the ocean," Samuelson told Harbo, "he would make a fortune. People would pay to see the boat." One man couldn't do it, they agreed; but two men might make the voyage in two months, if they rowed fifty-four miles a day. So why not try it?

The mustached Harbo, a licensed pilot, calculated that the most feasible route was eastward by way of the Gulf Stream and the North Atlantic drift. These currents would add slightly to the speed of a craft going in their direction. Further, this was the heavily traveled North Atlantic shipping route, which promised help in event of disaster.

For two years, the Norwegians devoted their spare time to completing plans. Finally they designed a double-pointed, eighteen-foot craft, with a five-foot beam and eight-inch draft. At both ends were water-tight compartments and tanks for drinking water. Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *Police Gazette*, financed construc-

tion of the boat at Branchport, New Jersey, and the little white-oak craft was named *Fox* in his honor.

Boatmen shook their heads incredulously when the cockleshell was rowed to the Battery. But Samuelson and Harbo stubbornly continued outfitting. Into the boat went five pairs of oars, a compass, a sextant, a canvas sea-anchor, an air mattress, signal lights and five gallons of kerosene for the small stove rigged in the bow.

Provisions included 250 eggs, 100 pounds of sea biscuit, nine pounds of coffee, and considerable canned meat. All clothing except oilskins and what they were wearing was discarded. No tobacco, liquor or sails were taken aboard.

A crowd of 2,000 gathered at the Battery the afternoon of June 6, 1896, to see them off. The weather was perfect but there was an air of gloom about the crowd. "This is suicide," was a common comment.

"We'll see you all in Le Havre or in heaven!" shouted Harbo cheerfully as the *Fox* pushed off. Harbor whistles saluted the boat as it skimmed down the bay and through the Narrows, with both Harbo and Samuelson rowing.

When the *Fox* passed out to sea, the two Norwegians began their carefully calculated routine, which called for fifteen and a half hours of rowing a day for each man. At first the weather was glorious but trouble began with the oil stove. It was hard to keep lighted even in a mild breeze. They had little coffee and soon had to eat their eggs raw.

On the fourth night out, Harbo was asleep under the canvas shelter astern. Suddenly he sat up, crying: "Something bumped us!"

As they listened it came again, a bump and a scrape across the bottom. Then something white flashed in the dark water alongside.

"A shark!" said Harbo.

For two days the shark swam with the boat, while the oarsmen, undisturbed, continued their methodical pull for the horizon.

A week out, the adventurers encountered the Canadian schooner *Jessie* bound for New York.

"Come alongside and we'll take you aboard!" the schooner's captain megaphoned.

"No thanks!" Samuelson shouted back. "We're on a voyage."

"Where are you bound?"

"Europe."

With her crew shaking their heads, the *Jessie* sailed on.

The next day, Sunday, brought the tireless oarsmen their first bad weather. A heavy gale blew up from the east, almost dead ahead. Waves rose higher and higher until they washed over the *Fox*. At 9 A.M. the two men gave up rowing and tossed out the sea anchor. By 5 P.M. Harbo calculated their progress for the day had been twenty-five miles backward!

Two days later, the *Fuerst Bismarck*, pride of the North German Lloyd, encountered the *Fox*. As nautical amenities must be maintained even between rowboats and liners, Harbo hoisted an American flag and the steamer responded with her colors.

"Are you shipwrecked?" the liner's skipper shouted.

"No. Bound for Europe."

"Are you crazy?"

"No, indeed."

Amazed passengers at the rail cheered as the *Fox* pulled away toward the east.

On the Norwegians rowed, sometimes singing but usually pulling their oars with silent efficiency. July 1, on the Grand Banks, they met a fishing smack, whose astonished captain invited the voyagers aboard. For the first time in three weeks, Harbo and Samuelson enjoyed a cooked meal.

On July 7 a westerly gale blew up, and for two days the weary oarsmen battled mountainous seas. It was a grim fight. Ten times a day the tiny craft had to be bailed out. Only the watertight compartments kept her afloat.

On the second night, Samuelson saw a gigantic wave bearing down.

"Look out!" he shouted.

"We'll never clear it!" gasped Harbo.

In an instant the *Fox* was overturned and the two men were struggling in icy water. But even for this emergency they had made plans. Each wore a lifebelt, fastened to the boat by rope. Also the keel had been provided with a rail to which the voyagers could cling.

After several attempts they righted the boat, crawled aboard

and began desperately to bail. Some of their provisions had been swept away; their clothes were water-logged. Sleepless and hungry, they presented a sorry spectacle as the sun rose over a comparatively calm sea.

They stripped and wrung out their soaked clothing. Then they resumed rowing to take the stiffness from their swollen joints. After apparently tossing its worst at the *Fox*, the ocean relented. Winds were favorable and the sun smiled.

But there were other troubles. The backs of their hands became an agony. Wind, sun and salt water had turned them into raw flesh, further irritated by the constant chafing of oilskins. An even graver problem was their depleted food stock. While previously it had been amusing to chaff with passing vessels, it was now a matter of life or death to hail one.

Salvation appeared on July 15 in the shape of a full-rigged bark. They tied a blanket to an oar and began to wave it. At last the bark turned toward the famished oarsmen. As she neared, they made out the name *Cito* on her bow.

"Must be Italian," said Harbo.

But the Canadian-bound vessel proved instead to be the *Cito of Ladick* from Norway, birthplace of the two bedraggled adventurers. Harbo and Samuelson boarded the ship for a Gargantuan meal and a joyful reunion with seamen like themselves. Before they left, the Norwegians filled the *Fox's* water tanks and stocked her with fresh provisions.

With half their voyage behind them, Harbo and Samuelson took up the oars again. The weather continued fair and for more than a week they averaged sixty-five miles a day. On August 1 they sighted land—the Scilly Islands, southwestern tip of Britain.

Just fifty-five days after leaving New York, they stepped ashore at St. Mary's, to be greeted by an incredulous American consul. After resting for only one day, during which Harbo wrote a three-paragraph letter to the *New York World*, saying, "We are satisfied with our records," the *Fox* set off for Le Havre, France, 250 miles distant. There the voyage ended on August 7 to the cheers of thousands.

The Norwegians and their boat were worn and battered. They could not stand on their stiff legs after landing; their hands were

in frightful shape. All during the voyage they had enjoyed good health, but on their first day ashore both developed bad colds.

The fortune that they hoped to reap by their exploit proved illusory. Many paid to see their boat during exhibitions in Le Havre, Paris and London; but they barely earned expenses. Next, they journeyed to their native Norway. This trip proved the greatest disappointment of all. Their families welcomed them but Norwegian press comment was adverse.irate editors contended that the voyage should have been made under the Norwegian flag.

A year later Harbo and Samuelson brought the *Fox* back to America via steamship. But as a carnival attraction the craft was a failure. The rowboat that had crossed the Atlantic looked much like any other and couldn't compete on midways with livelier attractions. Both men vanished from the limelight and eventually went back to Norway.

In 1946 Samuelson died in an old people's home at Farsund. The Norwegian press was kinder to him in death than it had been in life. "The world will not soon see his like again," editorialized one journal. "Ours is an effete age."







## *Adventure on the Matterhorn*

EDWARD WHYMPER was an Englishman, famous for his "Scrambles Amongst The Alps." Actually these were no mere scrambles, but tough mountain climbs, for Whympers was an ardent mountaineer. He said, "The Matterhorn attracted me simply by its grandeur. It was considered to be the most thoroughly inaccessible of all mountains. . . . Stimulated to make fresh exertions by one repulse after another, I returned, year after year, as I had opportunity, more and more determined to find a way up it or to *prove* it to be really inaccessible."

His determination of spirit is typical of a band of hardy English climbers, whose main endeavor during the Nineteenth Century was conquest of new heights. They made mountaineering a true sport for the first time during the period of 1854 to 1880. Edward Whympers joins John Tyndall, Alfred Wills, T. W. Hinchliff and other English heroes as they storm peak after peak.

Whympers's *Scrambles* actually occurred during the years 1860 to 1869. They took their place in the permanent literature of mountaineering partly because of Whympers's own enthusiastic style and partly because, on one of his scrambles, four out of a party of seven were killed. This was the first big accident in the history of mountaineering, and a great deal of publicity and controversy ensued. Whympers and the entire sport were questioned, condemned and soundly supported also.

The accident on the Matterhorn, plus his published *Scrambles*, at any rate, combined to make this young artist and wood-engraver famous. First sent to the mountains to make drawings of them, he determined to climb them. He made *seven* unsuccessful attempts before his final successful one.





FROM:-  
"SCRAMBLES AMONGST  
THE ALPS"

*by Edward Whymper*

IT MADE a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out; yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt, at the Riffel, in the Val Tournanche. At Breuil the watchers cried, "Victory is ours!" They raised "bravos" for Carrel and "vivas" for Italy, and hastened to put themselves *en fête*. On the morrow they were undeceived. All was changed: the explorers returned sad—cast down—disheartened—confounded—gloomy. "It is true," said the men. "We saw them ourselves; they hurled stones at us! The old traditions are true—there are spirits on the top of the Matterhorn!"

We returned to the southern end of the ridge to build a cairn and then paid homage to the view. The day was one of those superlatively calm and clear ones which usually precede bad weather. The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds or vapors. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off looked sharp and near. All their details—ridge and crag, snow and glacier—stood out with faultless definition. Pleasant thoughts of happy days in bygone years came up unbidden as we recognized the old, familiar forms. All were revealed; not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden. I see them clearly now—the great inner circles of giants, backed by the ranges, chains and *massifs*. First came the Dent Blanche, hoary and grand; the Gabelhorn and pointed Rothhorn, and then the peerless Weisshorn; the towering Mischabelhörner, flanked by the Allaleinhorn, Strahlhorn and Rimpfischhorn; then Monte Rosa—with its many *spitzes*—the Lyskamm and the Breithorn. Behind were the Bernese Oberland, governed by the Finsteraarhorn, the Simplon and St. Gothard groups, the Disgrazia and the Orteler. Toward the south we looked down

to Chivasso on the plain of Piedmont, and far beyond. The Viso, one hundred miles away, seemed close upon us; the Maritime Alps, one hundred and thirty miles distant, were free from haze. Then came my first love—the Pelvoux: the Écrins and the Meije; the clusters of the Graians; and lastly, in the west, gorgeous in the full sunlight, rose the monarch of all—Mont Blanc. Ten thousand feet beneath us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side, were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines—bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones and spires! There was every combination that the world can give and every contrast that the heart could desire.

We remained on the summit for one hour—one crowded hour of glorious life. It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.

Hudson and I again consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first and Hadow second; Hudson, who was almost equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next; and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder after him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit and hold it as we descended as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order whilst I was sketching the summit; and they had finished and were waiting for me to be tied in line, when some one remembered that our names had not been left in a bottle. They requested me to write them down and moved off while it was being done.

A few minutes afterward, I tied myself to young Peter, ran down after the others and caught them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part. Great care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time: when he was firmly

planted, the next advanced, and so on. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to rocks; and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was not made for my own sake, and I am not sure that it even occurred to me again. For some little distance we two followed the others, detached from them and should have continued so had not Lord F. Douglas asked me about 3 p.m. to tie on to old Peter, as he feared, he said, that Taugwalder would not be able to hold his ground if a slip occurred.

A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa hotel to Seiler, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhornletscher. The boy was reprov'd for telling idle stories. He was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw.

Michel Croz had laid aside his axe and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. As far as I know no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock; but it is my belief, from the movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step of two himself. At this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downward. In another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit. The rope was taut between us and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhornletscher below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke, it was impossible to help them.

So perished our comrades! For the space of half an hour, we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two

men, paralyzed by terror, cried like infants and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Old Peter rent the air with exclamations of "Chamonix! Qh, what will Chamonix say?" He meant: who would believe that Croz could fall?

The young man did nothing but scream or sob. "We are lost! We are lost!"

Fixed between the two, I could move neither up nor down. I begged young Peter to descend, but he dared not. Unless he did we could not advance.

Old Peter became alive to the danger and swelled the cry, "We are lost! We are lost!"

The father's fear was natural—he trembled for his son; the young man's fear was cowardly—he thought of self alone. At last old Peter summoned up courage and changed his position to a rock to which he could fix the rope. The young man then descended, and we all stood together. Immediately we did so, I asked for the rope which had given way and found, to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—that it was the weakest of the three ropes. It was not brought—and should not have been employed—for the purpose for which it was used. It was old rope and, compared with the others, was feeble. It was intended as a reserve in case we had to leave much rope behind attached to rocks. I saw at once that a serious question was involved, and made them give me the end. It had broken in mid-air, and it did not appear to have sustained previous injury.

For more than two hours afterward I thought almost every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from them at any moment. After a time we were able to do that which should have been done at first and fixed rope to firm rocks in addition to being tied together. These ropes were cut from time to time and were left behind. Even with their assurance the men were afraid to proceed, and several times old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs and said with terrible emphasis, "I cannot!"

About 6 p.m. we arrived at the snow upon the ridge descending toward Zermatt, and all peril was over.



## *Adventure in Ancient Greece*

**A**LEXANDER, THE GREAT, was one of the most famous of history's conquerors. Born in 356 B.C., he was the son of Philip the Second of Macedonia. He came by his famous courage naturally when you consider not only the conquests of his father, Philip, but also of his presumed ancestor, Hercules.

In our story, Alexander had already taken over the throne of Macedonia after his father was assassinated and had begun a long series of military campaigns that eventually led him to conquer Asia Minor and even took him to Northern India. It was rumored again and again that he believed himself to be a god—and to be the son of the god, Jove, who had taken the form of a serpent to unite with Alexander's mother, Olympias. He substantiated this god-image further in the minds of men of his day by pointing out that he was born in the midst of three great Greek victories.

Our story is taken from the "Lives" of Plutarch, the famous biographer of the ancients. Plutarch, who wrote so much about others, wrote little about himself; but we know he was born in A.D. 42 and died around 102. He lived in the small town of Chaeronea in Boeotia. He wrote sixty-five *Lives*, in all, of Greek and Roman notables, fifty of which are yet available.







FROM:  
"PLUTARCH'S LIVES"

*Dryden Translation*

ALEXANDER, now intent upon his expedition into India, took notice that his soldiers were so charged with booty that it hindered their marching. Therefore, at break of day, as soon as the baggage waggons were laden, first he set fire to his own and to those of his friends, and then commanded those to be burnt which belonged to the rest of the army. An act which in the deliberation of it had seemed more dangerous and difficult than it proved in the execution, with which few were dissatisfied; for most of the soldiers, as though they had been inspired, uttering loud outcries and warlike shoutings, supplied one another with what was absolutely necessary and burnt and destroyed all that was superfluous, the sight of which redoubled Alexander's zeal and eagerness for his design. And, indeed, he was now grown very severe and inexorable in punishing those who committed any fault. For he put Menander, one of his friends, to death for deserting a fortress where he had placed him in garrison and shot Orsodates, one of the barbarians who revolted from him, with his own hand.

At this time a sheep happened to yean a lamb with the perfect shape and colour of a tiara upon the head and testicles on each side, which portent Alexander regarded with such dislike that he immediately caused his Babylonian priests, whom he usually carried about with him for such purposes, to purify him and told his friends he was not so much concerned for his own sake as for theirs, out of an apprehension that after his death the divine power might suffer his empire to fall into the hands of some degenerate, impotent person. But this fear was soon removed by a wonderful thing that happened not long after and was thought to presage better. For Proxenus, a Macedonian, who was the chief of

those who looked to the king's furniture, as he was breaking up the ground near the river Oxus to set up the royal pavilion, discovered a spring of a fat, oily liquor which, after the top was taken off, ran pure, clear oil without any difference either of taste or smell, having exactly the same smoothness and brightness, and that, too, in a country where no olives grew. The water, indeed, of the river Oxus, is said to be the smoothest to the feeling of all waters and to leave a gloss on the skins of those who bathe themselves in it. Whatever might be the cause, certain it is that Alexander was wonderfully pleased with it, as appears by his letters to Antipater, where he speaks of it as one of the most remarkable presages that God had ever favoured him with. The diviners told him it signified his expedition would be glorious in the event, but very painful and attended with many difficulties; for oil, they said, was bestowed on mankind by God as a refreshment of their labours.

Nor did they judge amiss, for he exposed himself to many hazards in the battles which he fought and received very severe wounds, but the greatest loss in his army was occasioned through the unwholesomeness of the air and the want of necessary provisions. But he still applied himself to overcome fortune and whatever opposed him by resolution and virtue, and thought nothing impossible to true intrepidity and, on the other hand, nothing secure or strong for cowardice. It is told of him that when he besieged Sisimithres, who held an inaccessible, impregnable rock against him, and his soldiers began to despair of taking it, he asked Oxyartes whether Sisimithres was a man of courage, who assuring him he was the greatest coward alive, "Then you tell me," said he, "that the place may easily be taken, since what is in command of it is weak."

And in a little time he so terrified Sisimithres that he took it without any difficulty. At an attack which he made upon such another precipitous place with some of his Macedonian soldiers, he called to one whose name was Alexander and told him he at any rate must fight bravely if it were but for his name's sake. The youth fought gallantly and was killed in action, at which he was sensibly afflicted. Another time, seeing his men march slowly and unwillingly to the siege of the place called Nysa, because of a

deep river between them and the town, he advanced before them and, standing upon the bank, "What a miserable man," said he, "am I that I have not learned to swim!" and then was hardly dissuaded from endeavouring to pass it upon his shield. Here, after the assault was over, the ambassadors who from several towns which he had blocked up came to submit to him and make their peace were surprised to find him still in his armour, without any one in waiting or attendance upon him, and when at last some one brought him a cushion, he made the eldest of them, named Acuphis, take it and sit down upon it. The old man, marvelling at his magnanimity and courtesy, asked him what his countrymen should do to merit his friendship.

"I would have them," said Alexander, "choose you to govern them and send one hundred of the most worthy men among them to remain with me as hostages."

Acuphis laughed and answered, "I shall govern them with more ease, sir, if I send you so many of the worst, rather than the best of my subjects."

The extent of King Taxiles's dominions in India was thought to be as large as Egypt, abounding in good pastures and producing beautiful fruits. The king himself had the reputation of a wise man, and at his first interview with Alexander he spoke to him in these terms: "To what purpose," said he, "should we make war upon one another if the design of your coming into these parts be not to rob us of our water or our necessary food, which are the only things that wise men are indispensably obliged to fight for? As for other riches and possessions, as they are accounted in the eye of the world, if I am better provided of them than you, I am ready to let you share with me; but if fortune has been more liberal to you than me, I have no objection to be obliged to you."

This discourse pleased Alexander so much that, embracing him, "Do you think," said he to him, "your kind words and courteous behaviour will bring you off in this interview without a contest? No, you shall not escape so. I shall contend and do battle with you so far that how obliging soever you are, you shall not have the better of me."

Then, receiving some presents from him, he returned him others of greater value and, to complete his bounty, gave him in money

ready-coined one thousand talents; at which his old friends were much displeased, but it gained him the hearts of many of the barbarians. But the best soldiers of the Indians, now entering into the pay of several of the cities undertook to defend them and did it so bravely that they put Alexander to a great deal of trouble, till at last, after a capitulation, upon the surrender of the place, he fell upon them as they were marching away and put them all to the sword. This one breach of his word remains as a blemish upon his achievements in war, which he otherwise had performed throughout with that justice and honour that became a king. Nor was he less incommoded by the Indian philosophers, who inveighed against those princes who joined his party, and solicited the free nations to oppose him. He took several of these also and caused them to be hanged.

Alexander, in his own letters, has given us an account of his war with Porus. He says that the two armies were separated by the river Hydaspes, on whose opposite bank Porus continually kept his elephants in order of battle, with their heads towards their enemies, to guard the passage; that he, on the other hand, made every day a great noise and clamour in his camp, to dissipate the apprehensions of the barbarians; that one stormy dark night he passed the river, at a distance from the place where the enemy lay, into a little island, with part of his foot and the best of his horse. Here there fell a most violent storm of rain, accompanied with lightning and whirlwinds; and seeing some of his men burnt and dying with the lightning, he nevertheless quitted the island and made over to the other side. The Hydaspes, he says, now after the storm, was so swollen and grown so rapid as to have made a breach in the bank; and a part of the river was now pouring in here, so that when he came across, it was with difficulty he got a footing on the land, which was slippery and unsteady, and exposed to the force of the currents on both sides. This is the occasion when he is related to have said, "O ye Athenians, will ye believe what dangers I incur to merit your praise?" This, however, is Onesicritus's story. Alexander says that here the men left their boats and passed the breach in their armour up to the breast in water; and then he advanced with his horse about twenty furlongs before his foot, concluding that if the enemy charged him with

their cavalry, he should be too strong for them; if with their foot, his own would come up in time enough to his assistance. Nor did he judge amiss; for being charged by a thousand horse and sixty armed chariots, which advanced before their main body, he took all the chariots and killed four hundred horse upon the place. Porus, by this time, guessing that Alexander himself had crossed over, came on with his whole army, except a party which he left behind to hold the rest of the Macedonians in play if they should attempt to pass the river. But he, apprehending the multitude of the enemy and to avoid the shock of their elephants dividing his forces, attacked their left wing himself and commanded Coenus to fall upon the right, which was performed with good success. For by this means both wings being broken, the enemies fell back in their retreat upon the centre and crowded in upon their elephants. There rallying, they fought a hand-to-hand battle; and it was the eighth hour of the day before they were entirely defeated. This description the conqueror himself has left us in his own epistles.

Almost all the historians agree in relating that Porus was four cubits and a span high and that when he was upon his elephant, which was of the largest size, his stature and bulk were so answerable that he appeared to be proportionately mounted, as a horseman on his horse. This elephant, during the whole battle, gave many singular proofs of sagacity and of particular care of the king, whom, as long as he was strong and in a condition to fight, he defended with great courage, repelling those who set upon him; and, as soon as he perceived him overpowered with his numerous wounds and the multitude of darts that were thrown at him, to prevent his falling off, he softly knelt down and began to draw out the darts with his proboscis. When Porus was taken prisoner and Alexander asked him how he expected to be used, he answered, "As a king." For that expression, he said, when the same question was put to him a second time, comprehended everything. And Alexander, accordingly, not only suffered him to govern his own kingdom as satrap under himself, but gave him also the additional territory of various independent tribes whom he subdued, a district which, it is said, contained fifteen several nations and five thousand considerable towns, besides abundance of villages. To

another government, three times as large as this, he appointed Philip, one of his friends.

Some little time after the battle with Porus, Bucephalus died, as most of the authorities state, under cure of his wounds, or, as Onesicritus says, of fatigue and age, being thirty years old. Alexander was no less concerned at his death than if he had lost an old companion or an intimate friend and built a city, which he named Bucephalia, in memory of him, on the bank of the river Hydaspes. He also, we are told, built another city and called it after the name of a favourite dog, Peritas, which he had brought up himself. So Sotion assures us he was informed by Potamon of Lesbos.

But this last combat with Porus took off the edge of the Macedonians' courage and stayed their further progress into India. For having found it hard enough to defeat an enemy who brought but twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse into the field, they thought they had reason to oppose Alexander's design of leading them on to pass the Ganges, too, which they were told was thirty-two furlongs broad and a hundred fathoms deep, and the banks on the further side covered with multitudes of enemies. For they were told the kings of the Gandaritans and Præsiens expected them there with eighty thousand horse, two hundred thousand foot, eight thousand armed chariots and six thousand fighting elephants. Nor was this a mere vain report, spread to discourage them. For Androcottus, who not long after reigned in those parts, made a present of five hundred elephants at once to Seleucus and with an army of six hundred thousand men subdued all India. Alexander at first was so grieved and enraged at his men's reluctance that he shut himself up in his tent and threw himself upon the ground, declaring, if they would not pass the Ganges, he owed them no thanks for anything they had hitherto done and that to retreat now was plainly to confess himself vanquished. But at last the reasonable persuasions of his friends and the cries and lamentations of his soldiers, who in a suppliant manner crowded about the entrance of his tent, prevailed with him to think of returning. Yet he could not refrain from leaving behind him various deceptive memorials of his expedition to impose upon aftertimes and to exaggerate his glory with posterity, such as arms larger than were really worn and mangers for horses, with bits and bridles above

the usual size, which he set up and distributed in several places. He erected altars, also, to the gods, which the kings of the Præsiens, even in our time, do honour to when they pass the river and offer sacrifice upon them after the Grecian manner. Androcottus, then a boy, saw Alexander there, and is said often afterwards to have been heard to say, that he missed but little of making himself master of those countries; their king, who then reigned, was so hated and despised for the viciousness of his life and the meanness of his extraction. .

Alexander was now eager to see the ocean. To which purpose he caused a great many tow-boats and rafts to be built, in which he fell gently down the rivers at his leisure, yet so that his navigation was neither unprofitable nor inactive. For by several descents upon the bank, he made himself master of the fortified towns and consequently of the country on both sides. But at a siege of a town of the Mallians, who have the repute of being the bravest people of India, he ran in great danger of his life. For having beaten off the defendants with showers of arrows, he was the first man that mounted the wall by a scaling-ladder, which, as soon as he was up, broke and left him almost alone, exposed to the darts which the barbarians threw at him in great numbers from below. In this distress, turning himself as well as he could, he leaped down in the midst of his enemies and had the good fortune to light upon his feet. The brightness and clattering of his armour when he came to the ground made the barbarians think they saw rays of light or some bright phantom playing before his body, which frightened them so at first that they ran away and dispersed. Till seeing him seconded but by two of his guards, they fell upon him hand to hand, and some, while he bravely defended himself, tried to wound him through his armour with their swords and spears. And one who stood further off drew a bow with such strength that the arrow, finding its way through his cuirass, stuck in his ribs under the breast. This stroke was so violent that it made him give back and set one knee to the ground, upon which the man ran up with his drawn scimitar, thinking to despatch him, and had done it if Peucestes and Limnaeus had not interposed, who were both wounded, Limnaeus mortally. But Peucestes stood his ground, while Alexander killed the barbarians. But this did not free him.



from danger; for, besides many other wounds, at last he received so weighty a stroke of a club upon his neck that he was forced to lean his body against the wall, still, however, facing the enemy. At this extremity, the Macedonians made their way in and gathered round him. They took him up just as he was fainting away, having lost all sense of what was done near him, and conveyed him to his tent, upon which it was presently reported all over the camp that he was dead. But when they had with great difficulty and pains sawed off the shaft of the arrow, which was of wood, and so with much trouble got off his cuirass, they came to cut the head of it, which was three fingers broad and four long, and stuck fast in the bone. During the operation he was taken with almost mortal swoonings, but when it was out he came to himself again. Yet though all danger was past, he continued very weak and confined himself a great while to a regular diet and the method of his cure, till one day, hearing the Macedonians clamouring outside in their eagerness to see him, he took his cloak and went out. And having sacrificed to the gods, without more delay he went on board again and, as he coasted along, subdued a great deal of the country on both sides and several considerable cities.

In this voyage he took ten of the Indian philosophers prisoners who had been most active in persuading Sabbas to revolt and had caused the Macedonians a great deal of trouble. These men, called Gymnosophists, were reputed to be extremely ready and succinct in their answers, which he made trial of by putting difficult questions to them, letting them know that those whose answers were not pertinent should be put to death, of which he made the eldest of them judge. The first being asked which he thought the most numerous, the dead or the living, answered, "The living because those who are dead are not at all." Of the second, he desired to know whether the earth or the sea produced the largest beasts; who told him, "The earth, for the sea is but a part of it." His question to the third was, Which is the cunningest of beasts? "That," said he, "which men have not yet found out." He bade the fourth tell him what argument he used to Sabbas to persuade him to revolt. "No other," said he, "than that he should either live or die nobly." Of the fifth he asked, Which was the eldest, night or day? The philosopher replied, "Day was eldest, by one day at least."

But perceiving Alexander not well satisfied with that account, he added, that he ought not to wonder if strange questions had as strange answers made to them. Then he went on and inquired of the next what a man should do to be exceedingly beloved. "He must be very powerful," said he, "without making himself too much feared." The answer of the seventh to his question, how a man might become a god, was "By doing that which was impossible for men to do." The eighth told him, "Life is stronger than death because it supports so many miseries." And the last being asked, how long he thought it decent for a man to live, said, "Till death appeared more desirable than life." Then Alexander turned to him whom he had made judge and commanded him to give sentence. "All that I can determine," said he, "is that they have every one answered worse than another." "Nay," said the king, "then you shall die first, for giving such a sentence." "Not so, O king," replied the Gymnosophist, "unless you said falsely that he should die first who made the worst answer." In conclusion he gave them presents and dismissed them.

But to those who were in greatest reputation among them and lived a private quiet life, he sent Onesicritus, one of Diogenes the Cynic's disciples, desiring them to come to him. Calanus, it is said, very arrogantly and roughly commanded him to strip himself and hear what he said naked, otherwise he would not speak a word to him, though he came from Jupiter himself. But Dandamis received him with more civility and, hearing him discourse of Socrates, Pythagoras, and Diogenes, told him he thought them men of great parts and to have erred in nothing so much as in having too great respect for the laws and customs of their country. Others say Dandamis only asked him the reason why Alexander undertook so long a journey to come into those parts. Taxiles, however, persuaded Calanus to wait upon Alexander. His proper name was Sphines, but because he was wont to say *Cale*, which in the Indian tongue is a form of salutation to those he met with anywhere, the Greeks called him Calanus. He is said to have shown Alexander an instructive emblem of government, which was this. He threw a dry shrivelled hide upon the ground and trod upon the edges of it. The skin, when it was pressed in one place, still rose up in another, wheresoever he trod round about it, till he set his foot in the

middle, which made all the parts lie even and quiet. The meaning of this similitude being that he ought to reside most in the middle of his empire, and not spend too much time on the borders of it.

His voyage down the rivers took up seven months' time, and when he came to the sea, he sailed to an island which he himself called Scillustis, others Psiltucis, where going ashore, he sacrificed and made what observations he could as to the nature of the sea and the seacoast. Then having besought the gods that no other man might ever go beyond the bounds of this expedition, he ordered his fleet, of which he made Nearchus admiral and Onesicritus pilot, to sail round about, keeping the Indian shore on the right hand, and returned himself by land through the country of the Orites, where he was reduced to great straits for want of provisions and lost a vast number of his men, so that of an army of one hundred and twenty thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, he scarcely brought back above a fourth part out of India, they were so diminished by disease, ill diet, and the scorching heats, but most by famine. For their march was through an uncultivated country whose inhabitants fared hardly, possessing only a few sheep, and those of a wretched kind, whose flesh was rank and unsavoury by their continual feeding upon sea-fish.

After sixty days' march he came into Gedrosia, where he found great plenty of all things, which the neighbouring kings and governors of provinces, hearing of his approach, had taken care to provide. When he had here refreshed his army, he continued his march through Carmania, feasting all the way for seven days together. He with his most intimate friends banqueted and revelled night and day upon a platform erected on a lofty, conspicuous scaffold, which was slowly drawn by eight horses. This was followed by a great many chariots, some covered with purple and embroidered canopies, and some with green boughs, which were continually supplied afresh, and in them the rest of his friends and commanders drinking, and crowned with garlands of flowers. Here was now no target or helmet or spear to be seen. Instead of armour, the soldiers handled nothing but cups and goblets and Thericlean drinking vessels, which, along the whole way, they dipped into large bowls and jars, and drank healths to one another, some seating themselves to it, others as they went along. All

places resounded with music of pipes and flutes, with harping and singing, and women dancing as in the rites of Bacchus. For this disorderly, wandering march, besides the drinking part of it, was accompanied with all the sportiveness and insolence of bacchanals, as much as though the god himself had been there to countenance and lead the procession. As soon as he came to the royal palace of Gedrosia, he again refreshed and feasted his army. And one day after he had drunk pretty hard, it is said, he went to see a prize of dancing contended for, in which his favourite Bagoas, having gained the victory, crossed the theatre in his dancing habit and sat down close by him, which so pleased the Macedonians that they made loud acclamations for him to kiss Bagoas and never stopped clapping their hands and shouting till Alexander put his arms round him and kissed him.



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## *Adventure in Alaska's Wilderness*

A WOMAN—just an ordinary housewife—can be a heroine and an adventurer if presented with the proper conditions. Of course, it is also important that she be made of *adventurous* stock.

Martha Martin never knew her own capabilities until she found herself stranded in a deep-wilderness cabin in the barren reaches of Alaska. Her husband was missing, possibly dead. There was no one for miles around to help her or even to know that she was alive.

It started when Martha and her husband, Don Martin, were leaving their Alaska mine for the winter. While Martin was out in their out-board motor boat, Martha climbed to their mine, soon they would be on their way.

But, meantime, a storm suddenly descended, and Martha was caught in a mountain landslide. She was badly shaken and she arose with a broken arm and one leg useless to find that her husband had apparently been washed out to sea. He did not return.

Martha wrote to keep from going mad in her loneliness, and it is from her diary, "O Rugged Land of Gold," that our section is taken. All winter, while awaiting the birth of her child, she cared for her injuries, clothed and fed herself, tried unsuccessfully to get to civilization.

Born in Indiana and educated in Virginia, Martha went to Alaska as a young wife. She calls herself a "trapper and prospector."

Martha wanted to survive, both for herself and for her expected child.





FROM:

## 'O RUGGED LAND OF GOLD'

*by Martha Martin*

I AM in the beach cabin now. . . .

I am weary—wearied. My hope is gone.

The skiff is not here. Don never came back to camp.

I must have help. There is none. No one will come to this wilderness place in the wintertime. I am all alone and it is raining—cold rain, half snow.

If Don was shipwrecked he might beachcomb materials to repair his skiff, and then he would come. Don will come as soon as he can. His troubles are surely greater than mine. He, too, must wait for rescue or death, and he doesn't even have a cabin to wait in.

The Indians might come, but not for a while, not until toward spring. They begin to trap near home and move their camp from cove to cove, catching all the mink and otter in one place before going on to the next. It's more than twenty-five miles to the Indian village, and it is not likely they will be here for a month or more. They weren't here when Don left the mine last year. He said he saw them coming the very day he went away, and that was in February.

My child will be born in February. I need help now. I cannot wait until February. No one will come to me in time to save my child. I would help myself if I only knew what to do. Where is my intelligence? Why don't I know what to do? Why doesn't God tell me what to do?

God in heaven, let me know what to do, and I will work to do it; so long as I have an ounce of strength, I will work.

But what? What shall I do?

My leg hurts and my head hurts. I am sick and unhappy.



I have poked the can off the smokestack and built a fire and made tea. I have my hurt leg close to the fire and the warmth is good. I am feeling much better, yet I'm afraid my mind is confused. If I think through yesterday then perhaps I can go on to make some workable plans.

The night before my trip I cleaned the upper cabin and stowed things away. I slept well and got up at daybreak and made shavings. I didn't make a fire because I had enough cooked food for breakfast and lunch.

After breakfast I washed the cook pot and dressed warm. I'd ruined my right shoepack cutting it off my foot; so I had to wear one of Don's minepacks. It's much too big for me but it just had to do. The sky was clouded over and a misty drizzle was falling. The world was enveloped in a soft grayness. I felt fine, excited maybe, but filled with purpose and hope.

The elevation of the upper cabin is 1,694 feet, and the trail down to the corner of the beach cabin is 2,511 feet by the survey chain. That isn't far. Of course, the trail zigzags and the survey chain went straight; but even if the trail is twice as long as the survey measure, which it isn't, it still is no great journey. It's all downhill except for the last five or six hundred feet across the flats. I thought it would be no trouble at all for me to go down. I had planned to sit on my bombosity and slide down the steep places. I carried a prospecting pick to hold me back should I start sliding too fast.

The trip was hard and it took longer than I expected it to take. There are five windfalls across the trail, two of them very difficult to get around. I slid as much as I could, and that was most of the way; but once, a little better than halfway down, I slid too fast, lost control, and banged into a tree and bumped my sore leg. It hurt so much that tears came and I felt sick at my stomach. The injury is right in the same place as the first one. I could hardly bear to touch it. I didn't walk or slide an inch more. All the rest of the way, I crawled.

As soon as I came out of the timber, I looked along the beach for Don's skiff. Nothing was on the beach. Then I looked at the cabin and I saw a can over the smokestack. I knew Sam had put it there. Don never would have fooled with any old smokestack;

he would have rushed up the hill to me. No one but Sam would have bothered to put a can on our smokestack and lean a forked pole against the cabin roof to take it off again easily. It had to be Sam.

Hoping I was wrong, sick and distressed in mind' and body, I crawled to the cabin door.

Sam had closed the door!

I thought I would die. I could hardly breathe, and I felt inert.

The door is fastened with a leather shoestring which goes through a hole and wraps around a peg in the log. Sam always jerks the string under and yanks it tight and makes it hard to undo. Nobody else fastens the door like Sam does, and we can always tell when he's been the last one out of the cabin."

Shaking and fumbling, I unfastened the shoestring and pushed the door open. Cigarette butts were all over the place—Sam's cigarette butts. He smokes Prince Albert tobacco and rolls his cigarettes in wheat-straw papers, and he is messy. When he is worried, he smokes lots and throws butts every which way. He had been in the cabin a long time, and he had smoked and smoked. I picked up the butts and counted them. There were fifty-eight brown-paper butts and three white-paper butts. Someone was here with Sam—somebody who used white papers and who doesn't smoke very much, or maybe he didn't stay all the time with Sam in the cabin. Don doesn't smoke. The other man couldn't be Don.

Two men were here, and neither one of them walked the few steps along the beach to where he could see the boat. The stupid, lazy things! Even a foolish person will look around a little. Why didn't they look? If Lloyd and I had hid the boat, Sam would have found it.

I tried to fool myself for a while. I went out and looked at the can on the smokestack, looked at the door and stared at the cigarette butts. It's absolutely ridiculous the things my mind did. Instead of feeling sorry Sam had been here and gone, I suddenly experienced terrible pain in my leg. It hurt worse than it did when I bumped the tree; then my knees hurt and I trembled all over, and I just couldn't breathe. I know now that my hurts were no worse, but it sure seemed as if they did hurt a lot worse.

Now that I am certain Don never came back and that Sam has come and gone, I must keep writing or I will lose my mind entirely. I must do something and not just sit here staring. Let me see what I learned in school.

"*Gallia est omnis divisa in partis tris.*" Maybe I am, too; but instead of Belgae, Aquitani et Celtae, I am divided into life before Don, with Don and after Don.

Jamestown was settled in 1607 and it was the first permanent English settlement in America.

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

"In a little old cabin down by the sea someone is waiting." And it's me!

"Honor thy father and thy mother" is the Fifth Commandment.

My brain is working all right, but my body is lazy. I do nothing. I'll go stark raving mad unless I do something.

What can I do?

Where can I go?

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise."

Hmp, an ant!

I can go back to the upper cabin, but God deliver me from the climb up that hill with this aching leg. Still, I can go up the hill on my hands and knees. No, the hill is out; it's too hard.

There comes heavy rain, pounding on this shake roof. Don't I have troubles enough without more rain?

I can stay in this beach cabin. It's a good, well built cabin. There's no bedding, only a few old canvas squares we used to cover cargo. Very little wood, but there is an ax. Only enough grub to keep a stranded traveler from starving for a couple of weeks or so, and then he'd have to dig clams to eke out the meager supplies.

And I could go on the boat. There is plenty of everything on the boat. I would soon use up the fresh water but it rains lots. The coal and wood would not last too long; yet if I made small fires, and only for cooking, the fuel would last much longer. Of course, there is plenty of wood on shore and I might be able to gather some. Climbing from the dinghy to the deck with wood would be pretty much of a chore shortly before the baby comes. The boat is cold and damp, and my hurts ache so when they get

cold. I could stay in the bunk and keep covered up when the fire is out.

I would get mighty tired of lying abed for hours and days on end. There is so little room on the boat, but it is easy to keep a small place warm. I could live on the boat, but how would I manage if my child were born there? How will I manage anywhere if I am alone? I must not be alone when the child is born. Absolutely, I must not be alone then.

Oh, Don, how I need you!

Don said the wilderness was good, said God had put here all things necessary to men, that the hills and forests and sea would provide shelter and food and clothing for all who have the understanding to make use of the bountiful supply. He taught Lloyd and me how to build campfires even in the rain, taught us to hunt and to fish, to find roots and leaves and berries for food. And he taught us the ways of the sea: how to steer the boat, to quarter with the wind and waves, to read the chart and be guided by the compass.

I can run that boat. I can! I can! I know I can run that boat. That's what I'll do. I'll run that boat home. My prayer has been answered. Now I know what to do.

I'll go at once and make ready to run our boat home.

I came aboard late yesterday, just at twilight, and I have had a fire going ever since. The boat was so damp and all the bedding and everything so clammy that I had to keep a fire going all night to drive the chill away.

I'm glad to be on the boat. I am joyful with the thought of going home. I sing and hum, and the fire and kettle and the rain keep time to the music in my heart.

After I found that Sam had been here and gone away, I think I wasn't right in my mind. I didn't trust my thinking, but now I know I'm all right. I am glad to be going home—serenely confident.

I wrote on the cabin door with a piece of charcoal that I was going home in the boat. I left the writing I've done in the cabin, so if Don should come he will know what has happened.

Oh, I didn't put the can back on the smokestack. How could I forget to do that? The stove will be ruined and it's a new one. We

just got it last summer. I won't go back. I'm on the boat and I will stay here until I get home.

The dinghy was full of rain water. I pulled the plug and all the water ran out. The dinghy was well up on the beach and I had considerable trouble getting it into the water. The tide was going out and night was coming on. I couldn't wait for the next high tide. Anyway, it wouldn't have been high enough to come to the dinghy. I crawled around and found some driftwood for skids, and managed to work the boat down across the beach. And all the time I was doing it I was thinking how lucky it was that the dinghy was so little and light. I never in all the world could have gotten our skiff into the water. The dinghy was troublesome enough, and I was so glad when I could get into it and row the short way to the boat.

I pumped the bilge—108 strokes. Not all at once, and not all last night. That's right much water, but then it hasn't been pumped for more than a month. The water was up to the floor boards, but not above them; so I guess 108 strokes wasn't too much water after all.

I just had a good meal of eggs and potatoes.

I opened the engine valves to take the compression off and I turned the engine over. I'll turn it many more times and keep a good fire, and get the boat well dried out and the engine warm. I will do everything right and proper; then I'll start the engine and go home by myself.

I never did start the engine. In all my life I never started any engine, not even the outboard motor. I have watched Don start it and I have watched Lloyd, too. I heard Don tell Lloyd all the things to do, and why. I know how to start it all right.

This is a big engine—twenty horsepower, heavyduty. Its name is "Enterprise." It is very dependable. Don said if properly taken care of, it would always get us to where we were going.

It is very hard to start. It always has been, and I may have to try several times before I get it going. I know ahead of time that it will be difficult; so I'll expect nothing else. I will keep on trying and not ask the Lord to make it easy to start, although, of course, I would be most thankful if it did start easily for just this one time.

I do ask the Lord to give me the strength to keep turning over that big flywheel again and again, until the engine makes up its mind to turn the heavy thing itself. Once I get it going, I need never let it stop until I get home. I won't practice starting it. I'll start it and go. While I wait for the dampness to dry out and all that engine iron to get a little bit warm, I'll do other things.

My leg still aches and it's swollen up like a stuffed pup. I cannot put my weight on it, but I don't have to do much walking any more, or even stand on it. I'll sit on the stool to steer and prop my leg on the bunk. I'll wrap it up and keep it warm. It is so good to be going home. How thankful I am for this boat, and for the charts to show me the way.

First off, I am going to make a cast for my arm. Don always kept a tightly covered can of cement on board, said we might hit a rock some time and knock a hole in the hull. Cement would make a good quick patch. I'll make a cast out of Don's patching cement.

I have no sand to mix with the cement and it is too much trouble to go ashore for some. There isn't much sand here anyway. This beach is made of rocks and gravel. But I have figured out how to use something else. I have six samples made up, and I will use the one which turns out to be the best. In two samples I have flour, cornmeal in two and oatmeal in the other two. I have twice as much cement in one lot as I have in the other, and I measured carefully with a teaspoon and marked down the proportions.

I will make a good cast to protect my arm from a bump. That bump I got on my sore leg coming down the hill bothers me a lot. I know a bump on my arm would be much worse, because the arm was broken, while the leg was only bruised—or maybe just cracked a little. I can't have my arm broken again.

The cement cast is on now, and I am just sitting here waiting for the concrete to harden. I used the cornmeal mixture; the flour didn't get hard and the oatmeal was crumbly. The cornmeal was just right. The wetness came through the sample sack and made the skin smart. It frightened me for a little while. Thinking cement is somewhat like lye and might take the skin off, I put the cast

aside and washed my arm well. I looked about for something to put between the skin and the cast, something which water would not easily go through. Don's marine charts seemed suitable, so I tore a piece the proper size from the corner of one of his charts. Don wouldn't like to have his charts torn, but then he wanted me to have anything in this whole wide world. He wouldn't mind now; he'd be glad.

To make my cast, I put the cement mixture in a sample sack, put the bottom splint on the table, laid my arm on it with a piece of towel on my arm, next put the chart paper over the towel, then the sample sack with the wet cement in it. I hurried, because I thought the concrete might set before I was ready for it, but I think now I needn't have rushed. I worked the cement in place, shaped it well around my arm and smoothed out the wrinkles. Now I must be still and wait for the cast to get hard. While I'm waiting I can rest and do my writing.

I am glad I like to write, for I do think writing is good for me now, when I have no one to talk with. It seems to help me think straight. Sometimes I still get confused and doubt if my mind is clear. It always has been, but then I have never before been under such a strain, nor seriously hurt, nor really sick.

My worst trouble is in knowing a thing and being stubbornly determined to believe something different. When I came in sight of the beach cabin I knew Sam had been there, but I would not allow myself to believe it. I hurried on toward it, crawling along on hands and knees; but I wouldn't look at the cabin again. All I told myself was that my leg hurt awful bad.

Well, Sam has been at the beach cabin and he has gone away. He didn't find us, and now they will say we were lost in the storm. They'll go down to the open ocean and cruise along the shore looking for wreckage from our boat. They might find Don!

They'll find Don's skiff. I know they'll find it. It has to be there somewhere. It couldn't sink. It wouldn't have drifted out to sea because the storm was an onshore wind—every single windfall points inland. I know they'll find the skiff, then they'll look around and see the smoke from Don's fire. Don had matches—in his safety matchbox—not very many. He could get a fire from a gun shell—

I think he had shells in his pocket—left from hunting the day before. He had gasoline for the Elto. He could short the battery and get fire. Don will have fire.

Maybe I'll meet them coming with him. Meet them halfway down the Arm. Oh, glorious! Don will hop aboard and we'll go home together.

Poor Sam. I am sorry for him. He will feel so badly. He will be all broken up, for he loved Don. He'll get awful drunk. I have my baby and Lloyd to think of, but Sam has no one. I must tell him all that has happened and try to be of some comfort to him. I will call him "Uncle" and tell him he is like Don's brother to me, which he truly is. Don never had a brother, but if he had had one he couldn't have thought more of him than he did of Sam.

Sam may hang around the islands all winter. There are more than a thousand islands, islets and reefs down by the open ocean. It is a nice place to go beachcombing in good weather. There is wreckage from all over. We find glass balls from Japanese fish nets, bamboo, too, and hardwood from the tropics.

Don is sure to be stranded on one of the islands. If he had beer on the mainland he would have walked here before this time. Maybe Sam has already found him and taken him to a hospital, because he must have been badly hurt.

Perhaps I should go to Big Sleeve and tell them there to go help search for Don. No, I could never manage to get through Devil's Tail Pass. I could if I got slack tide—at least I might; but I know full well I could never make it when the rapids were running, which is almost all the time. They run one way when the tide is coming in and the other way when the tide is going out. Several boats have wrecked there. Don never liked that pass and he always waited for slack tide. Devil's Tail Pass is like a spillway through which several hundred square miles of tide-water go in or out four times every day. There are huge swirling eddies in it and a sharp turn about halfway through. If you don't swing the wheel hard over quick, you will pile up on the rocks; and if you swing too quickly, you will pile up on some other rocks.

I won't try to make Big Sleeve. I had better keep going toward



home. There are no very narrow passes between here and home, and I suspect I need plenty of room for my kind of navigation.

It took the cast a long time to set. I didn't want to risk breaking it or getting it out of shape. I hardly moved after I fixed it; I got pretty tired of just sitting in Don's bunk, my leg cushioned with pillows and covered with blankets. It kept warm but it ached.

The fire went down, and I couldn't reach either the stove or the fuel; but I did manage to reach the waste concrete. It was set, and pretty hard. A firm pinch didn't dent it; so very gingerly I crawled out of the cast and left it to finish drying without my arm in it.

I saw two deer out on the beach, a doe and a fawn. Such pretty creatures. I like to watch the deer and I hope these come back again so that I can see more of them.

I called a doe and her fawn to me once. We were out on a prospecting trip, high up in the hills. It was a lovely summer day. The men and Lloyd had found a ledge in a gulch to scratch at; and I wandered away, knowing Don would call when they were ready to go on. I found a nice little hump to be lazy on and I stretched out to sun myself. Soon, a doe and her baby came up the hill to see me. I called and called to them in a singsong voice:

"Oh, you pretty things, come here, come, come, come here. Oh, you little dearie, dearie, dearie deer. Come on up here. Come, come, come to me. I won't hurt you. I wouldn't hurt you for all the world. Oh, you pretty little dearie deer," and much more of the same.

They kept right on coming. I sat perfectly still, just kept calling to them; and they came on, slowly, a few steps at a time, the mother perking her ears and sniffing, the fawn a step away, at her side, and not alarmed about anything. The doe was sleek and plump and round. The fawn still had his spots. He was woolly and furry, too small for his skin, so very cunning. His little head was short and dark and round, and his legs were long and skinny. I liked them so much and I wanted to keep them near me, but I just couldn't go on forever singing singsongy.

When I stopped for want of breath, the doe looked troubled,

nudged the fawn with her nose and put up her tail. Quickly, she turned about and trotted away into the brush, out of sight.

I have lots of good memories, memories of places and things, of animals and of people. I think I like most to remember the stories I have been told of my ancestors. I like to think of their spunk and determination, of their failures and their successes. Since I have been prospecting with Don, I have often thought of my people and their struggles in the early days when all America was mostly wilderness.

Many times I have admired the things a great-grandmother did, and I have sometimes hoped I might be a credit to her. It looks now as if I may have the chance. That little woman had hard times, too, just as I am having—maybe worse. Her name was Martha, like mine, and I was named for her. She was a daughter of the South and wasn't raised to do a tap of work. Her home was a big plantation with dozens of slaves, not far from Richmond, Virginia. Slaves waited on her hand and foot. She didn't learn how to comb her own hair until after she was married and had left her father's house. Martha certainly lived a life of ease and luxury until a young Irishman came along and carried her away to a wilderness home.

My Irish great-grandfather was new in America. He was fresh out of Trinity College, Dublin, and he was looking for a job. He wasn't exactly a beggar, for he brought with him three dozen ruffled shirts of fine Irish linen, all handmade with the tiniest little stitches. Mother has one of them. It's yellow with age, yet still treasured.

Well, Martha's father hired the young Irishman to teach his children. Martha was sixteen and the oldest girl; she had three old brothers.

Now, this young Irishman had quarreled with his father before he left Ireland. In fact, he had left home because his father had told him to get out and never darken his door again. They had quarreled over religion. The young man had changed his religion while away at school and came home dedicated to converting his brothers and sisters. The old father was in a mighty wrath when he realized the success his educated son was having. He drove all the converts from his house. Five of his nine children

all left at once, left forever and for America. Three of them died on the way and were buried in the Atlantic Ocean.

A brother stayed in New York, but this young radical went South and got himself a job teaching school. He hadn't changed one bit. He didn't believe in slavery and he didn't keep his opinions to himself. He taught Martha slavery was wrong and, because Martha was in love with him, she believed what he said.

Her father seems not to have paid much attention to what sort of things this Irishman was teaching, and it went on for nearly a year before he learned about it. Suddenly the teacher was without a job. Martha wept and wept and refused to be comforted. Some of the folks began to whisper that Old John was too hard on the young people.

John Kritridge was a proud man and would not have such things said about him. He sent for the Irish schoolteacher and asked him whether his intentions were honorable. When he received an affirmative answer, he asked his daughter whether she wanted to marry the scalawag. She answered that in all the world she wanted nothing more. So they were married, but the father wasn't through yet. Neither were the young folks.

John Kritridge believed that the only people who were against slavery were those who had no slaves. He meant to prove his point by giving the young folks slaves as a wedding gift. So that it wouldn't be too obvious, he offered his daughter a choice between several slaves worth a great deal and a much smaller amount of gold money. He received a surprise when Martha answered:

"I'll take the gold, thank you, Father. Thomas and I are going to Indiana Territory."

She got the money, all right, and saddle horses, and as much finery as could be carried on pack horses. She rode away without her father's blessing—rode away to the West.

First, they stopped at Washington, where my great-grandfather traded a part of Martha's gold money for government land at \$1.25 an acre and got a sheepskin deed to it.

They kept riding west until they came to what is now the central part of southern Indiana. They made a home in the wilderness and Martha learned to work. She had to learn, for she had

no slaves to help her. Nine years they lived there before a child, my grandfather, was born to them. From the stories that have come down to me, all those years were radiant with happiness.

When my grandfather was six weeks old, his father died—died of some kind of fever. With her own hands Martha buried her husband. She covered his grave with rocks so that wild animals might not desecrate it. The land is still in the family; a second cousin lives there today. The grave is still marked by a pile of rocks, often added to. I have seen it and have added my share of rocks to the monument of my Irish great-grandfather.

Martha took her infant in her arms and rode back to her father's house. That spunky little woman traveled all alone through wilderness and sparsely settled country, through dark forests where hostile Indians still roamed. She rode more than seven hundred miles, and much of the way was little better than a blazed trail.

May the courage and strength of that lone woman reach down through the years to me. May the spirit of my great-grandmother descend on me in my aloneness, in my time of trial and distress. God grant that I may be worthy of my heritage.

Another day on the boat. The weather is colder but still the rain continues. There is snow up near the timber line. I can see it creeping down the mountainside. I hope I do not have to travel through snow. To steer a boat, one must see well; and it could be most awkward if thick snow were falling when I was trying to negotiate some bad spot. I will watch the compass and write down the bearings, which may be of some help. I pray this rain will stay rain, not turn to snow just yet, not for a few days.

I have eaten generously, mostly onions. I ate them raw like apples, and they were good. I have done my chores and tended my injuries.

The cast is drying nicely, but more slowly than I expected. It fits snugly and comfortably. I am so glad I made it. Now I have protection for my arm. The cast is not bulky and I can slip it on and off easily.

I have oiled the engine and drained the gas trap, polished up

the ignition points and gone over every part, just as I have seen Don do. I have turned the flywheel dozens of times and it turns easily enough with the compression off. I haven't tried to turn it against compression yet. Time enough to do that when I'm set to leave.

Thirty-one hours is a long watch. I will be very tired and sleepy by the end of that time. I am resting all I can today, trying to "sleep up ahead," as the fishermen say. I will have no time to cook, either, while I'm running the boat; so I am also cooking things ahead.

I have cleared up the decks, made everything fast and ready to go into open ocean. Don always pulls the dinghy on board, but I can't do that; so I will have to drag it behind. I have made it fast with a long line, then pulled the line in short to keep the slack from getting into the propeller. I tied the line with a loop to the rigging right beside the pilothouse door. One handy pull after I get well under way, the loop will be undone and the dinghy will swing far out behind where it belongs.

The weather seems to be clearing and it is getting colder, but not down to freezing. It looks as though I will have good weather. If all goes well, I'll be on my way soon after daylight tomorrow.

Right now I shall try to store up a little more sleep.



## *Adventure in the Rockies*

**I**N THE YEAR 1842, Brevet Captain J. C. Fremont of the Topographical Engineers set out on an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains of the United States—in Oregon and Northern California.

So thorough and painstaking were his notes on his trip that the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives each ordered ten thousand copies of his expedition reports to be printed. This was fortunate for posterity, because it has given us a record seldom achieved in any area—with regard to the *details* of the flora and fauna there.

Fremont, not yet thirty, had recently married Jessie Benton whose father was Thomas Hart Benton, Senator from Missouri. He was already well trained in topographical engineering and exploration, and took with him an amply-equipped party of men, including guides of the caliber of Kit Carson. It was Fremont's job to map the territory he traveled—and to collect information. He did both, and then with the help of his talented wife he put the material in the vivid and popular style which made Fremont one of the heroes of his day.

Fremont had adventures, too, on his note-collecting journeys. Following his conquest of Fremont's Peak, he said: "We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition. . . . We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains . . . standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers." Today Fremont's Peak is not considered formidable, but Fremont then was acting well beyond the call of duty in his climb.





FROM:  
"REPORT" OF THE EXPLORING  
EXPEDITION TO THE  
ROCKY MOUNTAINS 1842"

*by Brevet Captain J. C. Fremont,*

ON EVERY SIDE as we advanced was heard the roar of waters, and of a torrent, which we followed up a short distance, until it expanded into a lake about one mile in length. On the northern side of the lake was a bank of ice, or rather of snow covered with a crust of ice. Carson had been our guide into the mountains; and, agreeably to his advice, we left this little valley and took to the ridges again, which we found extremely broken and where we were again involved among precipices. Here were ice fields, among which we were all dispersed, seeking each the best path to ascend the peak. Mr. Preuss attempted to walk along the upper edge of one of these fields, which sloped away at an angle of about twenty degrees; but his feet slipped from under him and he went plunging down the plane. A few hundred feet below, at the bottom, were some fragments of sharp rock, on which he landed; and though he turned a couple of somersets, fortunately received no injury beyond a few bruises. Two of the men, Clement Lambert and Descoteaux, had been taken ill and lay down on the rocks a short distance below; and at this point I was attacked with headache and giddiness, accompanied by vomiting, as on the day before. Finding myself unable to proceed, I sent the barometer over to Mr. Preuss, who was in a gap two or three hundred yards distant, desiring him to reach the peak, if possible, and take an observation there. He found himself unable to proceed further in that direction and took an observation where the barometer stood at 19.401, attached thermometer 50°, in the



gap. Carson, who had gone over to him, succeeded in reaching one of the snowy summits of the main ridge, whence he saw the peak towards which all our efforts had been directed, towering eight or ten hundred feet into the air above him. In the mean time, finding myself grow rather worse than better and doubtful how far my strength would carry me, I sent Basil Lajeunesse with four men back to the place where the mules had been left.

We were now better acquainted with the topography of the country, and I directed him to bring back with him, if it were in any way possible, four or five mules, with provisions and blankets. With me were Maxwell and Ayer; and after we had remained nearly an hour on the rock, it became so unpleasantly cold, though the day was bright, that we set out on our return to the camp, at which we all arrived safely, straggling in one after the other. I continued ill during the afternoon but became better towards sundown, when my recovery was completed by the appearance of Basil and four men, all mounted. The men who had gone with him had been too much fatigued to return and were relieved by those in charge of the horses, but in his powers of endurance Basil resembled more a mountain goat than a man. They brought blankets and provisions, and we enjoyed well our dried meat and a cup of good coffee. We rolled ourselves up in our blankets and, with our feet turned to a blazing fire, slept soundly until morning.

It had been supposed that we had finished with the mountains; and the evening before, it had been arranged that Carson should set out at daylight and return to breakfast at the Camp of the Mules, taking with him all but four or five men, who were to stay with me and bring back the mules and instruments. Accordingly, at the break of day, they set out. With Mr. Preuss and myself remained Basil Lajeunesse, Clement Lambert, Janisse, and Descoteaux. When we had secured strength for the day by a hearty breakfast, we covered what remained—which was enough for one meal—with rocks, in order that it might be safe from any marauding bird, and, saddling our mules, turned our faces once more towards the peaks. This time we determined to proceed quietly and cautiously, deliberately resolved to accomplish our object if it were within the compass of human means. We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's

route would lead us to the foot of the main peak. Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the Island camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known; and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely shone, snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure, and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our sides, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating 2,000 to 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of green color, each of perhaps a thousand yards in diameter and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and, according to the barometer, we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island Lake. The barometer here stood at 20.450, attached thermometer 70°.

We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place they had exhibited a wonderful surefootedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, three or four and eight or ten feet cube; and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travellers, we did not press ourselves but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1,800 feet above the lakes came to the snow line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had

worn a pair of thick moccasins with soles of *parflèche*; but here I put on a light thin pair, which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a slight disposition to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it; and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about  $20^{\circ}$  N.  $51^{\circ}$  E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended; and each man ascended in his turn, for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag had waved before. During our morning's ascent, we had met no signs of animal life except the small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus, the humble bee*) came

winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of the men.

It was a strange place—the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains—for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers, and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44°, giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest known flight of that insect. From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them, with that of a French officer still farther to the north and Colonel Long's measurements to the south, joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. The day was sunny and bright, but a slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind River Valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri. Far to the north we just could discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons*, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge, the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte River. Around us, the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures, between which rose the thin lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns, which is correctly represented in the view from the camp on Island Lake. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom,

immediately at our feet. Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south  $3^{\circ}$  east, which, with a bearing afterward obtained from a fixed position, enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the *Trois Tetons* was north  $50^{\circ}$  west and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind River Mountains south  $39^{\circ}$  east. The summit rock was gneiss, succeeded by sienitic gneiss. Sienite and feldspar succeeded in our descent to the snow line, where we found a feldspathic granite. I had remarked that the noise produced by the explosion of our pistols had the usual degree of loudness, but was not in the least prolonged, expiring almost instantaneously. Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below; and standing where never human foot had stood before, we felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about two o'clock when we left the summit, and when we reached the bottom the sun had already sunk behind the wall and the day was drawing to a close. it would have been pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit longer; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.

We reached our deposit of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveller on his return from Mont Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft fragrant air; but we found our little cache of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright the road was full of precipices and the fatigue of the day had been great. We therefore abandoned the idea of rejoining our friends and lay down on the rock and, in spite of the cold, slept soundly.



## *Adventure Behind the Iron Curtain*

**R**ADIO FREE EUROPE is not an escape agency, and yet it is credited with boosting the courage of those hundreds who stage breathtaking escapes each year from the five satellite nations to which it broadcasts—Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria.

Those who ~~crash~~ the Curtain are people whose anti-Communist sentiments have put their lives in jeopardy, or people to whom Communism is so intolerable that they prefer the risks involved in an escape to existence in their home countries. Yet, before they escape, they are often fearful and puzzled. How will the West receive them? Can they rebuild their lives? It is over the privately-operated Radio Free Europe that they hear the words they hope for. They hear other escapees tell of their reception, of the new chance they received. Of course, this is not R. F. E.'s principal content; but for those who have decided to escape, the truth about the West is all they need.

Such a family were the Uhliks of Czechoslovakia and their compatriots, who spent three years completing, piece by piece, a tank in which they hoped to crash the Iron Curtain. Not only did it crash the Curtain, but this same tank later toured the nation for Crusade for Freedom, sponsor of Radio Free Europe, to demonstrate the will to freedom which burns on in Soviet-seized Central and Eastern Europe. It helped materially in raising Crusade funds for the continued "truth-casts" of R. F. E.

The Uhliks' will to freedom has now willed them a new life.





FROM:

## "WE CRASHED THE IRON CURTAIN IN A TANK"

*by Vaclav Uhlik, as told to Llewellyn Miller*

**T**HE LAST day was the hardest.

Five years of planning had gone into this; three years of working silently in the night to perfect every detail. Now the day was here. This time tomorrow we would be free. Or dead.

Only one job remained: to get through this day, pretending that it was no different from any other, giving no hint to relative or friend that we planned this very night to try to crash through the Iron Curtain separating our native Czechoslovakia from the free, Western world.

We could not say good-bye to anyone, for his own safety as well as ours. Meeting a neighbor in the street, we could only pass him quickly and hope that the strain inside us did not show in our faces. We could not allow our eyes to betray the thought in our minds: "This is the last time I will ever see you."

In my automobile-repair shop, I made a pretense of working. The day dragged so slowly I thought it would never end. Then, mercifully, evening came.

The little group drifted into the kitchen of my home. Marta, my wife, cooked dinner. It was sausages and they were good, but none of us had any appetite.

Darkness came at eight. Now there was nothing to do but wait through the hours until the last light went out in the village. There was no need to pack; we could take with us only the clothes we wore and an extra pair of shoes, an extra shirt.

"Marta," I said, "go to bed with the children. Try to get some rest. I'll call you when it's time."

She arose from her chair without answering—the tension was so



great now that all of us had stopped talking—and went off to bed.

I found it impossible to sit still. I moved restlessly about the house, looking at the tables, the chairs, the stove—all the things that I had bought one by one when I thought this house was to be my lifetime home.

At nine, I looked into the bedroom. Marta and the children were sleeping so quietly that in the dim light they did not seem to be breathing. I could not help thinking that, if anything went wrong, the dawn might find them lying quietly together at the border, dead. They were too young for this kind of danger. Eva was four, little Vaclav six, Marta herself only twenty-six.

I crossed the yard into my shop. I did not need a light. After these months and years of preparation, I could have found in my sleep every piece that was hidden there.

Anyone coming into my shop during the day could have seen only heaps of rusty scrap metal and the stripped chassis of an old gun carriage that I had fitted with a flat bed and sometimes used for hauling wood from the forest.

Anyone surprising us in the night would have seen a very different vehicle. For three years we had been building, piece by piece, a top for the chassis. Dismantled, it looked like a pile of discarded scrap. Assembled, it transformed the gun carriage into something that looked, at least in outline, like one of the tanks used by the border patrol.

We hid each piece as it was finished: one under some old burlap, another behind a cabinet, a third in the rafters, a fourth under some scrap iron.

Late every night we practiced putting our tank together. The first time took three hours; after six months we could do it in thirty-five minutes. Each of the three men who had helped me to build it and who was going to make the run for freedom with me knew exactly which move followed which, and no move was wasted. We had practiced so often, these last few weeks, that we could have assembled our tank blindfolded.

In the dark I climbed up behind the wheel of the stripped chassis and stepped on the starter. The motor turned over immediately; its sound smooth and encouraging. But would it hold up at top speed on that long, forty-mile run to the border?

I got down, opened the heavy wooden doors of the shop and looked out into the street. The rising moon, nearing the full, cast sharp, black shadows across the deserted road. This was the edge of the village; a little farther on the forest began. Studying the distance between the shop and the safety of the trees, I had an irresistible urge to give the motor one final road test.

I opened the shop doors wide, let out the clutch, rolled out into the empty street and made slowly for the back road that led into the woods.

Out with my "wood truck" in the daytime, I had always been careful to grind along in low gear. No one in the village knew that the machine could do sixty miles an hour. Tonight, at the border, our very lives might depend on its doing sixty miles an hour.

Once in the shelter of the trees, I pushed the throttle to the floor. As the stripped chassis roared through the empty forest, my mind went back over the years that had brought us to this night of hope and peril.

I was born in Czechoslovakia, and my ancestors had lived there for as long as anyone could remember; but I had no regret now at the thought of leaving my country forever. In Czechoslovakia my freedom had been taken away twice.

I was just under eighteen when, in March 1939, the Nazis came. For three years we had had to watch every move and every word because of the Gestapo. We had to go where we were told, do what we were told to do and fight in secret.

I did what I could. I was working as a truck driver when I joined the underground. The job enabled me to help in collecting arms, gasoline and medicines against the day we would be able to use them. I also helped to organize sabotage in the factories.

The Nazis caught me in 1942, and I spent two years in concentration camps: first Buchenwald, then Obacht. In 1944 I escaped, got through the German lines to France and joined a part of the French army that was under British command. I fought in a tank corps up through northern France to the end of the war.

When I came home, late in 1945, the air was full of joy and hope. We were through with wars and invaders for the rest of our lives. I met and married Marta; and we settled in her village,

Line, so that she could be near her parents, her four brothers and two sisters. Line is near Pilsen and about forty miles from the Bavarian border.

I had always wanted to go into business for myself; now I did. From family and friends—a little here, a little there—I borrowed 500,000 crowns (about \$10,000) and started my own auto-repair and machine shop.

Things went well those two years. Everything was scarce, everything was broken down; there was lots of work, and I worked hard at it. I bought my house, I paid off three-fourths of my debt, and by the beginning of 1948 I had six people helping me in my shop.

In February the Communists took over the country. They began immediately nationalizing many of the big industries, factories and shops; and I knew that in time they would get around to little businesses like mine. No more independence, no more future: I would be forced to work for the government in my own shop at whatever salary they condescended to give me, or I would live on what repair work I could do with my bare hands. At twenty-seven, I was through.

While there was time I sold almost all my equipment for whatever price I could get. A lathe that I had bought a few months before for 20,000 crowns found a buyer at 7,000; other things went for even less. In all, I got about 170,000 crowns (\$3,400) and hid the money in my home. When the officials came to nationalize my shop, there was practically nothing to nationalize. They closed the shop and sent me a registered letter saying that my license was nullified and that I was no longer to operate.

I could still work, but not officially. I could do a friend's repairs as a "favor," and then the friend could "lend" me a few crowns.

So far as the government was concerned, I was no problem. When I got hungry enough I would go to work in a factory.

I still had one Diesel truck and I found that I could make some money hauling wood from the forest. I still have the "contract" (really an order) that the government gave me: "You are ordered to use your car to bring wood from the forest. You are permitted to haul only wood. Transportation of other materials is punishable by fine of 100,000 crowns and six months in jail. This order takes effect immediately."

So I hauled wood.

That year the Communists announced a five-year plan. I had one of my own, but I did not announce it.

"I am going to get away to the free world," I said to myself. "I don't know how, but I am going to do it."

Even the mention of leaving the country was dangerous in those days; it constituted the crime of propaganda against the state. I spoke what was in my mind only to one trusted friend, Walter Hora, a fine mechanic who had worked for me before the Communists drafted him into the army. Stationed in our village, he often came to see me when he was off duty; and we would talk—cautiously in the middle of the yard or when we were alone on the truck.

"Walter," I said to him one day, "the situation is getting worse and worse. I'm for getting out."

"So am I," he said. "But how? The border's getting tighter every day."

"Others are doing it," I said. "We can, too."

~~We~~ We began to plan our escape.

First we thought of crashing through the border barricades in my truck. I made errands all along the border, searching for the best place to get through.

Where the road crossed into West Germany there were big gates and armed guards. The rest of the nearby border was heavily patrolled by tanks and fenced six feet high with electrified wire; touching it would set off flares and alarms. People who had tried to tunnel under had been blown to bits by land mines. Beyond the fence and the mines was a thicket of jagged cement teeth capable of stopping the heaviest truck or tank.

There was only one place that offered hope: a short stretch where the land beyond the fence was swampy; so soft that the cement teeth could not be set there without sinking quickly into the marsh. A truck with ordinary tires would bog down there, too, within a few yards.

"What I need," I said to Walter, "is a tank like the one I drove in France. One with big treads that would roll us across the top of the swamp."

He smiled wryly. A tank! What citizen in Czechoslovakia was

going to be allowed to own a tank? The idea was plainly and flatly crazy.

In 1950 a friend came around to ask, "Vaclav, do you know anyone who has a heavy motor for sale?"

Thoughts began racing through my mind. There was a fine, big, heavy motor left in the back of my shop, but it was questionable whether I should tell him about it. You get that way, even with friends, in a society where everybody is watching everybody else.

"Do *you* want a heavy motor?" I said.

"No. I'm looking for one for the district road commissioner at Hermaniçe."

The whole idea was suddenly clear in my head. "I have one," I said. "Not to sell. To trade. Between the forest and the bad roads, I have a lot of trouble with my wood truck. What I really need is something like an old tank chassis that I could fix up to haul the wood."

"You're crazy," said my friend. "You could get a lot of money for this motor."

"With a tank chassis," I told him, "I could keep making money."

He called before long to say that there were some heavy old chassis at Hermaniçe. He didn't know what shape they were in, he said. I'd better go and look.

Hermaniçe is about 170 miles from Line, but I went. A big field outside the town was full of burned and broken cars, ruined in the war and brought here to get them off the roads. They had been rusting for five years.

Suddenly I saw it: the remains of a British gun carriage, stripped of motor, tires, treads, everything but the heavy steel frame, the wheel and the steering gear.

They gave me four good tires with the chassis, and when they came to get my motor, they gave me papers for the exchange. Everything was legal and aboveboard.

Little by little, Walter and I cleaned the rust from the gears and looked around for the parts we needed.

The treads were the big problem. New ones could not be bought, of course; and all the old ones seemed to have been melted. Then one day another district road commissioner came

around. I showed him my government order to haul wood, I showed him my chassis, and I explained that I could not haul wood without tank treads. He gave me an order to buy new treads.

They didn't quite reach, but Walter picked up iron wherever he went; and we began beating out the parts to fill in the gap.

I had said nothing to Marta; there was no point in raising her hopes for nothing. When the Radio Free Europe broadcasts began, we listened to them in secret, tuning them in very low in the kitchen, one room back from the street. It was illegal and very dangerous, but everybody listened, even the Communists. The program spoke to us in Czech, telling us how people were living in the free world outside. Sometimes the speakers were people from nearby towns who had escaped; they told us what they found on the other side of the Curtain.

One night, when the broadcast was finished, I said to Marta, "People are escaping every day. Would you like to?"

"We could not creep past the guards," she said, "with a small boy and a baby. The would cry out. And we could not walk all that way carrying the children."

"We won't walk," I said. "We'll ride."

"And be shot at the border?"

"I will get us across safely," I said, "if you are willing to go."

"I was thinking of the children," she said. "I am thinking of them again now. There's nothing for them here. If there is a way, we must take it."

The work went slowly. Walter could help only when he was off duty. Parts were hard to find and steel was as rare as gold. The motor gave us the most trouble. We needed one as heavy as the one I had swapped for the chassis; a lighter one could not pull the heavy weight we were assembling or give us enough power to crash the barricades and cross the swamp.

It took a deal here, a deal there and a great deal of caution. Then a motor meant for official use came to my shop—one with some of the bigger pieces of armor plate that we needed to protect us from the mines. A bribe here, a favor there; and the name on the requisition got changed.

Altogether, the parts for the tank cost 1,000,000 crowns, or \$20,000. Everything I had or could earn went into it.

Several times we thought we were discovered.

One day a man came to have a bicycle repaired. He stayed and talked; he came back a number of times and stayed longer. His name was Joseph Pisarik.

I was very suspicious of him. He was wearing a postman's uniform, and when he stayed for so long I knew that something was wrong; postmen stay on the job. One afternoon he stayed until after dark and finally he asked to stay the night. This really alarmed me. I went and asked a friend about him.

"Joseph is all right," he said. "He's in the underground."

Still I was suspicious. I let Joseph do all the talking, while I listened; and we stopped work on the tank.

Finally, I was sure of him and we let him help. He was hiding out from the secret police. He stayed with us for awhile. Then he moved on to hide with other friends, and then he came back.

After 1951 he did not come back, and I heard that he had been arrested. When months went by and nobody came to arrest me, we decided that they had not been able to make him talk and that we were still safe.

The secret police work slowly, though. They were still looking back over Joseph's trail.

One day a man came and asked to speak to me secretly. I took him out to my shop, where no one could hear.

"My name is Prager," he said. "Can I trust you?"

"My name is Uhlik," I replied. "People who need work on their cars usually trust me."

"Not that," said Prager. "I am working for the Americans as a counterspy, and I have a message for you. There is a man named Joseph Pisarik in the hospital in Munich. He says that he worked for you. He claims to be anti Communist. Is this true? Will you vouch for him?"

I had no way of knowing that Joseph was still in a Czech investigation jail, and Prager sounded convincing. Only the most unlikely luck saved me. By a freak of chance, Walter had happened to be walking along the street to my house when he saw a big automobile—a Tatara 8, the fast, expensive car used by the secret police—stop around the corner from me and let Prager out. When Walter saw him go into my house he knew something was

wrong. Walter did not run away; he came to me fast, and he gave me the high sign behind Prager's back.

"Pisarik?" I said. "Never heard of him."

"You must remember," Prager persisted. "He said he used to live here."

"I have a bad memory for names," I told him. "Maybe if I could see his picture I would know him."

"All right," said Prager. "I'll be back next week."

"Don't bother," I said. "I won't help you. You should be ashamed of yourself—a Czech working with the Americans against our own state. I was in the underground against the Nazis, but this is different. This is our own government and I am loyal to it."

He left and did not come back, but the incident made us very nervous. There were frightening stories being told about such police traps.

For example: There were distant parts of the border not guarded as heavily as our sector, and sometimes a man could creep through the woods and slip across. Without roads or fences he could not know exactly when he was really out of the country. We heard of a man who hid in the woods and fields for days, creeping toward freedom at night, until one morning he came to a clearing with a sort of guard hut in it. The guards wore American uniforms and the American flag flew on the roof. He got up and ran, expecting bullets from behind, but no bullets came. The soldiers welcomed him with coffee and American cigarettes and asked him how he got away. He told them all he knew—all about the others in his village who were planning escape—and when he had nothing more to tell, the "Americans" arrested him and shot him. He had never been out of Czechoslovakia and the "Americans" were the secret police.

Despite stories like this, we went ahead with our tank. Once past the border we had no plan, no idea of where we would go or what we would do. From what we had heard on Radio Free Europe, though, we were sure that we could make a place for ourselves, somewhere, among free men.

Finally, all was ready.

Three times I said, "All right! Why wait? Tonight we go!"

And three times we were stopped. The first time was when



neighbors came to gossip, early in the evening, and stayed until it was too late for us to start.

This was lucky for Joseph Pisarik, who came back only three weeks before we left. Released after a year and a half of "investigation" in jail, he had hurried to Line, almost sure that he would find us gone.

We had a big celebration. Marta ran out and borrowed special food from the neighbors. I bought schnapps and we made a party. It was hard to see, though, how we could squeeze Joseph into the tank. Our group had grown to eight. The work had gone so slowly without Joseph that Walter had brought around an army friend of his, Vaclav Krejeirik. Then we had added Mrs. Cloud because Marta was so sorry for her. Mrs. Cloud was a Czech girl; she had met an American soldier during the war, and after the war he had come and married her. The Communist government would not let her go nor her husband stay, and she had been trying for four years to get out. Once across the border her future was secure; her husband had a home waiting for her in Sioux City, Iowa. We met her through friends, and before we knew it she was one of us.

Again we started and again we were stopped. Mrs. Cloud had come over from the nearby village where she lived; supposedly she was to spend the night with us. We had already started to put the superstructure into place when another friend came visiting. I joked desperately with him while the three men in the shop took the thing apart again and hid it.

At least we knew one thing now: we must not plan to start until well after midnight.

A third time we started, and a third time we were stopped. Walter got word to us that Krejeirik had been ordered off on maneuvers. We couldn't go without Walter. We waited again.

Now it was the night of Friday, July 24, 1953. Unless we were interrupted again, we would start for the border at three o'clock—the blackest part of the night—and be across before dawn.

Nothing of our plan had ever been mentioned to my family, nor to Marta's, whom we saw almost every day. Now that the hour was upon us, there could be no good-byes. The emotion of the parting would have left its mark on their faces, imperiling both of

us. Suspicion creeps swiftly and silently through a town that is not free, and the police do not even have to be told when something is afoot.

Early in the evening I had taken Marta for one last visit to her parents. We could not stay long nor say much. We left them the keys to our house so that our little dog would not be locked up alone there, perhaps for days.

"We are going to the forest very early in the morning," we told them, "and not coming back until late. Go over and let Argá out and see that he is fed."

That was our farewell to the unsuspecting old people who might hear, in another few hours, that all of us had been killed at the border.

When I got back from giving the car its final trial run, Walter and Krejeirik had arrived from their barracks. Joseph was there. So was Mrs. Cloud.

Well after one o'clock, we began to dig out the hidden pieces of armor plate and bolt them into place.

At two o'clock I woke Marta. There was not much for her to do. There were no personal possessions to be packed; with eight people in the tank, we could take only a feather bed and a couple of blankets that we needed for padding the steel floor.

We had some coffee. Marta, unmindful that we would never see the house again and that, no matter how the next few hours worked out, this place would be confiscated, began to wash and put away the dishes. Joseph stopped her with a laugh: "Let the Communists wash up for us."

We closed the house door and guided the children, stumbling with sleep, across the yard.

The tank had never held all of us before; we had not dared to let the children see it. It was a tight squeeze now, each person jammed against the next; and I, in the driver's seat, was the only one who could see out.

I wore a soldier's field cap that Walter had brought. My shoulders did not show. So long as we kept going, no one outside could tell that I was not in uniform.

When everyone but Walter was inside, I eased the tank out of the shop and Walter closed the heavy wooden doors behind us.

He climbed in under the heavy steel tailgate of the tank, and when I heard it close I turned slowly toward the sleeping street.

I did not look back.

In these last moments, none of us had said a word. The tension was too great and nothing seemed worth saying. In less than an hour now, we might all be dead. Or, almost worse, within a few minutes we might be stopped.

We knew what would happen if we were caught. For Walter and Krejčíř, it would be the firing squad. For Marta and me, for Mrs. Člud, for Joseph, there would be the questionings, the beatings and, finally, the hanging. For the two children, life without home or parents. We had two guns; we would shoot our way through if we had to.

The village was completely dark. We got through without seeing a soul.

Once beyond Line, I stepped up the speed to forty. The bolted plates of the superstructure clashed and rattled and banged fearfully.

We passed a car. The driver hugged his side of the road but he did not slow up. Then we passed a milk truck; its sleepy driver ignored us. Then, far ahead, I saw two military policemen on foot. They waved a greeting to the tank and I blinked the lights in reply.

So far, so good. But it was still dark. I stepped up the speed to race the dawn.

Twenty miles from the border, where the road was crossed by railroad tracks, my heart lurched. The gates were down.

There was nothing to do but stop, wait for the approaching train to go through and pray that no one came along while we were waiting. In motion, our tank could pass for the real thing; while it stood still, any soldier's or policeman's eye would be caught by the makeshift variety of sizes and shapes of bolts that held it together.

The others in the tank knew only that the worst had happened: we had been halted. Marta began to weep and to say under her breath, "They will kill us. They will shoot my little children. We are all dead."

When we started again, the relief was so great that she began to cry out loud in hysteria. Little Eva, confused and frightened,

joined in. Finally Joseph, who is very devout, managed to comfort them.

"Don't cry," he told them. "God will watch over us. We are not criminals; we are free people going to freedom, and what we are doing is blessed by God. He will see us safely through."

Three miles before the border, we had to pass a large encampment where five hundred border policemen lived and went on and off duty. I had never passed it at night. I did not know how they came or went, nor what guards they had posted. I knew only that it was a point of grave peril for us.

Would some of them be coming off duty now? Would someone know that none of their tanks was supposed to be coming from the direction of Line at this time? And would they know the truth when we went past instead of turning in?

I pushed the speed up to sixty miles an hour. We clashed and banged past the encampment's gate, and no one ran out.

There were no guards in sight ahead, but perhaps at this moment someone was telephoning, setting up a road block.

The throttle was burning my foot, but I held my speed for the next three miles. Then I had to slow down at a point where the road makes a right-angle turn to swing and run parallel with the border.

This time my heart stood still. At the turn in the road stood a border guard.

It would have been impossible to make the turn at the speed we needed for disguise. I had to swing past him slowly, and he could not help getting a good look at us. The sky was growing light; dawn was creeping over the fields. In my mind's eye I could see every mismatched bolt that would draw the guard's attention.

I held my breath, expecting him to reach for his gun. He didn't; it was early, and he must have been half asleep. He waved me on, his eyes following idly as I rumbled past.

The peril was still there. Three hundred yards from where he stood was the swampy place where I would have to make a full stop to lower the treads that would take us through the marsh.

Once past, I could not look back to see what he was doing. I could be sure that his eyes, the moment we slowed, would whip around after us in suspicion.

I had no choice. It was far too late now for turning back.

I wrenched the wheel over toward the electrified fence, slammed on the brakes, and came to a stop short of the land mines. With both hands I grabbed the lever that operated the treads and pulled with all my strength.

Nothing moved.

In our dash to the border, something had jammed.

I could almost sense the border guard behind us raising his gun. I could almost feel the bullets slamming at us. "Walter!" I cried. "Help me! The lever! The treads won't go down!"

I jerked and jerked again. Then, from the inside, Walter's weight added itself to mine. We put in one last tremendous effort. The treads went down.

Moving faster than I ever had before, I flung the tank into gear and banged the throttle all the way to the floor.

The whole tank seemed to lift and hurl itself furiously at the barricade. There was a bouncing jolt as we hit the wires and tore them loose. There was a deafening roar as the land mines went off, thudding in heavy explosions against the steel floor of the tank. There was a blinding flash of light as the flares began to blaze all along the broken fence.

In the soft ground of the marsh, the tank wallowed and slowed to a crawl, but it did not stop. It slogged on through the swamp and plodded out on the far side of the road that led to a new life.

We were out. We were free.



## *Adventure at Gettysburg*

**R**ICHARD BARNITZ is an Army veteran, writing about Army life in his "Return to Gettysburg." Now sixty-two, and living in Hanover, Pennsylvania, he was in both World Wars and has had eight operations from injuries sustained in the wars.

His story—following—as it appeared in "The American Legion Reader," published by Hawthorn Books, Inc. It is a condensed version of the original story from The American Legion Magazine of July, 1942.

It is a true story and a little-known bit of American history. Barnitz happened upon the bare facts while gathering data on Gettysburg in the offices of the Battlefield Commission. He was fascinated, and he verified it step by step: studied maps, read old books, walked over the actual terrain where the adventure happened, talked to old folks—and looked through the official records of the Civil War.





FROM:  
"RETURN TO GETTYSBURG"

*by Richard Barnitz*

July, 1942

The story of the Battle of Gettysburg, as seen through the eyes of a father, loyal to the Union, and his Confederate soldier-son.

STRANGE THINGS happened during the Civil War, but none stranger than what happened to Henry Wentz, who left his Gettysburg home in 1852 for Virginia to make carriages. Nine years later he was in the Confederate Army. As sectional differences became bitter hatreds, his former friends hinted that he had better not come back. His old father rarely spoke of this son; when he did, he declared that he would kill him.

In the third summer of the war, Henry Wentz returned to Gettysburg to turn his guns on people he knew, but he hated to do this. But do it he must—he was a 1st Sergeant of artillery.

Sergeant Wentz looked at the debris with misgivings as he rode into Gettysburg. When the batteries halted on Seminary Ridge, he rode off a piece toward the Round Tops. He was reassured. The fields were rippling seas of rye and wheat. He looked at his old home, the log house that stood across the lane from Joe Sherfy's peach orchard.

There was no sound of battle now. Troopers cooked by the roadside, played cards, wrote letters. Before noon there were signs of activity, and to his consternation Wentz heard orders that were sending Hood with his Texans and the bearded Lafayette McLaws around to form the right of the Confederate line. The artillery reserve was to accompany these Divisions; they were headed for a point facing the Round Tops. Wentz spoke to battery commanders, pointing out his family's farm. Would they, he asked,

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keep that log house in mind if there was action near it? They looked at the house a mile away and readily assented. They would do what they could. And they saw smoke drifting from the chimney.

Mrs. Wentz was putting dinner on the table, pausing to look out the back door. Soldiers were all about now, and she felt safer for their being there; they wore Blue. Susie, eighteen, eyes bright with excitement, thought of her brother as she helped her mother. Then she ran upstairs to pretty herself.

The girl peeped out toward the barn. There handsome boys gathered, strange and unlike the boys hereabouts. Their talk was strange, too. They were New York troops.

"John," shrilled Mrs. Wentz, "let them cows and the horse be; they're safe as anywheres in the barn. Come eat." The three now sat at table, bowed their heads, and the farmer asked grace.

The door opened without ceremony and a young captain said, "You've got to go quick; it won't be safe here long."

"Ach, the dinner. . . ." said the mother.

The officer smiled at Susie. "It's orders, Miss." He turned to the sergeant at his elbow. "Send a detail to hitch the horse to that spring wagon; see they leave at once."

Susie and her mother snatched up small belongings; the farmer never moved from his chair. Now the soldiers carried out the things they were told to; then the women climbed atop the load.

"Hurry, Pop," commanded his wife, but the man only walked to the gate. There was a family argument.

"You drive out back of the Round Tops and keep going," ordered the farmer. "I ain't leaving the stock." He ended the argument by slapping the horse's rump.

The wagon bumped along the lane and Mr. Wentz turned to the soldiers in the yard, "No goddam rebels gets them Jerseys."

Mother and daughter met Confederate skirmishers far out the lane, but they made no attempt to detain them. Instead, an officer rode as escort until they reached quieter fields, then saluted and galloped back. Three hours passed and the old man refused commands to leave. He was concerned about the cows, all fine milkers and worth a lot of money. He took pails to the barn, then returned with warm sweet milk. The soldiers drank eagerly.

Troops were everywhere he looked; this was the tip of Sickles' salient. Firing increased as gray snipers advanced from the woods. Mr. Wentz sank into a chair on the porch. Suddenly his knees shook. There was the whistle of a shell and at once a cloud blossomed above the barn, white turning to bright orange. Scraps of metal drummed on the roof. Then there was the rush of feet beside the house. A voice shrilled, "Git in thar, old man," and the farmer shuffled into the kitchen and closed the oak door.

Angry voices filled the yard; the weeds burned furiously. The thunder rolled, shaking the house until the windows rattled. The clock struck four times.

Lead slugs buried themselves in the log walls. Wentz saw splinters burst from the door. A china teapot spun off the table and became tinkling fragments on the floor. He descended the steps to the cellar.

Pennsylvanians milled in the road, sought cover and fired from fence corners and behind trees. Just across the lane New Hampshire men held on stubbornly in the peach orchard. A gray horse swept around from the north side of the Sherfy buildings across the Emmitsburg road.

Above the din there was a wild, keening cry. "Listen to the Johnnies," said a New Yorker to the man on his right. The man stared blankly, sank forward on elbows; a crimson trickle stained the front of his shirt.

The blue line fell back to make a stand in a wheatfield as Confederate batteries advanced, vomiting capister and spherical case, clearing the orchard.

John Wentz sat on a broken chair in the windowless cellar, his back against the stone foundation wall, feeling the earth move. It was close. He wished he could get some air. There was the thunder of heavy wheels outside. A battery was unlimbering out there.

The farmer thought of the cattle in the barn; he climbed the stairs and went out to the barn.

The only Blue soldiers here now were those on the ground. Men in ragged butternut streamed through the yard; the road and the fields were filled with them. They were gaunt, powder-blackened men. Lots were so ill-clad that their nakedness was scarcely concealed, but their rifles were polished, with shining bayonets.

Mounted officers moved into the yard. One wore three stars on his collar; he was thickset, and his sharp, black eyes were peering ahead. "It's only a scratch," he said to an officer, but blood dripped from his left arm. He said, "Get more guns up!" and a courier saluted.

"Yes, sir, General Barksdale." The general nodded to the farmer, said something to his orderly; two soldiers escorted the old man to the door and pushed him inside with orders to stay there.

More batteries careened over the fields. The fences were all down now except those in the front of the yard. Two guns stopped here; the cannoneers pulled the fence apart and trotted the horses into place. "Hold this position, Captain Taylor," commanded Colonel Alexander, and he rode on. Henry Wentz was home.

There were not many shell marks on the Wentz house. The artillery officers had been careful, circumstances considered; but the brick Sherfy house was pocked over all its south wall. Some cylindrical shells were embedded there and one explosive shell had gone through the house. Death's high tide washed up around the granite-like house on the Rose farm, down the road, where the Mississippians beat back the Blues at terrible cost. Here lay four hundred Confederates, pale men sleeping under a pale moon; and not far off Barksdale lay dying.

With darkness, firing died slowly away. Now there was the almost inaudible murmur of wounded men. They asked for water and said they were cold, talking to the troubled stars. Fever burned them and pain chilled them. No help came—on both sides of the irregular lines. Skirmishers prowled the darkness. Occasionally there was the musket's red spurt of flame.

Sergeant Wentz had no time to go over to his house; he had to send the remaining battery horse to the rear for food and water. His father slept fitfully in the cellar. Now he was hungry. All was quiet. He crept up the stairs and felt along the mantel until he found the candlestick. He sat at the table and ate cold food, the dinner which had not been touched. Then he stepped out on the back porch. He drew back sharply. A boy lay there, wide eyes staring at the moon, a black stain spread around him. Dark mounds lay in the yard and on the road. The larger ones were horses. Embers still glowed where the Sherfy barn had stood; and,

as the air drifted this way, Wentz felt sick. He returned to the cellar where the cat awaited him. They were glad for each other's companionship.

The sun came up over Culp's Hill where there was a terrific racket; Ewell was trying something over there. Near at hand there was only desultory firing; the sharpshooters wormed their way up trees and among the rocks, dragging 36-pound rifles with telescope sights. Cannon dropped shells at long intervals, but when eleven o'clock came it brought silence. The sun was scorching.

Pickett's men had come up some hours earlier and eaten their last breakfast in the woods along Seminary Ridge. Some were writing letters home, some sleeping.

At one o'clock the Confederate line blazed and the Union line replied with wild clamor. The guns hammered away, a deep orchestra thundering a prelude for Pickett and Heth, that lasted two hours. Then the firing ceased and the cannoneers found themselves yelling in the strange quiet. Their ears felt bruised.

The artillerist, Colonel Alexander, sent a message, "For God's sake! Go now if you are going; ammunition low."

Pickett galloped up to Longstreet, saluted and awaited his order. Longstreet could not speak; for once the warhorse was shaken. Pickett said, "I shall go forward, sir."

Lee's final assault was about to be made. This was Pickett's Charge. The trim gray lines emerged from the woods on Seminary Ridge, fifteen thousand men on grim dress parade, the lines all smartly dressed in perfect alignment, moving to the music of the bands. "Guide is right, hup, hup, fo-o-w-d . . . march!" And out they came under fluttering crimson banners. The bugles sang. Over on Cemetery Ridge the Blue soldiers stood up and cheered. Then their guns began to speak. Now great gaps began to show in the Confederate lines, but they were closed up and the lines came on.

The Confederate cannoneers poured a steel rain over the heads of their men, sighting the pieces carefully. Caissons began to blow up in the Union lines. The crimson flags headed for an umbrella grove of red oaks behind the Union front lines. Pickett sat on a black horse, watching. Now the lines were meeting. The Blue batteries were using double canister at ten yards. The red flags were

over the wall, Armistad yelling at the front of his men, hat on point of sword.

This was hopeless madness now. Reluctantly, Pickett ordered the recall; and slowly and sullenly the Gray streamed back—less the ten thousand that could not return. The hours flew by. Soon it was dark.

Both sides were spent; they lay watchful, licking their wounds. Late that night, Sergeant Wentz crossed the fields to his home. He picked his way carefully; Berdan's Blue sharpshooters were out somewhere ahead. Finally, he reached the doorway, moved along in the shadow of the broken trees by the road and crept into the house. It was bright inside with the moonlight streaming through the windows, but still as death. The house was deserted.

Upstairs it was the same. He looked in all the rooms, last of all in the small chamber where the boys slept. Here was the same old rope-bed and the trundle-bed, odds and ends of scuffed furniture, and the things boys prize. He pulled out a chest, partly filled with a collection of odds and ends: a box of bird eggs, clay marbles, a rusted knife, torn school books among them. There was a bundle of papers tied with a string. He looked at the top one; it was a note about some obscure business transaction addressed to his father. He paused, holding the papers in his hand, listening. There was something in the cellar. He descended to the cellar, pausing on each step. It was pitch black. His heart almost stopped; something brushed his leg. He reached down, and there was the cat. Breathing easier, he felt his way across the floor.

Now he sensed another presence in the cellar and stood without moving, conscious of the pulse that beat in his temple. Then he felt for a candle in his pocket, lighting it. Peering into the shadows, he saw his father, sleeping soundly. He stood there looking at the old man for a long time, moved as though to waken him, thought better of it. Instead, he wrote something on a sheet and fastened it to his father's coat with a pin. He worked cautiously, drawing back once as the sleeping man thoved and sighed. Then he felt his way upstairs to the door. He paused to listen. The way was clear, and, skirting the Sherfy place, he made his way back to the ridge. Here, by the batteries, he spread a blanket for what remained of the night.

John Wentz awoke in his cellar, stiff and sore. It was chilly. He went up to the kitchen. Now for the first time he became aware of the disorder in the house. He kindled a fire. The hickory crackled pleasantly in the stove and the warmth was comforting. He found bacon, eggs and coffee, and soon breakfast was on the table. This was the first hot food he had tasted for two days, and he ate with relish. Then he filled his pipe. He felt better.

Brushing the crumbs from his coat, he discovered the paper that was pinned there. He turned the paper about curiously in his hands, then slowly and with difficulty spelled out the few words that were there.

The note said: *Good-by, Father; God bless you*, and there was the signature, *Henry*.

Before noon the rain descended, pouring down over the dry fields and flooding the streams. Darkness fell early. From Seminary Ridge two wagon trains were put in motion; one out the road to Fairfield, the other took the Chambersburg pike.

This last train moved slowly over the rain-washed, rough turnpike. It was seventeen miles long. In the springless wagons the wounded were piled. There was no time for the dressing of wounds, and the jolting of the wagons added to the seventeen miles of agony. Gray troops continued to stream out of Gettysburg on Sunday, July 5th, until all were gone. The Blue army followed slowly after them.

The sun came out again over the battlefield. Thousands of black specks dropped out of the blue, drifting on motionless wings, graceful at a distance, hideous when they alighted; great black birds with a wing-spread of six feet. Their heads were bald and red as blood. They were the buzzards, hunters of the battlefields, and the final table guests at Gettysburg.





## *Adventure in the Arctic*

FREDTJOF NANSEN lived from 1861 to 1888. He was known as an Arctic explorer, zoologist, and statesman; and was curator, Museum of Natural History in Bergen in 1882. He headed the first expedition to cross the ice fields of Greenland in 1888.

In 1893, he tried to reach the North Pole by drifting. He made fast his ship, the *Fram*, to an ice floe, the New Siberian Islands, and along with F. H. Johansen in 1895 managed to reach  $86^{\circ} 14' N$ —at that time the highest latitude ever reached by anyone. They returned to Norway in 1896.

“Farthest North” is the record of this voyage of Polar exploration during the years 1893 through 1896.

Our story takes place on the ship, the *Fram*, and is told by Nansen himself. He and his men have just completed their second Christmas on board the vessel; they are preparing to take off onto the sledge exploration across the ice. It is a time of high emotions both among the men who have been designated to make the perilous ice trip and among those who are to be left with the ship—yet whose hearts will travel across the ice with their fellow explorers.







FROM:  
'FARTHEST' NORTH

by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen

WE SPENT New Year's Eve cozily, with a cloudberry punch-bowl, pipes and cigarettes. Needless to say, there was an abundance of cakes and the like; and we spoke of the old and the new year and days to come. Some selections were played on the organ and violin. Thus midnight arrived. Blessing produced from his apparently inexhaustible store a bottle of genuine 'linje akkevit' (line eau-de-vie), and in this Norwegian liquor we drank the old year out and the new year in. Of course, there was many a thought that would obtrude itself at the change of the year, being the second which we had seen on board the *Fram* and also, in all probability, the last that we should all spend together. Naturally enough, one thanked one's comrades, individually and collectively, for all kindness and good-fellowship. Hardly one of us had thought, perhaps, that the time would pass so well up here. Sverdrup expressed the wish that the journey which Johansen and I were about to make in the coming year might be fortunate and bring success in all respects. And then we drank to the health and well-being in the coming year of those who were to remain behind on board the *Fram*. It so happened that, just now, at the turn of the year, we stood on the verge of an entirely new world. The wind which whistled up in the rigging overhead was not only wafting us on to unknown regions, but also up into higher latitudes than any human foot had ever trod. We felt that this year, which was just commencing, would bring the culminating point of the expedition, when it would bear its richest fruits. Would that this year might prove a good year for those on board the *Fram*, that the *Fram* might go ahead, fulfilling her task as she had hitherto done; and, in that case, none of us could doubt that those on board would also prove equal to the task intrusted to them.

New Year's Day was ushered in with the same wind, the same stars and the same darkness as before. Even at noon, one cannot see the slightest glimmer of twilight in the south. Yesterday, I thought I could trace something of the kind. It extended like a faint gleam of light over the sky, but it was yellowish-white and stretched too high up; hence, I am rather inclined to think that it was an aurora borealis. Again to-day, the sky looks lighter near the edge; but this can scarcely be anything except the gleam of the aurora borealis, which extends all round the sky, a little above the fog banks or the horizon, and which is strongest at the edge. Exactly similar lights may be observed at other times in other parts of the horizon. The air was particularly clear yesterday, but the horizon is always somewhat foggy or hazy. During the night we had an uncommonly strong aurora borealis; wavy streamers were darting in rapid twists over the southern sky, their rays reaching to the zenith, and beyond it there was to be seen for a time a band in the form of a gorgeous corona, casting a reflection like moonshine across the ice. The sky had lit up its torch in honor of the new year—a fairy dance of darting streamers in the depth of night. I cannot help often thinking that this contrast might be taken as typical of the Northman's character and destiny. In the midst of this gloomy, silent nature, with all its numbing cold, we have all these shooting, glittering, quivering rays of light. Do they not typify our impetuous 'spring-dances,' our wild mountain melodies, the auroral gleams in our souls, the rushing, surging, spiritual force behind the mantle of ice? There is a dawning life in the slumbering night, if it could only reach beyond the icy desert, out over the world.

Thus, 1895 comes in:

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud,  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud,  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.  
Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands,  
Frown and we frown, the lords of our own hands,  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Thursday, January 3. A day of unrest, a changeful life, notwithstanding all its monotony. But yesterday we were full of plans for the future, and to-day how easily might we have been left on the ice without a roof over our heads! At half-past four in the morning, a fresh rush of ice set in in the lane aft, and at five it commenced in the lane on our port side. About eight o'clock I awoke and heard the crunching and crackling of the ice, as though ice-pressure were setting in. A slight trembling was felt throughout the *Fram* and I heard the roar outside. When I came out I was not a little surprised to find a large pressure-ridge all along the channel on the port side, scarcely thirty paces from the *Fram*; the cracks on this side extended to quite eighteen paces from us. All loose particles that were lying on the ice on this side were stowed away on board. The boards and planks which, during the summer, had supported the meteorological hut and the screen for the same were chopped up, as we could not afford to lose any materials; but the line, which had been left out in the sounding-hole with the bag-net attached to it, was caught in the pressure. Just after I had come on board again shortly before noon, the ice suddenly began to press on again. I went out to have a look; it was again in the lane on the port side. There was a strong pressure, and the ridge was gradually approaching. A little later on, Svedrup went up on deck but, soon after, came below and told us that the ridge was quickly bearing down on us and a few hands were required to come up and help load the sledge with the sounding apparatus and bring it round to the starboard side of the *Fram*, as the ice had cracked close by it. The ridge began to come alarmingly near; and should it be upon us before the *Fram* had broken loose from the ice, matters might become very unpleasant. The vessel had now a greater list to the port side than ever.

During the afternoon various preparations were made to leave the ship if the worst should happen. All the sledges were placed ready on deck, and the kayaks were also made clear. Twenty-five cases of dog-biscuits were deposited on the ice on the starboard side, and nineteen cases of bread were brought up and placed forward. Also, four drums, holding altogether twenty-two gallons of petroleum, were put on deck. Ten smaller-sized tins had previously been filled with one hundred litres of snowflake oil, and

various vessels containing gasoline were also standing on deck. As we were sitting at supper we again heard the same crunching and crackling noise in the ice as usual, coming nearer and nearer; and finally we heard a crash proceeding from right underneath where we sat. I rushed up. There was a pressure of ice in the lane a little way off, almost on our starboard beam. I went down again and continued my meal. Peter, who had gone out on the ice, soon after came down and said, laughing as usual, that it was no wonder we had heard some crackling; for the ice had cracked not a sledge-length away from the dog-biscuit cases, and the crack was extending abaft of the *Fram*. I went out and found the crack was a very considerable one. The dog-biscuit cases were now shifted a little more forward for greater safety. We also found several minor cracks in the ice around the vessel. I then went down and had a pipe and a pleasant chat with Sverdrup in his cabin. After we had been sitting a good while the ice again began to crack and jam. I did not think that the noise was greater than usual; nevertheless, I asked those in the saloon, who sat playing halma, whether there was any one on deck; if not, would one of them be kind enough to go and see where the ice was packing. I heard hurried steps above. Nordahl came down and reported that it was on the port side and that it would be best for us to be on deck. Peter and I jumped up, and several followed. As I went down the ladder Peter called out to me from above, "We must get the dogs out! See, there is water on the ice!"

It was high time that we came; the water was rushing in and already stood high in the kennel. Peter waded into the water up to his knees and pushed the door open. Most of the dogs rushed out and jumped about, splashing in the water; but some, being frightened, had crept back into the innermost corner and had to be dragged out, although they stood in water reaching high up their legs. Poor brutes, it must have been miserable enough, in all conscience, to be shut up in such a place while the water was steadily rising about them, yet they were not more noisy than usual.

The dogs having been put in safety, I walked round the *Fram* to see what else had happened. The ice had cracked along her to the fore, near the starboard bow. From this crack the water had

poured aft along the port side, which was weighed down by the weight of the ridge steadily pressing on towards us. The crack had just passed under the middle of the portable forge, which was thus endangered; and it was therefore put on a sledge and removed to the great hummock on the starboard quarter. The pemmican—altogether eleven cases—the cases of dog-biscuits, and nineteen cases of bread were conveyed to the same place.

Thus, we have now a complete depot lying over there, and, I trust, in entire safety, the ice being so thick that it is not likely to give way. This has brought life into the lads; they have all turned out.

We took out four more tin cans of petroleum to the hummock, then proceeded to bring up from the hold and place on deck ready for removal twenty-one cases of bread and a supply of pemmican, chocolate, butter, 'vril-food,' soup, etc., calculated to last us two hundred days. Also, tents, cooking apparatus and the like, were got ready, so that now all is clear up there, and we may sleep securely. But it was past midnight before we had done. I still trust that it is all a false alarm and that we shall have no occasion for these supplies now, at any rate. Nevertheless, it is our duty to keep everything ready in case the unthinkable should happen. Moreover, the watch has been enjoined to mind the dogs on the ice and to keep a sharp lookout in case the ice should crack underneath our cases or the ice-pressure should recommence; if anything should happen we are to be called out at once, too early rather than too late. While I sit here and write I hear the crunching and crackling beginning again outside, so that there must still be a steady pressure on the ice. All are in the best spirits; it almost appears as though they looked upon this as a pleasant break in the monotony of our existence. Well, it is half-past one. I had better turn into my bunk; I am tired and goodness knows how soon I may be called up.

Friday, January 4. The ice kept quiet during the night, but all day, with some intervals, it has been crackling and settling; and this evening there have been several fits of pressure from nine o'clock onward. For a time it came on, sometimes rather lightly, at regular intervals; sometimes with a rush and a regular roar; then it subsided somewhat, and then it roared anew. Meanwhile

the pressure-ridge towers higher and higher and bears right down upon us slowly, while the pressure comes on at intervals only and more quickly when the onset continues for a time. One can actually see it creeping nearer and nearer; and now, at one o'clock at night, it is not many feet—scarcely five—away from the edge of the snow drift on the port side near the gangway, and thence to the vessel is scarcely more than ten feet, so that it will not be long now before it is upon us. Meanwhile the ice continues to split, and the solid mass in which we are embedded grows less and less, both to port and starboard. Several fissures extend right up to the *Fram*. As the ice sinks down under the weight of the ridge on the port side and the *Fram* lists more that way, more water rushes up over the new ice which has frozen on the water that rose yesterday. This is like dying by inches. Slowly but surely the baleful ridge advances, and it looks as though it meant going right over the rail. But if the *Fram* will only oblige by getting free of the ice she will, I feel confident, extricate herself yet, even though matters look rather awkward at present. We shall probably have a hard time of it, however, before she can break loose if she does not do so at once. I have been out and had a look at the ridge and seen how surely it is advancing! I have looked at the fissures in the ice and noted how they are forming and expanding round the vessel. I have listened to the ice crackling and crunching underfoot, and I do not feel much disposed to turn into my berth before I see the *Fram* quite released. As I sit here now I hear the ice making a fresh assault and roaring and packing outside, and I can tell that the ridge is coming nearer. This is an ice-pressure with a vengeance, and it seems as though it would never cease. I do not think there is anything more that we can do now. All is in readiness for leaving the vessel, if need be. To-day the clothing, etc., was taken out and placed ready for removal in separate bags for each man.

It is very strange; there is certainly a possibility that all our plans may be crossed by unforeseen events, although it is not very probable that this will happen. As yet, I feel no anxiety in that direction; only I should like to know whether we are really to take everything on to the ice or not. However, it is past one o'clock, and I think the most sensible thing to do would be to turn in and sleep. The watch has orders to call me when the hummock reaches

the *Fram*. It is lucky it is moonlight now, so that we are able to see something of all this abomination.

The day before yesterday we saw the moon for the first time just above the horizon. Yesterday it was shining a little, and now we have it both day and night. A most favorable state of things. But it is nearly two o'clock and I must go to sleep now. The pressure of the ice, I can hear, is stronger again.

Saturday, January 5. To-night everybody sleeps fully dressed, and with the most indispensable necessities either by his side or secured to his body, ready to jump on the ice at the first warning. All other requisites; such as, provisions, clothing, sleeping-bags, etc., etc., have been brought out on the ice. We have been at work at this all day and have got everything into perfect order, and are now quite ready to leave if necessary, which, however, I do not believe will be the case, though the ice-pressure has been as bad as it could be.

I slept soundly, woke up only once, and listened to the crunching and jamming and grinding till I fell asleep again. I was called at 5:30 in the morning by Sverdrup, who told me that the hummock had now reached the *Fram* and was bearing down on us violently, reaching as high as the rail. I was not left in doubt very long; for hardly had I opened my eyes when I heard a thundering and crashing outside in the ice, as though doomsday had come. I jumped up. There was nothing left for it but to call all hands, to put all the remaining provisions off the ice and then to put all our furs and other equipment on deck so that they could be thrown overboard at a moment's notice if necessary. Thus the day passed, but the ice kept quiet. Last of all, the petroleum launch, which was hanging in the davits on the port side, was lowered, and was dragged towards the great hummock. At about eight o'clock in the evening, when we thought the ice-pressure had subsided, it started thundering and crashing again worse than ever. I hurried up. Masses of snow and ice rushed on us, high above the rail amidships and over the tent. Peter, who also came up, seized a spade and rushed forward outside the awning as far as the forepart of the half-deck, and stood in the midst of the ice, digging away; and I followed to see how matters stood. I saw more than I cared to see; it was hopeless to fight that enemy with a spade. I called out



to Peter to come back and said, "We had better see to getting everything out on the ice."

Hardly had I spoken, when it pressed on again with renewed strength, and thundered and crashed, and, as Peter said, and laughed till he shook again, "... nearly sent both me and the spade to the deuce."

I rushed back to the maindeck. On the way I met Mogstad, who hurried up, spade in hand, and sent him back. Running forward under the tent towards the ladder, I saw that the tent-roof was bent down under the weight of the masses of ice, which were rushing over it and crashing in over the rail and bulwarks to such an extent that I expected every moment to see the ice force its way through and block up the passage. When I got below, I called all hands on deck but told them, when going up, not to go out through the door on the port side, but through the chart room and out on the starboard side. In the first place, all the bags were to be brought up from the saloon, and then we were to take those lying on deck. I was afraid that if the door on the port side was not kept closed, the ice might, if it suddenly burst through the bulwarks and tent, rush over the deck and in through the door, fill the passage and push down the ladder, and thus imprison us like mice in a trap. True, the passage up from the engine-room had been cleared for this emergency; but this was a very narrow hole to get through with heavy bags, and no one could tell how long this hole would keep open when the ice once attacked us in earnest. I ran up again to set free the dogs, which were shut up in 'Castle Garden'—an enclosure on the deck along the port bulwark. They whined and howled most dolefully under the tent as the snow masses threatened at any moment to crush it and bury them alive. I cut away the fastening with a knife, pulled the door open, and out rushed most of them by the starboard gangway at full speed.

Meantime the hands started bringing up the bags. It was quite unnecessary to ask them to hurry up—the ice did that, thundering against the ship's sides in a way that seemed irresistible. It was a fearful hurly-burly in the darkness; for, to cap all, the mate had, in the hurry, let the lanterns go out. I had to go down again to get something on my feet; my Finland shoes were hanging up to dry

in the galley. When I got there the ice was at its worst; and the half-deck beams were creaking overhead, so that I really thought they were all coming down.

The saloon and the berths were soon cleared of bags, and the deck as well; and we started taking them along the ice. The ice roared and crashed against the ship's side, so that we could hardly hear ourselves speak; but all went quickly and well, and before long everything was in safety.

While we were dragging the bags along the pressure and jamming of the ice had at last stopped, and all was quiet again as before.

But what a sight! The *Fram's* port side was quite buried under the snow; all that could be seen was the top of the tent projecting. Had the petroleum launch been hanging in the davits, as it was a few hours previously, it would hardly have escaped destruction. The davits were quite buried in ice and snow. It is curious that both fire and water have been powerless against that boat, and it has now come out unscathed from the ice and lies there bottom upward on the floe. She has had a stormy existence and continual mishaps. I wonder what is next in store for her?

It was, I must admit, a most exciting scene when it was at its worst; and we thought it was imperative to get the bags up from the saloon with all possible speed. Sverdrup now tells me that he was just about to have a bath and was as naked as when he was born, when he heard me call all hands on deck. As this had not happened before he understood there was something serious the matter, and he jumped into his clothes anyhow. Amundsen, apparently, also realized that something was amiss. He says he was the first who came up with his bag. He had not understood or had forgotten, in the confusion, the order about going out through the starboard door; he groped his way out on the port side and fell in the dark over the edge of the half-deck.

"Well, that did not matter," he said, "I am quite used to that kind of thing."

But having pulled himself together after the fall, and as he was lying there on his back, he dared not move; for it seemed to him as though tent and all were coming down on him. And it thundered and crashed against the gunwale and the hull as though

the last hour had come. It finally dawned on him why he ought to have gone out on the starboard and not on the port side.

All that could possibly be thought to be of any use was taken out. The mate was seen dragging along a big bag of clothes with a heavy bundle of cups fastened outside it. Later he was stalking about with all sorts of things; such as, mittens, knives, cups, etc., fastened to his clothing and dangling about him, so that the rattling noise could be heard afar off. He was himself to the last.

In the evening the men all started eating their stock of cakes, sweetmeats and such-like, smoked tobacco and enjoyed themselves in the most animated fashion. They evidently thought it was uncertain when they should next have such a time on board the *Fram*; and therefore they thought it was best to avail themselves of the opportunity. We are now living in marching order on an empty ship.

By way of precaution we have now burst open again the passage on the starboard side, which was used as a library and had therefore been closed; and all doors are now kept always open, so that we can be sure of getting out, even if anything should give way. We do not want the ice-pressure to close the doors against us by jamming the doorposts together. But she certainly is a strong ship. It is a mighty ridge that we have on our port side and the masses of ice are tremendous. The ship is listing more than ever, nearly  $7^{\circ}$ ; but since the last pressure she has righted herself a little again, so that she must surely have broken away from the ice and begun to rise, and all danger is doubtless over. So, after all, it has been a case of 'much ado about nothing.'

Sunday, January 6. A quiet day; no jamming since last night. Most of the fellows slept well on into the morning. This afternoon all have been very busy digging the *Fram* out of the ice again, and we have now got the rail clear right aft to the half-deck; but a tremendous mass had fallen over the tent. It was above the second ratline in the fore-shrouds and fully six feet over the rail. It is a marvel that the tent stood it; but it was a very good thing that it did do so, for otherwise it is hard to say what might have become of many of the dogs. This afternoon Hansen took a meridian observation, which gave  $83^{\circ} 34'$  north latitude. Hurrah! We are getting on well northward—thirteen minutes since Monday—and the

most northern latitude is now reached. It goes without saying that the occasion was duly celebrated with a bowl of punch, preserved fruits, cakes and the doctor's cigars.

Last night we were running with the bags for our lives; to-night we are drinking punch and feasting. Such are, indeed, the vicissitudes of fate. All this roaring and crashing for the last few days have been, perhaps, a cannonade to celebrate our reaching such a high latitude. If that be so, it must be admitted that the ice has done full honor to the occasion. Well, never mind; let it crash on so long as we only get northward. The *Fram* will, no doubt, stand it now. She has lifted fully one foot forward and fully six inches aft, and she has slipped a little astern. Moreover, we cannot find so much as a single stanchion in the bulwarks that has started; yet to-night every man will sleep fully prepared to make for the ice.

Monday, January 7. There was a little jamming of the ice occasionally during the day, but only of slight duration; then all was quiet again. Evidently the ice has not yet settled, and we have perhaps more to expect from our friend to port, whom I would willingly exchange for a better neighbor.

It seems; however, as though the ice-pressure has altered its direction since the wind has changed to S.E. It is now confined to the ridges fore and aft athwart the wind; while our friend to port, lying almost in the line of the wind, has kept somewhat quieter.

Everything has an end, as the boy said when he was in for a birching. Perhaps the growth of this ridge has come to an end now, perhaps not; the one thing is just as likely as the other.

To-day the work of extricating the *Fram* is proceeding; we will at all events get the rails clear of the ice. It presents a most imposing sight by the light of the moon; and, however conscious of one's own strength, one cannot help respecting an antagonist who commands such powers and who, in a few moments, is capable of putting mighty machinery into action. It is rather an awkward battering-ram to face. The *Fram* is equal to it but no other ship could have resisted such an onslaught. In less than an hour this ice will build up a wall alongside us and over us, which it might take us a month to get out of, and possibly longer than that. There is something gigantic about it; it is like a struggle between dwarfs and an ogre, in which the pygmies have to resort to cunning and

trickery to get out of the clutches of one who seldom relaxes his grip. The *Fram* is the ship which the pygmies have built with all their cunning in order to fight the ogre; and on board this ship they work as busily as ants, while the ogre only thinks it worth while to roll over and twist his body about now and then. But every time he turns over it seems as though the nutshell would be smashed and buried, and would disappear; but the pygmies have built their nutshell so cleverly that it always keeps afloat and wriggles itself free from the deadly embrace. The old traditions and legends about giants, about Thor's battles in the Jötunheim, when rocks were split and crags were hurled about and the valleys were filled with falling boulders, all come back to me when I look at these mighty ridges of ice winding their way far off in the moonlight. And when I see the men standing on the ice-heap cutting and digging to remove a fraction of it, then they seem to me smaller than pygmies, smaller than ants; but although each ant carries only a single fir-needle, yet in course of time they build an ant-hill, where they can live comfortably, sheltered from storm and winter.

Had this attack on the *Fram* been planned by the aid of all the wickedness in the world, it could not have been a worse one. The floe, seven feet thick, has borne down on us on the port side, forcing itself up on the ice in which we are lying and crushing it down. Thus the *Fram* was forced down with the ice, while the other floe, packed up on the ice beneath, bore down on her and took her amidships while she was still frozen fast. As far as I can judge, she could hardly have had a tighter squeeze; it was no wonder that she groaned under it. But she withstood it, broke loose and eased. Who shall say after this that a vessel's shape is of little consequence? Had the *Fram* not been designed as she was, we should not have been sitting here now. Not a drop of water is to be found in her anywhere. Strangely enough, the ice has not given us another such squeeze since then; perhaps it was its expiring grip we felt on Saturday.

It is hard to tell but it was terrific enough. This morning Sverdrup and I went for a walk on the ice, but when we got a little way from the ship we found no sign of any new packing; the ice was smooth and unbroken as before. The packing has been limited

to a certain stretch from east to west, and the *Fram* has been lying at the very worst point of it.

This afternoon Hansen has worked out yesterday's observations, the result being  $83^{\circ} 34.2'$  north latitude and  $102^{\circ} 51'$  east longitude. We have therefore drifted north and westward, fifteen miles west, indeed, and only thirteen and a half north since New Year's Eve—while the wind has been mostly from the southwest. It seems as though the ice has taken a more decided course towards the northwest than ever, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that there is some pressure when the wind blows athwart the course of the ice. However, I hardly think we need any particular explanation of the pressure, as we have evidently again got into a packing-centre with cracks, lanes and ridges, where the pressure is maintained for some time, such as we were in during the first winter. We have constantly met with several similar stretches on the surrounding ice, even when it has been most quiet.

This evening there was a most remarkable brightness right under the moon. It was like an immense luminous haycock, which rose from the horizon and touched the great ring round the moon. At the upper side of this ring, there was a segment of the usual inverted arc of light.

The next day, January 8, the ice began grinding occasionally, and while Mogstad and I stood in the hold working on hand sledges, we heard creakings in the ship both above and below us. This was repeated several times; but in the intervals it was quiet. I was often on the ice listening to the grinding and watching how it went on, but it did not go beyond crackling and creaking beneath our feet and in the ridge at our side. Perhaps it is to warn us not to be too confident! I am not so sure that it is not necessary. It is in reality like living on a smoking volcano. The eruption that will seal our fate may occur at any moment. It will either force the ship up or swallow her down. And what are the stakes? Either the *Fram* will get home and the expedition be fully successful, or we shall lose her and have to be content with what we have done. Possibly, on our way home, we may explore parts of Franz Josef Land. That is all. But most of us feel that it would be hard to lose the ship, and it would be a very sad sight to see her disappear.

Some of the hands, under Sverdrup, are working, trying to cut away the hummock ice on the port side; and they have already made good headway. Mogstad and I are busy getting the sledges in order and preparing them for use as I want them, whether we go north or south.

Liv is two years old to-day.

She is a big girl now. I wonder whether I should be able to recognize her. I suppose I should hardly find a single familiar feature. They are sure to celebrate the day and she will get all kinds of presents. Many a thought will be sent northward, but they know not where to look for us, and not aware that we are drifting, here embedded in the ice in the highest northern latitudes ever reached, in the deepest polar night ever penetrated.

During the following days the ice became steadily quieter. In the course of the night of the ninth of January, the ice was still slightly cracking and grinding; then it quite subsided, and on the tenth of January the report is "Ice perfectly quiet, and if it were not for the ridge on the port side one would never have thought there had ever been any breach in the eternal stillness, so calm and peaceful is it." Some men went on cutting away the ice, and little by little we could see it was getting less. Mogstad and I were busily engaged in the hold with the new sledges, and during this time I also made an attempt to photograph the *Fram* by moonlight from different points. The results surpassed my expectations; but as the top of the pressure-ridge had now been cut away, these photos do not give an exact impression of the pack-ice and of how it came hurtling down upon the *Fram*. We then put in order our depot on the great hummock on the starboard quarter; and all sleeping-bags, Lapland boots, Finn shoes, wolfskin clothing, etc., were wrapped in the foresail and placed to the extreme west. The provisions were collected into six different heaps, and the rifles and guns were distributed among three of the heaps and wrapped up in boat-sails. Next, Hansen's instrument case and my own, together with a bucketful of rifle cartridges, were placed under a boat-sail. Then the forge and the smith's tools were arranged separately, and up on the top of the great hummock we laid a heap of sledges and snow-shoes. All the kayaks were laid side by side bottom upward, the cooking apparatus and lamps, etc., being

placed under them. They were spread out in this way, so that in the improbable event of the thick floe splitting suddenly, our loss would not be so great. We knew where to find everything, and it might blow and drift to its heart's content without our losing anything.







## *Adventure of Ancient Athens*

**X**ENOPHON was a young Athenian who lived in the early Fourth Century B.C., 435 to 355 B.C. He is famous primarily as a Greek historian and essayist and a disciple of Socrates.

He joined the expedition of Cyrus the Younger against his brother Artaxerxes II of Persia. After the death of Cyrus in battle Xenophon rose to leadership among the 10,000 Greek soldiers and guided them from Babylon back to the Black Sea. This is one of the most famous marches in history.

Our section of his work is from the *Anabasis* (an account of the Cyrus expedition and the Greek retreat). Cyrus, pretender to the Persian throne, had now managed by various clever devices to get together a powerful army composed primarily of Greek soldiers of fortune. His driving force was to wrest the throne of Persia from his older brother . . . and he almost succeeded.

But Xenophon, the *historian*, turned into a remarkable commander when he led the famous march.





FROM:  
**'THE EXPEDITION OF CYRUS  
BY XENOPHON**

*Translated by Edward Spelman. Esq.*

**W**E HAVE hitherto given an account of what happened in the expedition of Cyrus to the time of the battle, of what happened after the battle, during the truce concluded between the king and the Greeks who had served under Cyrus; and in what manner, after the king and Tissaphernes had broken the truce, the Greeks were harassed, while they were followed by the Persian army.

When the Greeks came to the place, where the river Tigris is, both from its depth and breadth absolutely impassable, and no road appeared, the craggy mountains of the Carduchians hanging over the river, the generals resolved to march over those mountains; for they were informed by the prisoners, that after they had passed them, they would have it in their power to cross the head of the Tigris in Armenia if they thought proper; if not, to go round it. The source of the Euphrates also was said not to be far distant from that of the Tigris; and, indeed, the distance between these two rivers is in some places but small. To the end, therefore, that the enemy might not be acquainted with their design of penetrating into the country of the Carduchians and defeat it by possessing themselves of the eminences, they executed it in the following manner: when it was about the last watch and so much of the night was left as to allow them to traverse the plain while it was yet dark, they encamped and, marching when the order was given, came to the mountains by break of day. Cheirisophus commanded the vanguard with his own people and all the light-armed men; and Xenophon brought up the rear with the heavy-armed, having none of the light-armed, because there seemed no danger of the

enemy's attacking their rear while they were marching up the mountain. Cheirisophus gained the top before he was perceived by the enemy, then led forward; and the rest of the army, as fast as they passed the summit, followed him into the villages, that lay dispersed in the valleys and recesses of the mountains.

Upon this, the Carduchians left their houses and, with their wives and children, fled to the hills, where they had an opportunity of supplying themselves with provisions in abundance. The houses were well-furnished with all sorts of brass utensils, which the Greeks forbore to plunder. Neither did they pursue the inhabitants in hope, by sparing them, to prevail upon the Carduchians, since they were enemies to the king, to conduct them through their country in a friendly manner. But they took all the provisions they met with, for they were compelled to it by necessity. However, the Carduchians paid no regard to their invitations, nor showed any other symptoms of a friendly disposition; and when the rear of the Greek army was descending from the top of the mountains into the villages, it being now dark (for as the way was narrow, they spent the whole day in the ascent of the mountains and the descent from thence into the villages), some of the Carduchians, gathering together, attacked the hindmost and killed and wounded some of them with stones and arrows. They were but few in number, for the Greek army came upon them unawares. Had the enemy been more numerous at that time, great part of the army had been in danger. In this manner they passed the night in the villages. The Carduchians made fires all round them upon the mountains, and both had their eyes upon one another.

As soon as it was day, the generals and the captains of the Greeks assembled and resolved to reserve only those sumpter-horses upon their march that were necessary and most able, and to leave the rest, and dismiss all the slaves they had newly taken; for the great number of sumpter-horses and slaves retarded their march, and many of their men, by having charge of these, were unfit for action. Besides, there being so many mouths, they were under a necessity of providing and carrying double the quantity of provisions. This being resolved, they gave orders to have it put in execution.

While, therefore, they were upon their march after dinner, the

generals placed themselves in a narrow pass, and whatever they found reserved by the soldiers contrary to order, they took it away; and the men submitted, unless any of them happened privately to have retained some boy or beautiful woman he was fond of. In this manner they marched that day, sometimes fighting and sometimes resting themselves. The next day there was a great storm. However, they were obliged to go on, for their provisions failed them. Cheirisophus led the van; Xenophon brought up the rear. Here, the ways being narrow, the enemy made a brisk attack upon them and, coming up close, discharged their arrows and made use of their slings, so that the Greeks, sometimes pursuing and sometimes retreating, were obliged to march slowly. And Xenophon often ordered the army to halt when the enemy pressed hard upon them. Upon one of these orders Cheirisophus, who used to stand still on the like occasions, did not stop but marched faster than usual and ordered the men to follow. By this it appeared there was something extraordinary, but they were not at leisure to send to him to inquire the cause of this haste; so that the march of those in the rear had the resemblance more of a flight than a retreat. Here fell a brave man, Cleonymus, a Lacedaemonian, who was wounded in the side by an arrow that made its way both through his shield and his buff coat. Here also fell Basias, an Arcadian, whose head was pierced quite through with an arrow. When they arrived at the place where they designed to encamp, Xenophon immediately went as he was to Cheirisophus and blamed him for not stopping, but obliging the rear to fly and fight at the same time.

"Here we have lost two brave and worthy men," says he, "without being able either to bring them off or to bury them."

To this Cheirisophus answered, "Cast your eyes upon those mountains and observe how impassable they all are. You see there is but one road, and that a steep one. It is, you may observe, possessed too by a great multitude of men, who stand ready to defend it. For this reason, I marched hastily without staying for you, that, if possible, I might prevent the enemy and make myself master of the pass; for our guides assure us there is no other road."

Xenophon replied, "I have two prisoners; for when the enemy molested us in our march, we placed some men in ambush, which

gave us time to breathe, and having killed some of them, we were also desirous of taking some alive, with this view, that we might have guides who were acquainted with the country."

The prisoners, therefore, being brought before them, they questioned them separately whether they knew of any other road than that which lay before them. One of them said he knew no other, though he was threatened with divers kinds of torture. As he said nothing to the purpose, he was put to death in the presence of the other. The survivor said that this man pretended he did not know the other road because he had a daughter married to a man who lived there; but that he himself would undertake to conduct us through a road that was passable even for the sumpter-horses. Being asked whether there was any difficult pass in that road, he said there was a summit, which, if not secured in time, would render the passage impracticable. Upon this it was thought proper to assemble the captains, the targeteers, and some of the heavy-armed men and, having informed them how matters stood, to ask them whether any of them would show their gallantry and voluntarily undertake this service. Two of the heavy-armed men offered themselves: Aristonymus of Methydría and Agasias of Stymphalus, both Arcadians. But Callimachus of Parrhasiæ, an Arcadian, and Agasias, had a contest who should undertake it. The latter said that he would go and take with him volunteers out of the whole army.

"For I am well assured," says he, "if I have the command, many of the youth will follow me."

After that they asked if any of the light-armed men, or of their officers, would also be of the party. Upon which Aristéas of Chios presented himself. He had, upon many occasions of this nature, done great service to the army.

The day was now far advanced; so the generals ordered these to eat something and set out, and delivered the guide to them bound. It was agreed that if they made themselves masters of the summit, they should make it good that night, and as soon as it was day, give them notice of it by sounding a trumpet; and that those above should charge that body of the enemy that was posted in the passage that lay before them, while those below marched up to their assistance with all the expedition they were

able. When things were thus ordered, they set forward, being about two thousand in number. And, notwithstanding, it rained most violently. Xenophon marched at the head of the rear-guard towards the passage before them in order to draw the attention of the enemy that way and conceal as much as possible the march of the detachment. When Xenophon, with the rear-guard, came to a valley which they were to pass in order to climb the ascent, the Barbarians rolled down vast round stones, each a ton in weight, with others both larger and smaller. These being dashed against the rocks in their fall, the splinters were hurled every way, which made it absolutely impossible to approach the road. Some of the captains, despairing to gain this passage, endeavored to find out another and employed themselves in this manner till it was dark. When they imagined they could retire without being seen they went away to get their supper, for the rearguard had not dined that day. However, the enemy continued to roll down stones all night, as was perceived by the noise they made in their fall. In the meantime those who marched round with the guide surprised the enemy's guard as they were sitting round a fire, and having killed some of them and forced others down the precipice, they stayed there, thinking they had made themselves masters of the summit. But in this they were mistaken; for there was still an eminence above them, near which lay the narrow way where the guard sat. There was indeed a passage from the post they had taken to that the enemy were possessed of in the open road. Here they remained that night.

As soon as it was day, they put themselves in order and marched in silence against the enemy and, there being a mist, came close to them before they were perceived. When they saw one another the trumpet sounded, and the Greeks, shouting, made their attack. However, the Barbarians did not stand to receive them but quitted the road, very few of them being killed in the flight; for they were prepared for expedition. Cheirisophus and his men, hearing the trumpet, immediately marched up the passage which lay before them. The rest of the generals took bypaths, each of them where he happened to be and, climbing as well as they could, drew up one another with their pikes; and these were the first who joined the detachment that had gained the post. Xenophon, with one



half of the rear guard, marched up the same way those who had the guide went, this road being the most convenient for the sumpter-horses; the other half he ordered to come up behind the baggage. In their march they came to a hill that commanded the road and was possessed by the enemy, whom they were either to dislodge or to be severed from the rest of the Greeks. The men, indeed, might have gone the same way the rest took; but the sumpter-horses could go no other. Encouraging, therefore, one another, they made their attack upon the hill in columns, not surrounding it but leaving the enemy room to run away if they were so disposed. Accordingly, the Barbarians, seeing our men marching up the hill, every one where he could, without discharging either arrows or their darts upon those who approached the road, fled and quitted the place. The Greeks, having marched by this hill, saw another before them also possessed by the enemy. This they resolved to attack likewise; but Xenophon, considering that if he left the hill they had already taken without a guard, the enemy might repossess it and from thence annoy the sumpter-horses as they passed them (for the way being narrow, there was a long file of them). He therefore left upon this hill, Cephisodorus, the son of Cephisiphon, an Athenian, and Archagoras, a banished Argive, both captains, while he with the rest marched to the second hill and took that also in the same manner. There yet remained a third, by much the steepest. This was the eminence that commanded the post where the guard was surprised at the fire the night before by the detachment. When the Greeks approached the hill, the Barbarians quitted it without striking a stroke; so that everybody was surprised and suspected they left the place, fearing to be surrounded and besieged in it. But the truth was that seeing from the eminence what passed behind, they all made haste away with a design to fall upon the rear.

Xenophon, with the youngest of his men, ascended to the top of this hill and ordered the rest to march slowly after, that the two captains, who were left behind, might join them and that when they were all together, they should choose some even place in the road and there stand to their arms. He had no sooner given his orders than Archagoras, the Argive, came flying from the enemy and brought an account that they were driven from the

first hill and that Cephisodorus and Amphicrates and all the rest who had not leaped from the rock and joined the rear were slain. The Barbarians, after this advantage, came to the hill opposite to that where Xenophon stood; and Xenophon treated with them by an interpreter concerning a truce and demanded the dead. They consented to deliver them, provided he agreed not to burn their villages. Xenophon came into this. While the other part of the army approached and these were employed in treating, all the men moved from the post they were in towards the same place. Upon this the enemy made a stand, and when the Greeks began to descend from the top of the hill to join those who were drawn up in order of battle, they advanced in great numbers, and with tumult; and after they had gained the top of the hill, which Xenophon had quitted, they rolled down stones, and broke the leg of one of our men. Here Xenophon's armour-bearer deserted him, taking away his shield; but Eurylochus of Lusias, an Arcadian, and one of the heavy-armed men, ran to his relief and covered both himself and Xenophon with his shield, while the rest joined those who stood ready drawn up.

And now the Greeks were altogether and quartered there in many fine houses, where they found provisions in abundance; for there was so great a plenty of wine that they kept it in plastered cisterns. Here Xenophon and Cheirisophus prevailed upon the Barbarians to deliver up their dead in exchange for the guide. These, as far as they were able, they buried with all the honours that are due to the memory of brave men. The next day they marched without a guide, and the enemy, both by fighting with them and seizing all the passes, endeavoured to hinder them from advancing. Whenever, therefore, they opposed the vanguard, Xenophon, ascending the mountains from behind, endeavoured to gain some post that commanded the enemy and by this means opened a passage for those who were in the van. And when they attacked the rear, Cheirisophus ascended the hills and, endeavouring also to get above the enemy, removed the obstruction they gave to the march of the rear. Thus they were very attentive to relieve one another. Sometimes, also, the Barbarians, after the Greeks had ascended the eminences, gave them great disturbance in their descent, for they were very nimble; and though they came

near to our men, yet still they got off, having no other arms but bows and slings. They were very skilful archers; their bows were near three cubits in length and their arrows above two. When they discharged their arrows, they drew the string by pressing upon the lower part of the bow with their left foot. These arrows pierced through the shields and corslets of our men, who, taking them up, made use of them instead of darts, by fixing thongs to them. In these places the Cretans were of great service. They were commanded by Stratocles, a Cretan.

This day they staid in the villages situated above the plain that extends to the river Centrites, which is two hundred feet broad, and the boundary between Armenia and the country of the Carduchians. Here the Greeks rested themselves. This river is about six or seven stadia from the Carduchian Mountains. Here, therefore, they staid with great satisfaction, having plenty of provisions and often calling to mind the difficulties they had undergone; for, during the seven days they had marched through the country of the Carduchians, they were continually fighting and suffered more than from all the attempts of the king and Tisaphernes. Looking upon themselves, therefore, as freed from these hardships, they rested with pleasure. But as soon as it was day, they saw a body of horse on the other side of the river, completely armed and ready to oppose their passage; and, above the horse, another of foot drawn up upon an eminence, to hinder them from penetrating into Armenia. These were Armenians, Mygdonians, and Chaldeans, all mercenary troops, belonging to Orontas and Artuchus. The Chaldeans were said to be a free people and warlike; their arms were long shields and spears. The eminence upon which they were drawn up was about three or four hundred feet from the river. The only road the Greeks could discover led upwards and seemed to have been made by art. Over against this road the Greeks endeavoured to pass the river; but, upon trial, they found that the water came up above their breasts, that the river was rendered uneven by large slippery stones and that it was not possible for them to hold their arms in the water, which, if they attempted, they were borne away by the stream and, if they carried them upon their heads, they were exposed to

the arrows and the other missive weapons of the enemy. They retired, therefore, and encamped on the banks of the river.

From hence they discovered a great number of armed Carduchians, who were got together upon the mountain in the very place where they had encamped the night before. Here the Greeks were very much disheartened, seeing on one side of them a river hardly passable and the banks of it covered with troops to obstruct their passage and, on the other, the Carduchians ready to fall upon their rear if they attempted it. This day, therefore, and the following night, they remained in the same place under great perplexity. Here Xenophon had a dream. He thought he was in chains and that his chains, breaking asunder of their own accord, he found himself at liberty and went whithersoever he pleased. As soon as the first dawn of day appeared, he went to Cheirisophus and told him he was in hopes everything would be well and acquainted him with his dream. Cheirisophus was pleased to hear it, and while the morn advanced all the generals who were present offered sacrifice, and the very first victims were favourable. As soon, therefore, as the sacrifice was over, the generals and captains departing ordered the soldiers to get their breakfast. While Xenophon was at breakfast two young men came to him, for it was well known that all persons might have free access to him at his meals and that, were he even asleep, they might wake him if they had anything to communicate concerning the operations of the war. These youth informed him that while they were getting brushwood for the fire, they saw on the other side of the river, among the rocks that reached down to it, an old man and a woman with some maid-servants hiding something that looked like bags full of clothes in the hollow of a rock. That, seeing this, they thought they might securely pass the river, because the place was inaccessible to the enemy's horse. So they undressed themselves and, taking their naked daggers in their hands, proposed to swim over; but the river being fordable, they found themselves on the other side before the river came up to their middle and, having taken the clothes, repassed it.

Xenophon, hearing this, made a libation himself and ordered wine to be given to the youths to do the same, and that they should address their prayers to the gods, who had sent the dream

and discovered the passage to complete their happiness. After the libation he immediately carried the two youths to Cheirisophus, to whom they gave the same account. Cheirisophus, hearing this, made libations also. After that they gave orders to the soldiers to get their baggage ready. Then, assembling the generals, they consulted with them in what manner they should pass the river with most advantage and both overcome those who opposed them in front and secure themselves against the others, who threatened their rear. And it was resolved that Cheirisophus should lead the van and pass over with one half of the army, while the other stayed with Xenophon and that the sumpter-horses, with all those that attended the army, should pass in the middle. After this disposition was made they began their march. The two youths led the way, keeping the river on their left. They had about four stadia to go before they came to the ford.

As they marched on one side of the river, several bodies of horse advanced on the other opposite to them. When they came to the ford and to the bank of the river, the men stood to their arms; and first Cheirisophus, with a garland upon his head, pulled off his clothes and, taking his arms, commanded all the rest to do the same. He then ordered the captains to draw up their companies in columns and march some on his left hand and some on his right. In the meantime the priests offered sacrifice and poured the blood of the victims into the river; and the enemy, from their bows and slings, discharged a volley of arrows and stones, but none of them reached our men. After the victims appeared favourable, all the soldiers sang the paean and shouted; all the women answered them, for the men had many mistresses in the army.

Immediately Cheirisophus, with his men, went into the river; and Xenophon, taking those of the rear guard, who were most prepared for expedition, marched back in all haste to the passage opposite to the road that led to the Armenian mountains, making a feint as if his design was to pass the river in that place and intercept the horse that were marching along the bank of it. The enemy, seeing Cheirisophus with his men passing the river with great ease and Xenophon with his forces marching back in all haste, were afraid of being intercepted and fled with precipitation to the road that led from the river up into the country. Having

gained that road, they continued their march up the mountains. As soon as Lycius, who had the command of the horse, and Aeschines, who commanded the targeteers belonging to Cheirisophus, saw the enemy flying with so much haste, they pursued them, the rest of the soldiers crying out to them that they would not be left behind but would march up the mountains in a body. When Cheirisophus had passed the river with his forces, he did not pursue the horse but marched along the bank against the other body of the enemy that was posted upon the upper ground. These, finding themselves abandoned by their horse and seeing our heavy-armed men coming up to attack them, quitted the eminence that commanded the river.

Xenophon, therefore, perceiving everything went well on the other side, returned in all haste to the army that was passing over; for, by this time, the Carduchians were seen descending into the plain as if they designed to fall upon the rear. Cheirisophus had now possessed himself of the eminence, and Lycius, while he was pursuing the enemy with a few of his men, took part of their baggage that was left behind, and in it rich apparel and drinking cups. The baggage of the Greeks, with those who had charge of it, was yet passing, when Xenophon, facing about, drew up his men against the Carduchians. He ordered all the captains to divide their several companies into two distinct bodies of twenty-five men each and to extend their front to the left, and that the captains with the leaders of these distinct bodies should march against the Carduchians, while the hindmost men of every file posted themselves upon the bank of the river.

Now the Carduchians, when they saw the rear reduced to a few by the departure of those who had the charge of the baggage, advanced the faster, singing as they came on. Upon this, Cheirisophus, seeing all on his side was secure, sent the targeteers, the slingers and archers to Xenophon with directions to do whatever he commanded. But he, as soon as he saw them coming down the hill, sent a messenger to them with orders to halt as soon as they came to the river, and that when they saw him begin to pass it with his men, they should come forward in the water on each side opposite to him, the darters with their fingers in the slings of their darts and the archers with their arrows on the string as

though they designed to pass over but not advance far into the river. At the same time he ordered his own men, when they came near enough to the enemy to reach them with their slings, and the heavy-armed men struck their shields with their pikes, to sing the paean, and rush at once upon the enemy; and when they were put to flight and the trumpet from the river sounded a charge, to face about to the right, and that the hindmost men of every file should lead the way, and all make what haste they could to the river, which they were to pass in their ranks, that they might not hinder one another; telling them that he should look upon him as the bravest man, who first reached the opposite side.

The Carduchians, seeing those who remained but few in number (for many even of those who had orders to stay were gone, some to take care of the sumpter-horses, some of their baggage and others of other things), came up boldly towards them and began to use their slings and bows. But when the Greeks, singing the paean, ran forward to attack them, they did not stand to receive them (for though they were well enough armed for a sudden onset and retreat upon the mountains they inhabited, yet they were not all so to fight hard to hand). In the meantime the trumpet sounded, upon which the enemy fled much faster than before; and the Greeks, facing about, passed the river in all haste. Some of the enemy seeing this, ran back to the river and wounded a few of our men with their arrows; but many of them, even when the Greeks were on the other side, were observed to continue their flight. In the meantime those who had met them in the river, carried on by their courage, advanced unseasonably and repassed it after Xenophon and his men were on the other side; by this means some of them also were wounded.

The army having passed the river about noon, drew up in their ranks and, in this manner, marched at once over the plain of Armenia, intermixed with hills of an easy ascent, making no less than five parasangs; for there were no villages near the river by reason of the continual wars with the Carduchians. However, at last they came to a large village that had a palace in it belonging to the satrap, and upon most of the houses there were turrets. Here they found provisions in abundance. From this place they made, in two days' march, ten parasangs till they were advanced above

the head of the Tigris. From thence they made fifteen parasangs in three days' march and came to the river Teleboas. The river, though not large, was beautiful and had many fine villages on its banks. This country was called the western part of Armenia. The governor of it was Teribazus, who had behaved himself with great fidelity to the king; and when he was present, no other lifted the king on horseback. This person rode up towards the Greeks with a body of horse and, sending his interpreter, acquainted them that he desired to speak with their commanders. Upon this the generals thought proper to hear what he had to say and, advancing within hearing, asked him what he wanted. He answered that he was willing to enter into a league with them upon these terms: that he should not do any injury to the Greeks, or they burn the houses, but have liberty to take what provisions they wanted. The generals agreed to this; so they concluded a league upon these conditions.

From thence they advanced through a plain and in three days' march made fifteen parasangs, Teribazus following them with his forces at the distance of about ten stadia, when they came to a palace, surrounded with many villages, abounding in all sorts of provisions. While they lay encamped in this place, there fell so great a snow in the night that it was resolved the next morning the soldiers, with their generals, should remove into the villages and quarter there; for no enemy appeared and the great quantity of snow seemed a security to them. Here they found all sorts of good provisions, such as cattle, corn, old wines exceeding fragrant, raisins and legumes of all kinds.

In the meantime, some of the men, who had straggled from the camp, brought word that they had seen an army and that in the night many fires appeared. For this reason the generals thought it not safe for the troops to quarter in the villages at a distance from one another; so resolved to bring the army together. Upon this they re-assembled and it was determined to encamp abroad. While they passed the night in this camp, there fell so great a quantity of snow that it covered both the arms and the men as they lay upon the ground; the sumpter-horses also were so benumbed with the snow that it was with difficulty they were made to rise. It was a miserable sight to see the men lie upon the



ground still covered with snow. But when Xenophon was so hardy as to rise paked and rive wood, immediately another got up and, taking the wood from him, cleft it himself. Upon this they all rose up and, making fires, anointed themselves; for they found there many sorts of ointments, which served them instead of oil, as hog's grease, oil of sesame, of bitter almonds and of turpentine. There was also found a precious ointment made of all these.

After this they determined to disperse themselves again in the villages and quarter under cover. Upon which the soldiers ran with great shouts and pleasure to the houses and provisions; but those who had set fire to the houses, when they left them before, were justly punished by encamping abroad, exposed to the inclemency of the weather. From hence they sent that night a detachment to the mountains, where the stragglers said they had seen the fires, under the command of Democrates of Temenus, because he was ever thought to give a true account of things of this nature, reporting matters as they really were. At his return he said he had seen no fires, but having taken a prisoner, he brought him with him. This man had a Persian bow and quiver and an Amazonian battle-axe, and being asked of what country he was, he said he was a Persian and that he went from the army of Teribazus to get provisions. Upon this they asked him of what numbers that army consisted and with what intention it was assembled. He answered that Teribazus, besides his own army, had mercenary troops of Chalabians and Taochians; and that his design was to attack the Greeks in their passage over the mountains, & they marched through the defile, which was their only road.

The generals, hearing this, resolved to assemble the army, and leaving a guard in the camp under the command of Sophaenetus of Stymphalus, they immediately set forward, taking the prisoner with them for their guide. After they had passed the mountains the targeteers, who marched before the rest, as soon as they discovered the enemy's camp, ran to it with shouts without staying for the heavy-armed men. The Barbarians, hearing the tumult, did not stand their ground, but fled. However some of them were killed and about twenty horses taken, as was also the tent of Teribazus, in which they found beds with silver feet and drinking

cups, with some prisoners, who said they were his bakers and cupbearers. When the commanders of the heavy-armed were informed of all that passed, they determined to return in all haste to their own camp, lest any attempt should be made upon those they had left there; and immediately ordering a retreat to be sounded, they returned and arrived there the same day.

The next day they resolved to march away with all the haste they could before the enemy should rally their forces and possess themselves of the pass. Their baggage therefore being presently ready, they set forward through a deep snow with many guides; and having the same day passed the eminence upon which Teribazus designed to attack them, they encamped. From thence they made three marches through a desert and came to the Euphrates, which they passed, the water coming up to their navel. It was said the sources of this river were not far off. From thence they made, in three days' march, fifteen parasangs, over a plain covered with deep snow. The last day's march was very grievous, for the north wind, blowing full in their faces, quite parched and benumbed the men. Upon this one of the priests advised to sacrifice to the wind, which was complied with, and the vehemence of it visibly abated. The snow was a fathom in depth, insomuch that many of the slaves and sumpter-horses died, and about thirty soldiers. They made fires all night, for they found plenty of wood in the place where they encamped; and those who came late, having no wood, the others who were before arrived and had made fires would not allow them to warm themselves till they had given them a share of the wheat or of the other provisions they had brought with them. By this exchange they relieved one another's wants. In the places where the fires were made, the snow being melted, there were large pits which reached down to the ground; this afforded an opportunity of measuring the depth of the snow.

From thence they marched all the next day through the snow, when many of them contracted the bulimy. Xenophon, who commanded the rear, seeing them lie upon the ground, knew not what their distemper was; but being informed by those who were acquainted with it that it was plainly the bulimy, and that, if they ate anything, they would rise again, he went to the baggage, and whatever refreshments he found there, he gave some to those

who were afflicted with this distemper and sent persons able to go about to divide the rest among others who were in the same condition. And as soon as they had eaten something, they rose up and continued their march. During which, Cheirisophus came to a village just as it was dark, and at a fountain without the wall he found some women and girls, who belonged to it, carrying water. These inquired who they were. The interpreter answered, in Persian, that they were going to the satrap from the king. The women replied that he was not there but at a place distant about a parasang from thence. As it was late they entered the walls together with the women and went to the bailiff of the town. Here Cheirisophus encamped with all that could come up. The rest, who were unable to continue their march, passed the night without victuals or fire, by which means some of them perished. And a party of the enemy following our march took some of the sumpter-horses that could not keep pace with the rest and fought with one another about them. Some of the men also, who had lost their sight by the snow or whose toes were rotted off by the intenseness of the cold, were left behind. The eyes were relieved against the snow by wearing something black before them and the feet against the cold by continual motion and by pulling off their shoes in the night. If any slept with their shoes on, the latkets pierced their flesh, and their shoes stuck to their feet; for when their old shoes were worn out, they wore carbatines made of raw hides. These grievances, therefore, occasioned some of the soldiers to be left behind, who, seeing a piece of ground that appeared black because there was no snow upon it, concluded it was melted; and melted it was by a vapour that was continually exhaling from a fountain in a valley near the place. Thither they betook themselves and, sitting down, refused to march any further. Xenophon, who had charge of the rear, as soon as he was informed of this tried all means to prevail upon them not to be left behind, telling them that the enemy were gotten together in great numbers and followed them close. At last he grew angry. They bid him kill them if he would, for they were not able to go on. Upon this, he thought the best thing he could do was, if possible; to strike a terror into the enemy that followed, lest they should fall upon the men that were tired. It was

now dark, and the enemy came on with great tumult, quarrelling with one another about their booty. Upon this, such of the rear guard as were well, rising up, rushed upon them, while those who were tired, shouted out as loud as they could and struck their shields with their pikes. The enemy, alarmed at this, threw themselves into the valley through the snow and were no more heard of.





## ·Adventure at Sea

PUBLISHER'S NOTE. When Lowell Thomas had completed his selections of stories for this anthology we discovered that modestly he had not included any selection from his own works. At our request he chose a favorite section, which turned out to be a chapter from "The Sea Devil," published in 1928. Our means of persuasion was that Thomas himself represents "Mr. Adventure" in the minds of his many thousands of devoted readers.

FIRST met Count Felix von Luckner, the 'Sea Devil,' on a flying field in Central Europe. I was lunching in a tea room on the edge of the field, when I saw a silver monoplane come down through the clouds with the afternoon sun shining on its wings. It slid gracefully onto the field almost noiselessly.

Two persons came down from the plane: a giant of a man and a tiny blonde lady. The man was tall, with a heavy frame, massive shoulders. He walked across the field with a rolling seaman's walk, in his mouth was a nautical-looking pipe. His voice boomed, he commanded respect on every side, and it was immediately apparent that he was accustomed to doing it. He saluted everyone in sight in a cheery but royal manner, bellowing "Wiedersehen, wiedersehen," as he made his way to his limousine.

I immediately inquired who he was. Anyone would have been curious about such an obviously-important personality.

I was told: "That's Count von Luckner, the 'Sea Devil,' who commanded the raider *Seeadler*. His companion is his countess."

Then I remembered stories of the *Seeadler* as a sailing ship that had broken through the British blockade and played havoc with British shipping during the last part of the first World War. The *Sea Devil* looked indeed like a Captain Kidd-buccaneer type. I remembered, too, that the *Seeadler* stood out from other German sea-raiders: it was able to perform feats of remarkable daring. Yet it was actually a prehistoric old-fashioned sailing ship, no modern warship like the other raiders.

Von Luckner, too, had managed to live a remarkably adventurous

personal life, had disrupted considerable Allied shipping, but had never taken a human life or even drowned a ship's cat!

My interest was piqued—no doubt the start of the book—and I learned that von Luckner was a member of an old military family, a descendant of a Marshal of France, who had run away to sea as a boy and had roamed the world, serving under an assumed name and pretending to be a common sailor. He had been a kangaroo hunter, a wrestler, a prize-fighter, a beach-comber, a Mexican soldier. It was only after he had fought his way from common seaman to the rank of a German Naval officer that he went back to his family.

He became the protégé of the Kaiser as a result of some famous life-saving exploits. Later he was commissioned to attempt the bold task of taking a sailing ship through the British blockade to raid Allied shipping.



FROM:  
"THE SEA DEVIL"

by Lowell Thomas

**B**Y JOE! I've got a real sea yarn to tell you now. Wait a minute till I light my pipe and I'll tell you about the voyage of the *Caesarea*.

She was my first German ship. With a cargo bound for Melbourne we set sail from Hamburg. My friend Nauke was aboard and again we were comrades. The captain was a clever sailor but an old skinflint. The cook, who on German ships is called 'Smutje'—smudgy, smutty—was a good fellow but was keen to please the miserly captain. Together, they did wonders in skimping our food. On Monday we got peas, on Tuesday beans, on Wednesday—for a change—yellow peas, on Thursday brown beans, on Friday 'blue Henry'—which looked like coffee beans, but smaller—on Saturday corned beef (bully beef) and on Sunday, as a 'Sabbatical delicacy, we got a special dish called 'plum and dumplings.' The fare never changed and we were always hungry. Very good, Smutje, you were an excellent fellow at heart; but that penny-squeezing captain made a son-of-a-gun of a sea cook out of you, and you are the hero of this tale.

One day I was sitting on a topyard. I could hear Smutje down in the galley whistling "My Heart Is Like a Beehive," which was a song hit of those days. I whistled along with him. My heart was like a beehive, and girls were the bees—and one of them was the queen bee. I could see her floating in front of me. Yes, it was the same fairy princess of my dreams, whom I had seen in imagination from the deck of the *Niohe* on that first voyage when we sighted the Isle of Fuerteventura in the Canaries. My fairy princess lived on that distant tropic island of waving palms and white houses. So I whistled as loud as I could the same tune that Smutje was whistling, "My Heart Is Like a Beehive."



"What is that?"

'I couldn't trust my eyes. I saw two arms thrust from the galley. They supported a big tray, which they thrust onto the skylight of the galley. The tray was heaped with a big stack of pancakes. What? A thousand miles out at sea and pancakes fresh and warm?

I slid down the rope and tiptoed to the galley. I took that stack of pancakes from the plate and slipped them inside my shirt against my breast. Then I climbed to the yardarm again. Whew! By Joe, those pancakes were hot! They were burning into my flesh. When I was halfway up the mast I thought I should fall down, but I kept saying over and over, "Phelax, you are a sailor now, and a sailor never winces." When I was aloft I laid the pancakes on the yard and ate them as fast as I could. There were fourteen of those pancakes.

Smutje was still whistling. "Ah, but just wait, you old sea cook, and see what kind of a beehive your heart is in a few minutes!"

Two arms were thrust out of the galley; and very carefully, so the flapjacks might not slide off, the empty plate was lowered. Next, a long shrill whistle and then a smothered cry:

"My flapjacks!"

Smutje came climbing to the roof of the galley, thinking that perhaps with the rolling of the ship the flapjacks had slid off the plate. Then he roared, cursing

"Damned pack of thieves."

He called down from aloft.

"Who is a thief, Smutje?"

"Not you," he replied, "because you are working up there. But did you see anybody take my flapjacks?"

"No, I haven't been looking that way, Smutje."

I slid down to talk with him, still amazed at the phenomenon of encountering fresh, hot—very hot—flapjacks on the high seas.

"What was that you were talking about, Smutje? Flapjacks, how can that be?"

"I will tell you, Phelax. You are the only honest fellow aboard."

"I know that, but go ahead."

"It is the captain's birthday to-day, Phelax. Nobody aboard can make him a present except me. I fixed fourteen flapjacks for him. Is that too much for the captain's birthday?"

"No, Smutje, it is not too much."

"And a delicious cranberry jelly to go with them."

"Cranberry jelly, Smutje?"

"Yes; a fine cranberry compote. Now, by Joe, Phelax, you know I am a good fellow. I would say nothing if some son-of-a-gun stole one flapjack; but, by Joe, I say the one who took the whole fourteen is a son-of-a-gun, by Joe."

"I agree with your opinion, Smutje; he is a son-of-a-gun, by Joe."

"You are an honest fellow, Phelax, and I always give you the best. That cranberry compote is no use to me now, anyway. You can eat it because you are honest and because you will help me to find the thief."

The compote was just what I needed, what I had missed. It should have been spread between the pancakes, but still it was going to the same place.

"How can I catch the thief, Smutje?"

"Watch to-night and see who eats the least peas."

"All right, Smutje. I will watch."

"Be sure to catch him, Phelax; and now, because you are honest, here is the cranberry compote."

It was delicious.

That night I reported to Smutje that each of the other men had eaten approximately an equal amount of peas. It was not part of the bargain to report that I had scarcely eaten any. I promised to continue the hunt for the culprit, and Smutje was confirmed in his opinion that I was the only honest man aboard.

The *Caesarea* docked in Melbourne and there an important event occurred. The captain invited the German consul to dinner and then took counsel with Smutje.

"We must have something good when the consul comes."

Smutje immediately fell in with the suggestion and replied, "Yes, on such an occasion nothing is too good."

The captain restrained his enthusiasm.

"But there must not be too much expense."

"No, certainly not. Let us have ducks. That is something good and does not cost much around here."

I heard the captain inviting the first mate to his table.

"But don't forget to put on a white collar, Mate. It is the consul who is coming."

"Thank you, sir, thank you." And the first mate grinned all over his face.

Then the captain tackled the second mate.

"I invite you to supper to-night at eight bells. The consul is coming."

"Thank you, sir, thank you." The second mate wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

It was on a Saturday. I sat near the porthole of the galley, patching my trousers and very busy at it. All the while I kept an eye on Smutje preparing the ducks. They were roasted, stuffed with prunes and apples; and I do love them that way. I was waiting for the moment when Smutje would go aft to get something.

I didn't see the captain. He was sitting on the bridge reading his newspaper, apparently. He made a hole in the middle of the page, through which he looked down into the open door of the galley and kept his eye on the ducks. At first he did not see me. The mast was in the way. Then he happened to lean to one side and caught sight of me near the porthole, industriously mending my trousers.

Suddenly, a marlinespike came flying past me.

"You loafer, by Joe. What are you sniffing around the galley for? And so you brought your pants along for wrapping purposes!"

I promptly moved on.

At night the consul came. The captain and the mates were all dolled up. They had even cleaned their finger nails. In the cabin the consul was the only one who was given a napkin. On the skylight sat Nauke and I. We watched the ducks on the table. We had brought along a boat hook, waiting for the moment when the consul should leave.

The consul ate well, but the captain seemed to have very little appetite. He took only one small helping of the duck. The two mates held back out of politeness. It would have been bad manners for them to eat more than the captain.

When the duck course was done the captain would not let the birds be taken away but kept them in his sight. When the consul left the captain had to escort him to the gangway, but he ushered

the mates out first, so that they would not have a chance to snatch a drumstick; and before he left the cabin he had Smutje take the ducks away to the pantry. Nauke and I watched all this from the skylight. There was no chance for us to use our boat hook.

The pantry, however, could be reached from the bull's-eye. We waited till Smutje had gone to his bunk and then stole our way to the bull's-eye. I reached in. Good luck! The pantry was open. Smutje must have forgotten to close it. The unfortunate part of it, however, was that it was the captain who had left the pantry door open. He had stolen down to have his fill of ducks and, at this moment, was sitting at a table with a bird before him. His back was turned to the pantry.

I fished around and first got a big handful of plum and apple stuffing, which I put in my pants pocket for safe keeping. I was very quiet about it and the captain heard nothing. I felt around again and found a whole, fine bird. It must have been my excitement and delight which caused me to make a slight noise. The captain looked around and saw the magnificent fowl suspended in midair and going away. With half a drumstick in his mouth he yelled:

"My bird!"

Then he jumped and grabbed my arm just as it was disappearing.

"Let go that bird," he howled, twisting my arm.

I let the bird go and kept silent in spite of the pain, hoping that he would let me go without learning who I was. He reached for a rope and spliced my arm to the brass handle of the drawer. Nauke reached into my pants pocket and took out the stuffing to save it from destruction during the coming licking.

The captain came out.

"Oh, it's you, Phelax. You don't like ducks, do you? But you like the rope's end."

With that, he gave me an awful beating with a rope's end. I howled, by Joe.

Limping and sore, I went forward to get my share of the stuffing from Nauke. He had eaten it all. That made me so angry that, in spite of my soreness, I passed a good share of my licking

on to him. Smutje shook his head and remarked sadly that the society of thieves had corrupted the only honest fellow aboard.

We took on a supply of sausages made out of pemmican that were to be sewn up in canvas and whitewashed so they would keep. For this work younger seamen are used, they being considered more honest and unspoiled than the older hands. I was not in line for the job. However, we slipped appropriate advice to the yeomen on the sly. Broomsticks were cut up in lengths a trifle shorter than the sausages. The two ends of sausages were cut off and spliced to the ends of the pieces of broomstick. The dummies were then tied up in sail cloth in such a way that the ends could be inspected. After this they were whitewashed.

When the captain carefully counted the one hundred and sixty sausages and inspected the unmistakable sausage ends of each one, he said, "Thank God, boys, that you are still honest."

Later on he stormed and raged when he had to revise this good opinion.

We contrived to swipe a number of hams out of the galley. The captain accused Smutje, which made that honest sea cook so indignant that he deserted the ship at Newcastle. Now there was no cook, no Smutje. The captain asked for volunteers, but none came forward. Ships' cooks as a rule think themselves indispensable and irreplaceable, and make the sailors think so, when in fact they often cannot do more than cook pea soup and fry doughnuts.

"If nobody wants to be the cook," said the captain, "I shall have to commandeer one. Phelax, can you boil water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Into the galley, then, and beware if you burn the peas."

"I did not know how long my new job would last; so I immediately began to eat until I was ready to burst. My first pea soup was a great success. I took care and, to make myself popular, put in a hambone and half a bottle of the captain's red wine. The captain and the crew all said, "What a soup, Phelax! You are a master cook."

The next day the bean soup burned. I had heard that in a case like that the thing to do was to put some soda in. I didn't know how much; so I tried two handfuls and then added half a

bottle of the captain's red wine. The soup still tasted good and they said, "Phelax, you are a born cook."

At six bells the soda had done its work, and I was fired from the galley. The captain was sick for three days. Nauke was ordered into the galley and proceeded to do pretty well.

Four weeks after Smutje had left us, we got him back. The harbour police found him in a hotel where he had been hired as a chef. He should have waited for deserting until the last day before sailing time, as most men do when they clear out. There is less chance of recapture then.

After discharging cargo at Melbourne, we took on a shipload of Australian coal and set sail for Caleta Buena in Chile. I'll never forget that part of the voyage, because I managed to pass New Year's in a Chilean dungeon. After a spree ashore, I determined to go back to the ship in a certain particular direction. I went in that direction until I came to a wall. I climbed over it and fell into a pig-sty. Hearing the grunts of the porkers, the owner of the place, a very dignified gentleman, came out. I told him I wanted to go to my ship.

"I will escort you to your ship," he offered with grave politeness.

With no less politeness, I accepted his kindness.

He led me to a house, in front of which stood a police guard. I was astonished but he invited me to enter. I did.

"This thief has tried to steal my pigs," he told the police officers inside.

"I want to get back to my ship," I protested.

They threw me into a cell, where there were a number of others, sailors among them, who had been celebrating New Year's Eve too well. I fell asleep on a bench. I awakened. A woman was being hurled into the cell. I fell asleep, and when I became conscious again, I found that the new arrival had taken a place beside me and fallen asleep with her head in my lap. I raised her from my lap to place her on the bench. She yelled, "*Robadores! Caramba!*" The guard came in, and the señora, still shrieking, told him that I had beaten her. They seized me and threw me down a dark stairway into a dungeon. I fell over a mule harness into a

pile of saltpetre dust. I put my head on the harness and fell asleep again.

I stayed there, in the company of many very tame rats, for three days. Then the mate came and got me out. The captain had been informed on the first day that I was in the calaboose, but he said, "Oh! Phelax! We have three days in port, and it won't hurt him to be by himself a little until we sail."

With a cargo of saltpetre we headed for Plymouth and off the Falkland Islands were caught in a dreadful hurricane. At first we were able to run before the wind. The *Caesarea* was good at squidding, a fast boat with the wind behind her. The pull of the rudder at the stern varies greatly with different ships. With some it drags back heavily. With others it falls readily away. On the other hand, you must not run before the wind too long, or you may be overwhelmed by seas overtaking her from astern and raking her deck from stern to bow. Well, aboard the *Caesarea* we were caught in just this peril. The seas were breaking over her. We hung out all the hawsers we had to catch the waves astern.

Then we reached the centre of the storm. From that howling hurricane of wind and rain we passed suddenly into a deathly calm. In the sky above the stars gleamed down. The sea was like a kettle of boiling water. Stirred up from the outer edges, it came pouring in toward the centre. The danger is greatest in the vortex of a hurricane. The water rushes upon the ship from all sides. Lacking wind, the vessel cannot be steered. It lies helpless and tossing. The rigging cannot forever bear the strain of the tremendous and convulsive jerking and rolling. We lost our topmasts and topgallant masts. They had stood in the blasting wind and the head-on plunging of the ship, but could not sustain the dizzy reeling at the centre. For a full half hour we stayed in that circle of death, with its peaceful air and starry sky. It seemed as though the ship were turned inside out. Then, with a sudden blow, we were in the rush and wild fury of the wind again. The remainder of the rigging, now thoroughly weakened, came down, except the mainmast and its lower yards. The wreckage fell over the stern and tangled with the rudder. The deck was flooded; and there seemed little hope of our riding the storm, when, as suddenly as

it had burst upon us, the wind shifted eight points, and soon we were out of the hurricane.

We reached Plymouth after one hundred and twenty days, and only the older mate, Nauke, and I remained aboard for another voyage. Smutje left, but before going ashore said to me, "Phelax, God knows whether we will ever see each other again. We have been good comrades ever since that scoundrel stole the flapjacks. You are an honest fellow. Therefore, let us go ashore and have a 'pain expeller.'"

"All right, Smutje," said I, and we went ashore.

At a bar the cookie ordered up two big 'pain expellers.' The glasses had just been put in front of us, when I thought to myself, "Phelax, if you are an honest fellow, surely this is the time to show your honesty."

"Smutje," I said, "I know who took your flapjacks."

"You know? Who was it?"

"Me."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

He took his stick, took his hat, turned his back on me and walked right out, never touching his 'pain expeller.' I looked at the two glasses and thought to myself, "Phelax, it is the reward of your honesty. First, for your honesty you get the commote of cranberries. Now you get two 'pain expellers' instead of one—for your honesty."

Eleven years later, as an officer in the Imperial Navy, I went from Kiel to attend a dinner in Hamburg. At the Hamburg railway station, as I called for taxi, I heard a voice quite close to me.

"Hello there, Phelax."

"Hello, Smutje."

"How you have changed, Phelax! Are you an officer in the Imperial Navy?"

"Yes, Smutje."

"How you have changed, Phelax! Do you still remember your old cookie?"

"You bet I remember you, Smutje."

"Well, how you have changed, Phelax!"



"By Joe, Smutje, I have an invitation to dinner; but I'd rather have dinner with you. Come along."

I took him in the taxi to Hotel Atlantic, the finest in Hamburg. Bellboys came to open the door and usher us in. Cookie looked around.

"This too, Phelax?"

"Yes, Smutje."

"How you have changed, Phelax!"

I ordered champagne and cigarettes brought to a private room. There Smutje and I sat talking over old times. The waiter brought the wine. Cookie looked at the waiter's evening clothes in awe and then looked at me.

"How you have changed, Phelax!"

He essayed to grow friendly with the waiter and ventured a familiar, joking remark. But the pompous waiter disdained to talk to such a fellow, ignored him and turned to me.

"Do you wish anything else, Count?"

"Hey, Phelax, did you hear what he called you? Count! Are you a count?"

"Yes, Smutje."

"How you have changed, Phelax!"

He thought for a while and then gave me his two hands.

"You swiped my fourteen pancakes, Phelax. I haven't forgotten it. I shall be proud all my life that a count swiped my pancakes."

The *Caesarea* took on a cargo for New York. It consisted chiefly of chalk packed in barrels. Aft we had a load of arsenic, three hundred tons packed in small barrels, which, because of its great weight, took up little room. It was a badly stowed, ill-balanced load. Of our new crew, some were sent from Hamburg and some were signed in England. These latter were stokers and trimmers who had never been on a sailing ship before. They could neither steer nor set sails. They received higher wages than we and yet we had to do all the work. As a consequence, we treated them pretty roughly. Even our Hamburg cabin boys, whose duty it was to clean the sailors' quarters, were loath to do this for the green hands, who knew less than they.

The captain had hopes of a fast run to New York, which certainly seemed an easy jump after our trip through the latitudes of

the hurricanes. But we had storm after storm from the first day out and could make scarcely any headway at all. With our worthless crew it was particularly miserable and trying. Christmas came and with it the first fine weather and a fair wind. After a long time we could set the topgallant sails again. It was fine to see the deck dry once more. The captain said:

"This is a sign from God. Let us celebrate Christmas properly."

So thankful was he that the old skinflint gave orders for Christmas cheer regardless of expense. In sailor fashion we made a Christmas tree out of a broomstick and decorated it with coloured paper. The captain sent down a ham and a bowl of punch. When the candles were lit, a committee called on him to wish him a Merry Christmas and invite him to look at the tree. He accepted and came down jovial and merry. Our new Smutje brought the flowing bowl; and we stood in line, each glass in hand, ready to toast the captain.

Then a white squall struck us.

A squall is called white when you have not seen it coming. It hit us square on the bow. The ship shivered from one end to the other and was pushed sternwise. The foremast went overboard. Its yard smashed upon my bunk. The main topmast followed. Everything went to pieces. Only the lower masts remained. We tumbled on deck. The captain ran to the steering wheel, where the helmsman had been knocked down and could not get up. (He died two days later.) The combers were sweeping over the ship. With axes we cut away the wreckage. The sails on the lower yards, the only ones that were in place, had to be braced into the wind. In four hours we had the ship under control again. The green crew had hidden themselves below. We were so enraged with them now that they did not dare to show their faces.

The storm turned into a hurricane. It blew throughout Christmas night and the next day. On the second afternoon of the storm, at eight bells, the steering deck broke under the heavy load of arsenic. That broke several rivets and the ship began to leak. We hurried to shift the barrels. Several had burst. We did not realize our danger from the arsenic dust. It produced terrible inflammation, and after several days most of us were badly swollen and bloated. Nevertheless, the arsenic was stowed again.

The ship started going down at the bow and the carpenter reported three feet of water in the hold.

"Clear the pumps!"

We pumped, by Joe. The water in the hold grew deeper. We pumped until we grew weak. They gave us liquor to strengthen us. When we felt we could go on no longer, the cry went up:

"Grog, ahoy!"

The grog made us pump again although we doubted that we would win out.

A breaker came over the deck and swept away the galley. The cook was making coffee for us and warming himself at the fire. He went overboard with his stove, pots, pans and the coal box. He hung for a moment on the chimney, crying out for help at the top of his voice. There was no chance to save him.

An old sailmaker next to me shouted, "Småtje, you're all right. You've got plenty of coal for your trip to the devil."

That joke in the teeth of death made me shiver, since death was so close to us all.

We worked at the pumps for forty-eight hours. The water in the hold rose higher and higher. We were at the end of our rope. The constant drink, too, had worn us out. We could pump no longer.

The captain, harpoon in hand, threatened, "The one who stops pumping, I'll harpoon him."

A voice from abaft sang out, "Look out! Breaker!"

At the pumps we could not see the comber, but we heard it roaring. It broke over us. Six men were swept away from the pumps. Two were washed straight overboard. A third was thrown against the shrouds. His arm was smashed and then he was washed overboard. Another's skull was fractured. Still another was left on the deck in a heap with several broken bones. I was lucky. There were several timbers on the deck. I braced myself with one foot between two of them. The wave drove them together and pinned my foot. I fell and my leg snapped. The timbers still held my foot, while the swirling water tugged and twisted me as though it were determined to carry me into the sea.

The mate released me with a crowbar and the captain had me taken to his cabin. My leg was bent like an L. "

"We have lost seven men," he said, "and we cannot afford to lose another. Carpenter!"

The tied me to one wall and fastened a block and tackle to the drawer of the sideboard. They hitched the tackle to the foot of my broken leg and pulled slowly until the leg was straight and the bones in place. By Joe, it hurt. The carpenter measured me and made a pair of splints, which they fastened tightly to the leg. The splints were long enough to act as a wooden leg; and I could walk around, painfully, but enough to be of some use.

The *Caesarea* was sinking now. We cleared the lifeboats. But first we poured out oil to calm the sea. The boats were swung overboard and lowered into the water with long ropes attached to them. A man tied a rope around his body, jumped overboard and swam over to the boat and climbed in. The next one followed and was hauled in by the first one. They tied a rope to me and threw it to the men in a boat. Then they threw me overboard and the men pulled me to the boat. One boat was under the command of the captain. The first mate had the other. We could make no headway rowing; so we simply held the boats against the heavy sea to keep them from overturning. In spite of my broken leg I did my share of the work. The boats drifted apart. I was in the captain's boat. The mate's boat was lost and never seen again.

The storm lasted for four days. We had a little hardtack soaked with salt water and a small supply of fresh water. It was bitterly cold. What wood we might have burned was soaking wet. It was almost impossible to sleep. On the fourth day we sighted a steamer. Its course would take it some distance away from us, but we were certain that we could hail it. With great jubilation we hoisted a pair of pants on a mast as a signal. We were certain we saw the vessel change its course. We were overjoyed. Nevertheless, the steamer gradually disappeared.

All our food was gone now, and only a very little water was left, which the captain, with an inflexible will, doled out in minute quantities. The weather was fair now and we could sleep. Our thirst increased. We sucked our hands to start the spittle in our mouths. We wanted to drink sea water, knowing that it would hasten our end. The captain encouraged us:

"Don't throw away your young lives. Look at me, an old man. I won't give up."

On the sixth day we decided to draw lots to determine which one should be sacrificed so the others might drink his blood. No one proposed a start of the drawing of lots, each afraid that he would draw the fatal number. The authority of the captain still preserved a remnant of drinking water to be doled out. Late in the afternoon, we defied him, seized the water and drank the last drop.

The next morning we sighted a steamer. We waved feebly and she bore down upon us.

At that moment our last strength left us. We were delirious with joy but we could not move. We lay slumped in our boat. The ship, the Italian steamer *Maracaibo*, came alongside and dropped rope ladders. We were as though asleep. The *Maracaibo* had to get its cranes out and hoist us aboard like pieces of freight. Afterward, we were unable to remember how we had reached the steamer's deck. We slept for sixteen hours. When we awakened all the doctor would give us was a little milk. Three of our men died. In New York, where we arrived the next day, they went ashore and gorged on ham and eggs. It killed them.

I was taken to the German hospital. My leg was in such condition that at first they thought they would have to amputate it, but finally the head surgeon decided that he might be able to save it, and he did save it. After eight weeks I left the hospital and was ready to go to sea again.